

MACLEAN'S

OCTOBER



In this Issue—

If Canada were Invaded?

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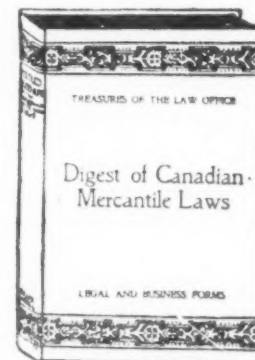
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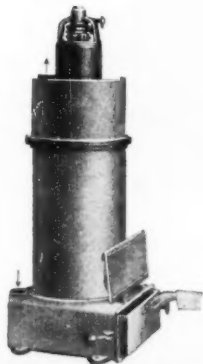
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MacLean's Magazine

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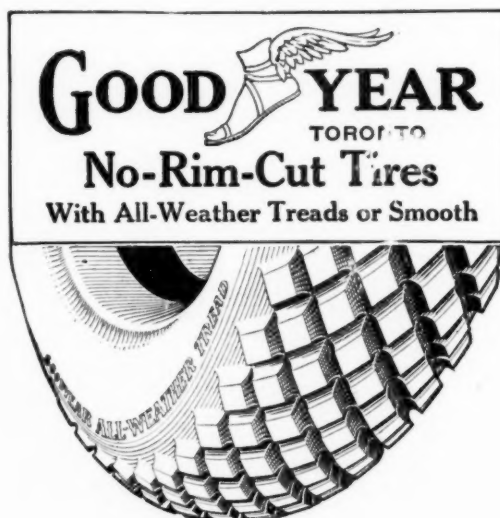
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IF CANADA WERE INVADED

By Harry W. Anderson



CANADA'S brief and busy War Parliament was at an end. For the first time in over a century—since Sir Isaac Brock called together the members of the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada in the early days of 1812—Canadian legislators had met to deal with the grim issues involved in actual warfare. They had done their work unitedly and well. Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier had stood shoulder to shoulder.

Through the open doors came the sound of distant martial music—in turn the roll of the National Anthem, a real prayer now; the throb of *Rule Britannia* an inspiration and a determination; the strains of *O Canada*, the testimony of Dominion participation. Even as Parliament was finishing its legislative labor the citizen soldiery were hastening to their sterner task.

Clad in his khaki uniform, the Minister of Militia rose to inform the House of the spirit that dominated Canada. Over 100,000 Canadians had already volunteered for service. Only 22,000 were needed at the front at the present time, but incoming trains were bringing 27,000. "They are climbing on the trains so persistently that we can't keep them off," commented the Minister, laconically. The silence was broken by hearty cheering.

Then, unexpectedly and spontaneously, the war came home. The personal dominated Parliament. Members talked in husky tones.

"While giving heed to the words of the Divine Book, 'Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off,'" declared Dr. Michael Clark, at the close of a thrilling sentence, "we have solemnly determined that, come what may, in this fight there can be no let-up. We must fight to its termin-

"BUT it may yet be ours."

What did Sir George Foster mean? He is not an alarmist. Neither is he a militarist. In his speech there was no exaggerated rhetoric to raise the mind to a state of visionary excitement. His words do not intoxicate.

ation—victory for what we believe to be the right."

"He speaks from the heart," exclaimed the Minister of Militia warmly. "I may tell the House something it probably does not know. Our colleague from Red Deer has given his son to the service of his country." Again the cheering of the members broke forth afresh.

Sir George Foster was the last speaker. He began in a voice that was barely audible. "We are met in Parliament as a band of Canadians," said he. "That generosity which sometimes lies more or less concealed in partisan or racial disputes, has burst all those ignoble bonds, and the feeling of pure patriotism, love of country, and devotion to what the flag symbolizes, has come to the front disfigured by no mean or petty purpose."

"The one solemn thing for us to remember," proceeded the veteran, "is that there is more to war than the first march out of the troops, the first blare of the trumpet, the first flaunting of the flag. What there is more to war has been demonstrated by Belgium in these last thirteen or fourteen days, when the homes of their citizens have gone up in flames, when their wives and their children have given up their lives, and when their own bodies, as strong and valiant as ours, have been shattered by the grim weapons of war. We have not had that experience. **BUT IT MAY YET BE OURS.**

My word to this country to-day is, to put on the full armour of courage and confidence, not to be daunted by a temporary reverse, or by a series of reverses, but to feel sure that justice will burn bright and strong in proportion to our readiness to make the necessary sacrifice, and as the fires of this sacrifice burn away all that is selfish in our country, our people and ourselves."

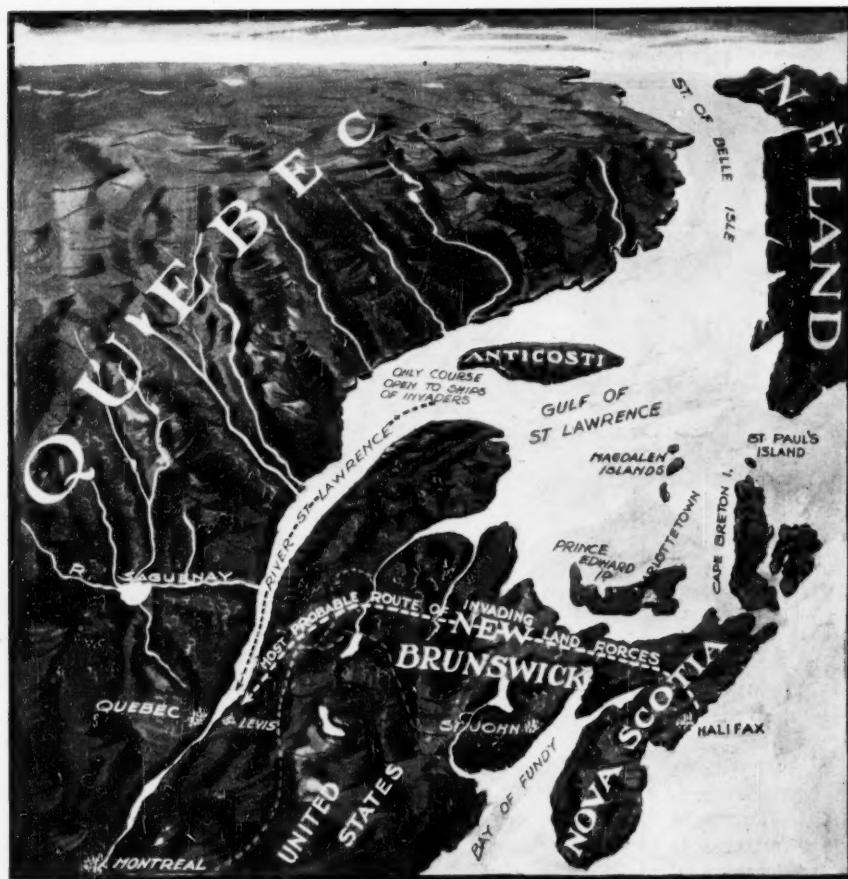


Canadian artillery corps on the march.

His is one of the calmest, keenest, and most lucid minds. But he calls—and calls solemnly—for courage, for preparedness,

for confidence. Is this Dominion equal to the task of repelling hostile invasion?

For years Canada has been coming to recognize the fact that a country with a population growing at the rate at which hers has been increasing, with a water-borne commerce



The Atlantic seaboard. This map shows how well nature has constructed defences against a possible enemy.

greater than Japan's, with a national outlook broadening daily, and with potential resources that make this century assuredly hers, could not rest content with relying on the British navy for the defence of her seaboard and her commerce, her shipping and her communications, but must face the problem of naval defence. In the existing situation her Government has availed itself of the Naval Service Act and placed her navy, the Niobe and the Rainbow, with the two recently purchased submarines on the Pacific coast, at the disposal of the Admiralty for coast defence. The call for recruiting found her maritime men ready and willing. On both her ocean coasts she has a splendid maritime population. A generation ago Nova Scotia alone was the home of one of the largest fleets of wooden vessels in the English-speaking world, owned and crewed by natives of that province, and found on every sea. All that flotilla has vanished, and to-day Canada's deep-sea commerce, and no small share of even her coasting trade is done by Norwegian ships and men. Many Nova Scotians who followed the sea have migrated to New England or New York to find more profitable employment in the fisher smacks out of Gloucester, the pogie-hunters out of Rhode Island, or the freighters out of New York, and it is a matter of record that considerably more than half the men making up the Gloucester fishing crews are natives either of Nova Scotia or Newfoundland.

But Canada has no sufficient or effective naval defence on either of her continental shores to defend her against hostile invasion. That is a problem she yet must solve or else occupy such an ignoble role as her dependent status would imply, with the further alternative of relying on the still more ignoble plea that the inviolability of her territories is guaranteed by the Monroe doctrine.

Yet Canada, independent of military or naval aid from without, would require "some taking." Suppose the worst, which God forbid! Germany at the end of a terrible war has dictated terms to France at Paris, and with Austria, has driven back the Russians far within their borders. Submarines and aircraft have reduced the numbers of the British fleet. Britain, in self-preservation, must use her every available warship to protect her home coast. The world-conquering Kaiser casts envious eyes upon Canada. The Marconi operator at Glace Bay picks up a code message which tells him that fifty German transports, convoyed by five battleships and eight cruisers are heading for the Gulf. What then?

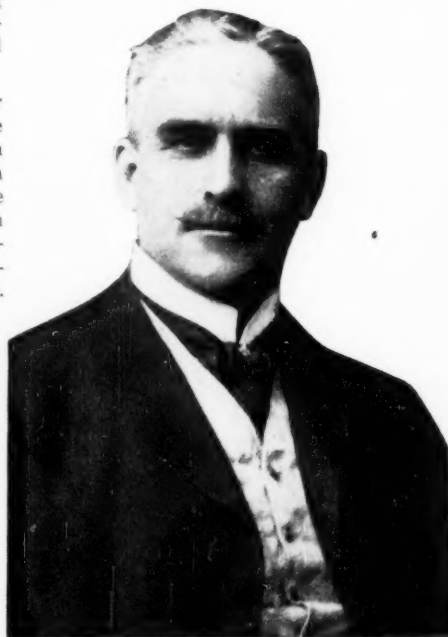
PACIFIC IS SAFE.

Invasion must come by the Atlantic. The Pacific is safe. There is only one way into the inside western waters of the Gulf of Georgia, the gulf that sepa-

rates the great Island of Vancouver, on which the city of Victoria sits, and its sister groups of smaller islands, from the mainland. That way, as Bonnycastle Dale pointed out in a recent article, is through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, straits one hundred miles long and tapering to twelve miles in width, commanded by Esquimalt, the British naval station on the Pacific, and by magnificent modern cannon. Even waiving the question as to whether this international waterway between Canada and the United States could be traversed by hostile ships of war bent on attacking the north coast of America, the toll which invaders would have to pay to those guns would be staggering, while the narrow passages of the northern entrances could easily be mined against the navies of the world. Moreover, the task of a foreign pilot on that coast, with the lights of the marine service extinguished, would be a momentous one. And back of marine disaster land invasion would be confronted by the Rocky Mountains, with their marvelous natural fortifications. None but a mad-man would seek to invade and conquer Canada from the Pacific.

Any attack must come from invasion on the Atlantic coast. Here the enemy must silence the garrisons at the forts of Halifax and Quebec to even make a successful landing. Then a huge task lies before them. The size of the country, the huge tracts of almost unsettled and rocky land, the comparatively poor railway facilities present a gigantic military problem. What the Boers were able to do to embarrass the British in the South African war Canadians would do over again with infinitely greater advantage and natural assistance than was possessed by the yeoman armies of Paul Kruger.

Canada's voluntary militia is not to be sneered at. General Sir John French, now commander-in-chief of the British



Colonel the Hon. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, who would have charge of defence arrangements.

forces in Europe, in 1910, and General Sir Ian Hamilton, last year, both at the conclusion of thorough inspections which covered the entire Dominion, testified to efficiency and strength of the Dominion's citizen soldiery.

Under Section 10 of the Militia Act, the whole manhood of the nation, between the ages of eighteen and sixty years, is "available for service in the militia." The rapidly expanding population of Canada stands already at nearly eight millions, of whom it was assumed by Sir Ian Hamilton that about one million males were in all respects fit for active service. This number, less the active militia, forms the reserve militia of the country, for which no sort of military organization at present exists. The custom of keeping up muster rolls of those liable for service, which obtained until comparatively recently, is now in abeyance.

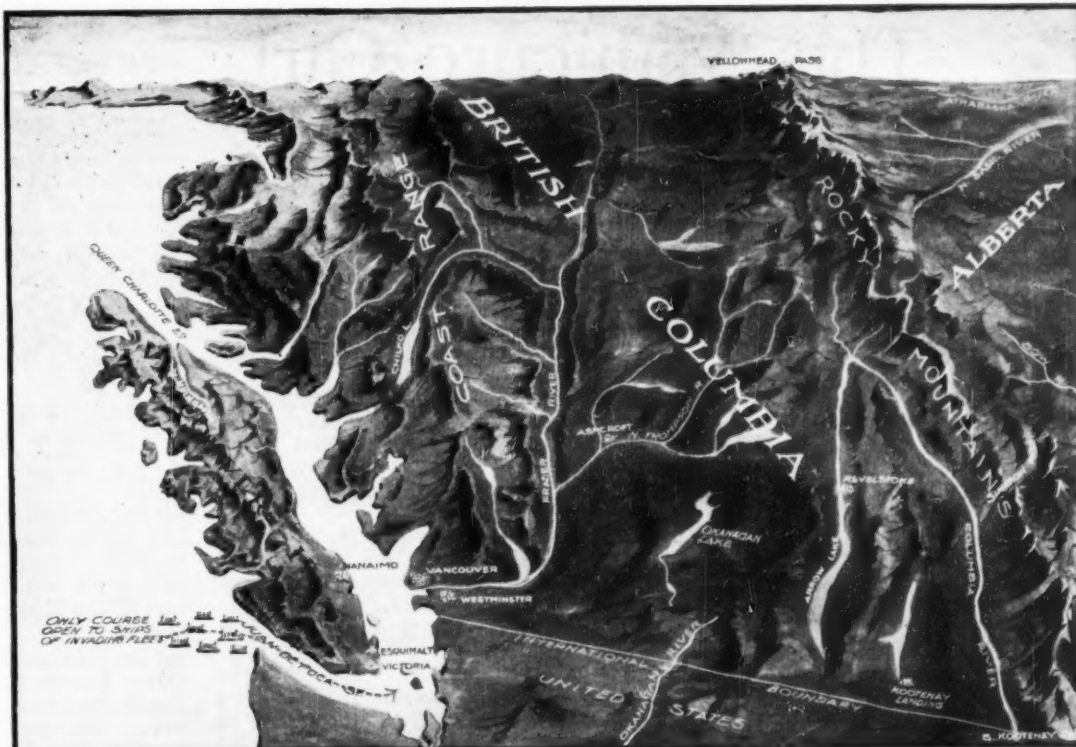
Approximately, according to Sir Ian Hamilton's report, 29,000 riding horses and 26,000 draught and pack animals would be needed for the field army alone. In Canada there are in all some 2,400,000 horses of all sorts, of which about 20 per cent., or rather less than half a million, are believed to be suitable for military purposes. Under the Militia Act the number can be taken under requisition. Owing to the expense entailed, little has yet been done towards inspecting and registering the horses of the country. Nor have any steps been taken towards classifying motor cars and motor lorries.

The relation between stocks of arms, ammunition, clothing and stores on hand and stocks required on mobilization show some deficiency in howitzers for the field army and in equipment, but are generally up to standard.

The strength of the Canadian militia in actual training is as follows:

	Officers.	Other Ranks.
Permanent Force.....	55	2,190
Active Militia.....	4,198	50,353
Total	4,253	52,543

For 1914 these numbers have been considerably increased, while Sir Ian Hamilton found the requirements of the war organization to be as follows:



A map of the Pacific seaboard, showing the impossibility of invasion there. A few battallions could hold the Rockies against an army.

	Officers.	Other Ranks.
Field Army.....	5,500	143,000
Garrison Troops.....	400	10,000
Total	5,900	153,000

If, therefore, mobilization of the Canadian army was suddenly required it would be necessary to find some 2,100 officers and 110,000 other ranks from the militia forces of the country in order to complete the field army and garrison troops to the war establishment duly sanctioned by Parliament.

The Canadian Army is organized for war as follows:

Field Army—

- Seven mounted brigades.
- Six divisions.
- Three mixed brigades.
- Lines of communication units.

Garrison Troops—

At Halifax, Quebec and Esquimalt. The liability of the Canadian military forces is strictly territorial. Not an officer or man, either permanent or non-permanent, can, in his capacity as a Canadian militiaman, volunteer for service overseas, either in peace or war, as provided by Section 69 of the Militia Act. The primary duty of Canada is held to be to make all reasonable provision, up to the limit of its resources, for defence against invasion of its own territories.

Are, then, Canada's military forces adequate for home defence? The first factor, of course, is the fighting force to be encountered; the next, the time in which that force can get to work. A state entering into war from its normal condition of peace is at a terrible disadvantage when pitted against the state which is ready,

and even engaged in warfare. For the ways of war are changing just as fast as, or faster than, the ways of peace. The railway and the wireless are busy eating into space and time. Distance is ceasing to serve as any material protection. Operations which formerly took months are now carried out in weeks, and will be carried out in days—perhaps hours.

The task of Canada's home defence that falls on the active military forces, as Sir Ian Hamilton conceived it in his report, would be:

- (a) To protect the vitals of Canada, the chief towns, the arsenals and military stores, the ports on the coasts and the main railway systems, against raids, great or small.
- (b) To delay the enemy's main attack until the reserve militia can be assembled and knocked into some sort of military shape.

In point of time the first of these tasks is clearly the most pressing. Every detail of mobilization as affecting men, horses, stores, transport, etc., must be thought out so as to enable the units to be standing ready at their war stations within a few hours as possible after the outbreak of hostilities, and all plans for the movement of the troops by rail carefully matured.

In 1910 Field Marshal Sir John French reported as follows: "At present it would not be possible to put the militia in the field in a fit condition to undertake active operations until after the lapse of a considerable period." Last year General Sir Ian Hamilton reported progress. "Since 1910," he said, "great progress has been made in many directions. Organization is

Continued on Page 142.

The Manicure Girl

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Ball of Fire," "The Jingo," etc.

Illustrated by HELGER HAMRE

"YOU don't have to ring 'em to tell all the counterfeits," observed the Hotel Belveigh manicure girl as she opened a bundle of emery paper. "Only last week I had one in here that was old enough to have fed Methuselah his fennel tea, but the help an old man can get from ugliness doctors and tailors that ought to have been taxidermists, makes anything they show at the Hippodrome look easy. The minute I caught sight of that saucy little freshman hat and the college-cut clothes, I knew the whole play before the curtain went up, and I wouldn't look in Billy's direction. He was already joshing more than was good for him. You know Billy. He's the boss barber and wants to buy me a plain gold ring and a piano-player, but poor Billy isn't a man of his word. He promised he'd do anything in the world for me, and reneged on the only request I made. He wouldn't change his face."

"Of course the first thing Mr. Neverdie did when he kittered down into my chair was to squeeze my hand. That was a terrible shock to me, I guess, since it only happens from nine to twenty times a day, and I hardly knew what to do—only just how to stop it. I shifted his hands into and out of the ninety-eight-cent near-cut-glass bowl so often he fell to it that the programme had been changed without notice, and then he took the number. Billy snickered out loud, and I shot a glare at him that ought to have shrunk him to the size of a one-lunged peanut; but it didn't. He only swelled up and watched for more. He's a regular cut-up, Billy is, and of course he knew there was more coming. These past-due flirty boys get so callous to turn-downs that nothing



THE GIRL.

"She was such a picture that I swung up close to see if it was hand-painted or only a chromo—but her complexion was put on from the inside."

short of a brick makes a dent in them, and pretty soon I saw him watching my hair and my eyes, and I got ready.

"Do you know," said he, "you look exactly like Maxine Elliott?"

"Of course I know it," I handed him back. "Maxine comes in here nearly every day and asks me to quit it, but I won't."

"That made him pause for the crossing, anyhow, and I got three minutes farther on the way."

"What a lonesome city this is!" he put in next, and I knew it was no use trying to save him a chill. He wouldn't be satisfied till he got froze stiff.

"Why did you slip away from him then?" I asked.

"From—" he began, and then he stopped. He wasn't so slow after all. He'd been going to ask 'from whom,' but he had a flash of second sight and knew I'd hint that it was either his guardian or his keeper.

"What a cross little dear you are!" he said, and patted my hand.

"Just see what I have to put up with, though," I explained, and then I jabbed him one under the thumb nail that set him jumping all over. That jab was for the 'little dear.'

"Wouldn't you think he'd guess his line had been disconnected after that? He didn't. He was puncture proof, and when he got up to go he leaned over the table to me and said:

"What do you think of a nice evening at the theatre to-night, and maybe a bird and a bottle after?"

"Fine!" I chirruped. "I like to read about it; but if you're hunting some poor but honest working girl of fatal beauty to share it you'd better hurry, for the hour is growing late. For me, not! I'm going to spend this evening with my own grandfather."

"I hadn't supposed it could be done, but the red began to creep under his make-up, and then I felt a little bit sorry. It's wrong to hit a cripple, anyhow, and as he went out I sunshined at him just so I wouldn't feel like so much of a grouch myself."

"That very evening, as I passed out through the parlors, I saw my Methuselah's uncle, about five years younger in his silk tile and open-faced vest, talking to a real toppy mother and daughter who wore enough happy harness to stock a new Tiffany's. The younger one was such a picture that I swung up close to see if it was hand-painted or only a chromo, but that's once I had to send a wireless apology, for her complexion was put on from the inside and would stand scrubbing. She looked perfectly happy except for one thing; all she wanted was something interesting to happen. She was real willing to go right away from there to find it, too,



THE MANICURE GIRL.

"I put on all my kill-em-deads from the plumes down—This time it was me for the chilly quart."

but the other two had their chins on pivots and smiled continuously without pain. 'Anyhow,' I thought, 'Father Time is now back in his own precinct and they'll take care of him if he gets to wandering in his mind.'

"The next morning, bright and early, before I even had my wraps off, who should come prancing into the barbor shop but my Mr. Sear-and-yellow to have his face ironed, and with a nerve tall enough to make the Singer Building look like a hitching post he lifted the roof off his toupee to me. I escaped him when he went out, though because I was busy with one of the worst kind—a merchant from Darkest Indiana who had come to New York to buy last year's latest styles, and who was explaining how much he missed his wife so I would go to the theatre with him and let him tell me about her."

"It helped some that afternoon to have a real one drop in. He was a tall, living-picture built young man, and looked so solid he could have had his clothes pressed right on him without hurting. His hands were not a bit pretty; they were better than that; they were good to look at. They were a man's hands, big and strong and brown, but well shaped enough, too; the kind that can hold a high stepper down



THE MAN.

"He was a tall, living-picture built young man, and looked so solid he could have had his clothes pressed on him."

to an even trot through ten miles of fireworks. It was a nice, firm, warm hand, but it didn't know I held it, and that interested me right away. It makes me mad if they do, and I'm disappointed if they don't. He just sat as quiet as a half dozen raw and looked a hole in my pompador till Billy hung up the receiver of the telephone and came over to me with:

"Two-o-two wants you as soon as you can come."

"I never in my life saw anybody light up the way that young fellow did. All at once he looked like Coney on opening night."

"Two hundred and two!" he said. "Go right up to her. Don't mind me. I can wait."

"I glanced up at him and he looked awfully good to your Aunt Bessie. His face had turned a little bit pink and his eyes had lost that far-away look in a hurry."

"Her! Of course it was a Her in two-o-two! But from the way this young fellow acted I could tell that this was an extra special Her of the very best brand, the choice and pick of the whole Her flock so far as he was concerned."

"It won't take me but a little bit to get through with you," I said.

"No, I can wait," he insisted. "I'd rather wait. To tell you the truth, I want to see you after you come back down," and he stammered and stuttered like a young married man doing his wife's first shopping with girl clerks. Finally he blurted out: "Would you mind taking a little note up there for me?"

"A note!" I said, putting on my toppest air. "I don't think the house would permit it. You can call a bell boy from here, and he'll take it up."

"He fidgeted again, and the more he fidgeted and the redder he got the more I liked him."

"You see, it's this way," he explained. "There's two ladies up there, and I want the younger one to get the note without the older one seeing it." Then he got so red I began to feel real motherly toward him. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills big enough to stuff a Teddy bear.

"Smother that, young man," I said. "Once in a while I like to do a personal favor just to jolly myself along that me heart's in the right place. I tell you what you do. You scratch off your note and give it to me, and I'll think about what I ought to do on the way up. I'll be gone from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. Will you be here?"

"Would he! If I felt as certain of going to heaven as I was that this young man would be right there when I got back, I'd never worry about my conduct as long as I live."

"My! I do love to see a plot thicken, and when I got up to two-o-two you couldn't scratch this one with an installment solitaire; for there was the girl with the complexion that wouldn't come off, and she was prettier in a kimono than she had been in her grand opera stunnings! Her mother was there, too, and when I came in they were in a gab-fest up to their pompadors, and blowing and pawing for shore so hard they never noticed me but went right on. Anyhow, you're supposed



MR. PASSAY.

"The help an old man can get from ugliness doctors and tailors that ought to have been taxidermists, makes everything they show at the Hippodrome look easy."

to wear blinkers and ear cotton around a hotel, so I went dead and got busy. The girl stopped long enough to give me a real human smile as she gave me her nails to do, and then she said:

"But, mother, just think! Mr. Passay is older than father would have been at this time!"

"Mr. Passay is young in everything but years," her mother came back, in that dead level tone of voice the hard-hearted father uses in the Bowery thrillers. "He is reaping the reward, in his splendid preservation, of a clean, Christian life. He is a gentleman, he is wealthy and can give you social position. Why, child, he is the leading member of the famous Passay family, first cousin to the Vandercashes, connected by marriage with the Whiteners. He's devoted to you, and all his daughters are grown up and out of the way."

"Yes, and they'd all take great pleasure in calling me mother!" objected the girl.

"They wouldn't dare show their faces near yours when they said it," snapped



THE MOTHER.

"He found himself looking square into the blazing eyes of mother."

her mother, "besides, you could stand that for a few years."

"That's the trouble," said the girl. "He'd never die. He's proved that already. I won't have him, mother, and that settles it!"

"You're an ungrateful child, Grace!" wailed the mother. "You'd rather have that young adventurer that I forbade to bother us any more. You have no proper pride at all."

"Adventurer!" said Grace, and I liked the way her eyes snapped. "Mr. Hardy has a fifty-thousand-dollar ranch, and a nice little house in a nice little city near by, and money in the bank. And he made it all himself. His social position is good enough for me. It's better than father's was when you married."

"Well, the old lady began to drip at the eyes right away. Her daughter was ungrateful—again. She had no proper pride—again. She was forgetting a solemn obligation. Her father on his very deathbed had told Grace to mind her mother, and what was she doing now? And the old lady retired to the bath-room for first aid to the weepers, scared for fear her eyes would show red at lunch."

"By that time your Aunt Bessie had her mind made up good and plenty what to do."

"This Mr. Hardy," I guessed, putting a dab of rouge on the prettiest little finger nail I ever saw. "If he's a young man with two shoulders and several white teeth, I think he's down in the barber shop right this minute, spoiling his finger nails, waiting till I come back. See if his name's on this," and I slipped her the note.

"Say, she lit up like a Belasco sunrise!"

"I didn't know he was here," she said, but it wasn't to me she said it, and she just fairly ate that note without salt or pepper."

"You may tell Mr. Hardy that I cannot write a note just now," she said, "but to please send up his card to mother and me right after luncheon. I'll see that he's received."

"You'll win," I told her. "I've got a bet on you."

"When I told young Hardy the stunt that was cut out for him he turned the color of his collar and got perfectly limp."

"Cheer up," I said. "The returns are not all in yet, and if there's any way your Aunt Bessie can help stuff the ballot boxes, all her other engagements are off."

"That night he was waiting to walk out to the car with me, and beaming like a custard pie. He simply had to recite it all to somebody, and I was the only audience he could nail."

"I saw her," he said, "and I'm to see her once more, though I guess that will be about all; at least that's what I was given to understand, and rather plainly. There's no chance for me."

"Don't tear up your ticket before the bell rings," I told him. "When does this interview come off?"

"To-morrow night," he said. "I'm to take them to the theatre."

"That's when I decided to wedge in. I can't keep out of it. It all comes from my East Side bringing up, where, whenever there was a midnight fight, every man in the block yelled out of the window for

them to wait till he got his shoes on. If there was anything doing we all wanted to be in it.

"Tell you what you do," I said. "After the theatre you bring your crowd over to Churley's for a bite of supper, and I'll get up a little play for you that'll beat any show on Broadway. Don't get there too quick. Mosey out of the theatre slow, and be sure you're the last ones out. Go back to your seat for something to kill more time. When you get into Churley's I'll have a table saved for you. That's all you have to do except sit with your back to me."

"Of course he was crazy to know what was coming off, but I wouldn't tell him. I wasn't quite sure myself, yet, but the next morning I was, for my *passé* Mr. Passay waltzes in as usual to have his wrinkles pressed out, and the smile I gave him would have melted this whetstone brick ice cream that they put up for picnics. He was so tickled I thought he'd do a head spin, and by the way Billy frowned I knew I'd done a perfectly scrumptious job on grandpa. After he had his morning face put on of course he came toddling right over to me, and my, but I was the giddy young thing! It only cost me two glances and another smile to have a theatre invitation for that night, and at five o'clock I hiked home and put on all my kill-'em-deads from the plumes down. When Uncle Antique saw me in the uniform I felt sorry for his respectable family, but I will say he knew how to do the honors, and the way he tucked me into my seat you'd have thought I was the Queen of Sheba.

"I enjoyed the show while I was there, too—everything in this world looks so good to me nowadays that I could almost enjoy the toothache—but just before the all-get-busy chorus at the end I got real peevish and made him leave. Of course the next move was the bird and

the bottle, and without letting him know that I was doing the driving I guided him right across to Churley's. The head rusher over there is one of my best trained pets, and as we went inside I dropped behind and spoke to him.

"Frank," I ordered, "get us two tables next to the wall, and when there's a certain party of three comes in—a nice-looking young couple and an old lady—I'll give you the nod and you give them the other table."

"Frank was on in a minute. We took

where I sat I could keep my eye on the door, and as Frank started back with Mr. Hardy and Grace and Ma he caught my nod. I kept grandpa busy just then so that he never turned around, but they saw us. The two young ones were wise in a second and the tableau was peaches and cream to them; but Mother had the shock of her life, for just as Frank seated her at the end of the table where the whole pantomime was in full view, I had grandpa pawing for my hand, and cackling, plenty loud enough for Mother to hear,

that I was positively the only original package of genuine joy!

"Of course Mother lorgnetted me for keeps, and if there was a basting thread about me that hadn't been pulled out she saw through it. If I'd been innocent I'd have shriveled up under that searchlight, but I wasn't. I was perfectly wicked and proud of it, and having the time of my life. So was grandpa. I let him wobble on and on, getting farther and farther away from an alibi all the time, with Mr. Hardy and Grace all but stuffing napkins into their mouths to keep from screaming. Grandpa got more kittenish every minute. He didn't notice any more whether I was drinking or not, and every glass of the foolish-water he took made the lights turn rosier, until at last he got too confectionery and then I a-rose in off-ended dignity.

"Sir," said I, "with you at your age I thought I should be suf-

ficiently chaperoned, but as it is I must go home a-lone! Good evening."

"I paused just at the end of the other table to say that 'Good evening,' and of course the long-lost old man turned around to look at me. Instead, he found himself looking square into the blazing eyes of Mother, and the curtain was down. The last I saw as Frank sent our waiter over to him with the check, was grandpa huddled in his chair, blinking his eyes

Continued on Page 138.



"They saw us—Mother had the shock of her life for I had grandpa pawing for my hand and cackling."

the far table, and I managed it so grandpa would have his back to the other one. Say! I must be awful slow to learn, for I'd rather have foam than bubbles any day; but this time it was me for the chilly quart. I sipped mine slowly, though, and by touching glasses ever so often I coaxed grandpa on to be the real human sponge. When my special audience came in, the second quart was frosting the silver pail, while grandpa was only twenty-five and getting younger every second. From

The Advent of the Citizens' Hotel

The Story of How the Business Men of Canadian Towns and Villages are Grappling With the Problem of Better Hotel Accommodation

PEOPLE who are accustomed to travel, and nowadays there are few who lack the opportunity, are painfully aware that the standard of hotel accommodation in the average Canadian town or village is uncomfortably low. While prepared to accept some inconveniences, the traveler is not inclined to gloss over deficiencies in cleanliness or to minimize the evil effects of poor cooking. Both these defects are characteristic and need little further comment. If to them be added a certain amount of slovenliness in the service and a tendency to let the house run down at the heels and become the favorite resort of all the town loafers, the picture pretty accurately fits the case of a large number of Canada's provincial hotels.

And the criticism applies not only to the hotel with the bar, but quite often to the one without the bar—that modern and often colorless institution, the temperance hotel. As a matter of fact the average temperance house is so poorly run that the contention of the opponents of local option that the abolition of the bar ruins the hotel business seems to obtain some justification. So far as appearances go neither wet nor dry are what they should be and there is room for a good deal of improvement in the case of both.

Fortunately there are exceptions and it is these exceptions that in the comparison put these ordinary hostelries in such an unfavorable light. Here and there throughout Canada one does come across something more satisfying in the hotel line and these well-conducted inns are like oases in the desert. What traveling man is there but can name half a dozen or more hotels to which he gladly hastens, if he can, when night approaches or the weekend is at hand? Such and such a hotel, he will inform you, bears a reputation for good management, such another for the hominess of its appointments; this one is famed for its table and that for its up-to-date arrangements. But, alas, the number of these delectable places, to which the weary traveler turns so longingly, is la-

centres. Out of mere self-defence and almost as it were to keep their name on the map, certain towns have had to grapple with the problem as a sort of civic issue. With the bar (leaving aside the moral aspect of the case altogether) they might have tolerably good, if not first-class accommodation. Without the bar, the chances would be that the standard would be lower and the town suffer in consequence. To overcome this the notion of a hotel owned and controlled by citizens and maintained on a high level of efficiency was then evolved.

THE CITIZENS' HOTEL.

There are several instances of the so-called citizens' hotel, especially in Ontario. The town of Renfrew in the Ottawa Valley has perhaps the most conspicu-

ous example and, as the story of its evolution contains a good deal of human interest, it may well be told first. Renfrew, as a good many people are aware, is the home-town of M. J. O'Brien, the millionaire contractor, who has always taken a fatherly interest in its welfare, having given it an opera house a few years ago and assisted most generously with other public undertakings. After local option carried in Renfrew a couple of years ago, it was whispered about by opponents of the measure that had it only been defeated, Mr. O'Brien would have erected a first-class hotel in the town. So persistent were these rumors that he was asked if there was any truth in them. His reply was that he had never said he would build a hotel himself, but had intimated that he was prepared to join other citizens in doing so, quite irrespective of whether the town was "wet" or "dry." The only serious obstacle he could see was the difficulty of getting a competent manager, since in efficient management lay the success of the entire venture.

A Toronto commercial man visited Renfrew shortly after this and in conversation with the citizen who had interviewed Mr. O'Brien, took occasion to complain about the wretched hotel accommodation in the town. The citizen immediately informed him of what the big con-



Views of the Renfrew Hotel, the successful enterprise of Renfrew citizens.

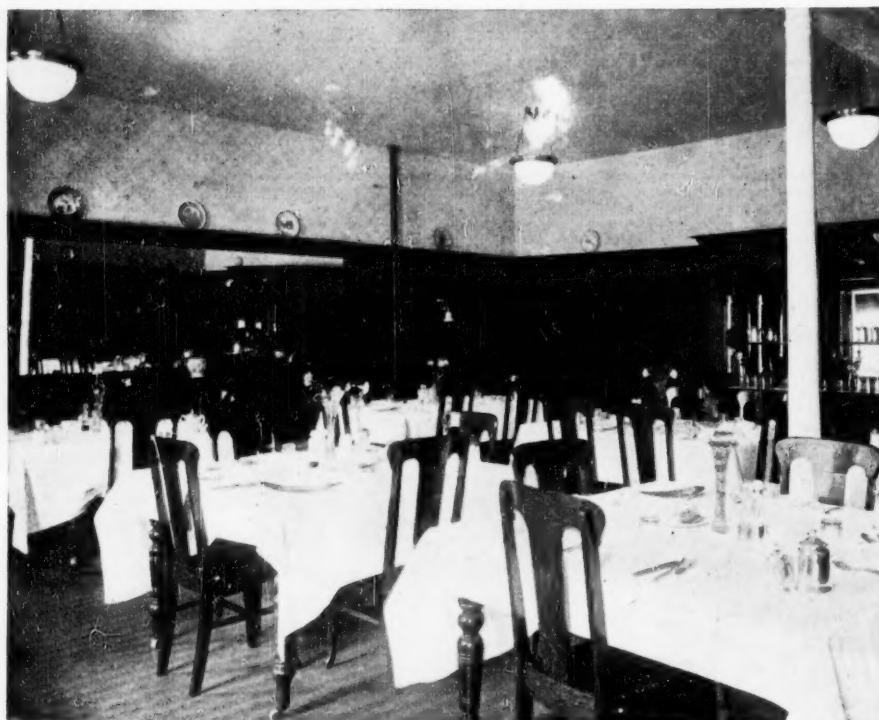
By W. A. CRAICK

mentably small; though fortunately on the increase.

It is of some of the foregoing exceptions that this article aims to treat. Conditions have reached such a pass in many towns that it has been necessary for the inhabitants to take drastic steps to better their local hotel accommodation, if they would hold their place in the march of progress. It happens in a number of cases that these conditions have been accentuated by the passing of local option. The abolition of the bar has frequently turned otherwise well-managed houses into wretched excuses for hotels. The old-time boniface, who knew his business, would give up in disgust when the bar was closed and his place would be taken by some well-meaning but incompetent person, who knew almost nothing about how to conduct a hotel. Result, the hotel accommodation in such a town, from being passable, would often degenerate into second or third rate.

This is why one finds the new idea of what may be called the citizens' hotel so much further advanced in local option

The dining room of the Ingersoll Inn.



MAKING A TEMPERANCE HOTEL PAY.

The contention has frequently been raised that a temperance hotel cannot be made to pay, as the bar is the main source of revenue. Nevertheless the Ingersoll Inn, without a bar is already on a paying basis. The revenue lacking from this source has been equaled by increasing the patronage through improved service. It is a recognized fact among bonifaces that in any well conducted hotel, the real profit is made from the rooms. No matter how carefully managed the dining-room service may be a loss is inevitable there; but profits result when the rooms are kept filled. Recognizing this fact, the management of the Ingersoll Inn refurnished their rooms for guests throughout and improved the service so materially that the rooms are filled every day of the week. In fact, the need for enlarged room accommodation is now being faced.

tractor had said, explaining that if they could only get their hands on a competent manager, Renfrew would not likely be long without improvement. Three months later the Toronto man again appeared on the scene and announced that he had found the manager they wanted.

In this simple way was laid the chain of events that led to the erection and recent opening of Hotel Renfrew. It would be superfluous to enter into all the details surrounding the financing of the undertaking, the drawing up of the plans, letting of contracts and erection of the building. Suffice it to indicate a few of the outstanding features. After information had been obtained as to the probable cost of a hotel, a stock list was opened and three prominent citizens set out to get promises of subscriptions. They succeeded in raising tentatively \$26,000, subscriptions being promised not alone by temperance people but by all classes of the community, for one and all seemed to recognize the need of having a first-class hotel in the town.

FINANCING THE SCHEME.

Then a meeting was called of those who had put their names to the list and it is significant that the O'Brien Opera House was needed to accommodate the crowd. The mayor of Renfrew occupied the chair, Mr. Smallfield, editor of one of the local papers, who had taken a prominent part in the movement, outlined the proposals and a provisional committee was named to apply for a charter and take up the matter of site, architect and plans. Subsequently a permanent board of directors with Mr. Smallfield as president was appointed.

The enthusiasm with which the project was swung along may be grasped when it is said that each director took a personal interest in the planning of the building. Some of them were extensive travellers and on their trips they kept their eyes open for ideas, which were duly submitted to the building committee. The result was that when tenders were called for on the first plans and specifications,

so elaborate were the proposals that the price asked for the building alone was \$80,000. The committee pared down the specifications twice after that and eventually reduced the price to \$47,000, at which figure the contract was let. A lot valued at \$5,000 was provided by Mr. O'Brien, who took stock in the company for that amount in lieu of payment in cash, also advancing the funds, over and above the amount subscribed, to complete the undertaking.

Hotel Renfrew, as opened with a public celebration last April, is a handsome three-storey building of buff-yellow tapestry brick, containing forty bedrooms. It was built and equipped almost entirely by local labor and the furnishings were purchased through local merchants. A sort of civic esprit de corps was engendered by the work, each artisan feeling that he was indeed doing something for the good of the town in putting his best effort into the task. The result is a well-constructed, good-looking, up-to-date hotel, of which Renfrewites are justly proud and which for the size of the place is probably the finest building of its kind in Canada. The point worth noting, however, is not so much the excellence of the hotel as the circumstance that 150 citizens of Renfrew, realizing the need, dug down into their pockets for the money, and, for the welfare of the town, threw themselves heartily into the work of erecting and equipping what is really a citizens' hotel.

Another excellent example of the manifestation of civic interest in hotel accommodation was displayed last year by the business men of Ingersoll. This town lies in the center of a wealthy farming district in Western Ontario and possesses several thriving industries. Up to the time that local option went into force a year or so ago, there were numerous places of public entertainment in the town, hotels of varying degrees of comfort and discomfort, but none that merited the appellation of first-class. Travellers, as a matter of fact, steered clear of the town at night-fall and only remained, if no escape was possible.

This condition was considerably aggravated when the passing of local option closed the bars and reduced the earning power of the hotel proprietors to such an extent that one after the other found it necessary to shut up his premises. By May, 1913, there was not a single hotel doing business in the place, which meant that even had they wished to remain over night in the town, travellers could not get

a bed or meal there, except perhaps at some private boarding house.

The situation was even worse than that which confronted the citizens of Renfrew and called for quite as strenuous measures. As in the eastern town, so here, a company was organized to meet the emergency. The Ingersoll Hotel Corporation, in which a large number of the business men of the place took stock, was formed and at once took steps to secure possession of the largest hotel building in the town. By paying \$3,750 to the former leaseholder and securing a new lease of the property with an option to buy later on at a fixed price, they took over the building.

Improvements were at once undertaken at a cost of nearly nine thousand dollars. The building was painted on the outside and thoroughly renovated within. All the old floor-coverings were taken up, the wall scraped, papered and decorated, the woodwork cleaned and painted, the plumbing renewed and even some of the window sills and casings replaced. A fine large open fireplace constructed of cobble-stones was placed in the lobby and the first two floors were completely refurnished throughout. New silverware, china, linen and other necessities were provided for the dining-room, improved kitchen furniture was secured, a better system of electric lighting was installed and brass bedsteads with high quality mattresses were placed in each bedroom.

HOTEL BECOMES CIVIC CLUB.

As the Ingersoll Inn, this rejuvenated hotel is now known far and wide as one of the best-equipped and best-managed small hotels in Canada. And it has wrought quite a change in the town. Now, instead of running away from Ingersoll at night, the travelling man is glad to be able to spend the night there. The twenty-one guest rooms are nearly always occupied and over Sunday there are usually to be found several travellers who are quite well satisfied to put in the week-end under the roof of the Inn. Locally the Hotel has become a sort of club, for the business men meet there, societies hold their gatherings in its rooms and church organizations make use of its equipment.

When it leased the hotel property, the Hotel Corporation also secured an adjoining building which it fitted up at the same time as a farmers' hotel, with a boarding and sale stable attached. This is called the Oxford House and, though less elaborately furnished than the Inn, it is clean and comfortable. The local

merchants say it is one of the best institutions Ingersoll ever had, for it is extensively used and greatly appreciated by the drovers, agents, buyers and other people who come to the town to do business with the country people of the district. They now make the Oxford House their headquarters and the farmers meet them there, thus bringing customers to the stores of the local merchants.

BOWMANVILLE BLAZED THE WAY.

If Renfrew and Ingersoll have two of the latest examples of citizen-owned hotels, it was perhaps the town of Bowmanville that blazed the way and showed that the scheme was feasible. Bowmanville's experiment dates back seven years. In 1907 the local option movement was stirring the town and a vote on the question was imminent. As usual, the opponents of the measure advanced the argument that, if the citizens wiped out the bars, local hotel accommodation would deteriorate to such an extent as to be prejudicial to the town's best interests. Indeed, it was even hinted that there might be no hotel accommodation at

all. That there was ground for this fear was evident for, from possessing nine to ten hotels a few years previously, the number of places of public entertainment had dwindled to two.

Bowmanville's business men recognized the weight of the argument and appreciated the fact that, if local option carried, they would be seriously handicapped. As a body they were favorable to the temperance cause and they accordingly were all the more inclined to destroy the force of the anti's argument, if it could be done. The only way to do this effectively was to guarantee that the town's facilities for entertaining the travelling public would not suffer, were local option to carry. A temporary company composed of leading citizens was formed, each of whom put up a cheque for one hundred dollars, with the understanding that in case of need the money should be employed in the operation of a citizens' hotel.

The local option by-law carried and the expected happened. Before the measure became operative the hotel men began to

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The cosy sitting room of the Ingersoll Inn.



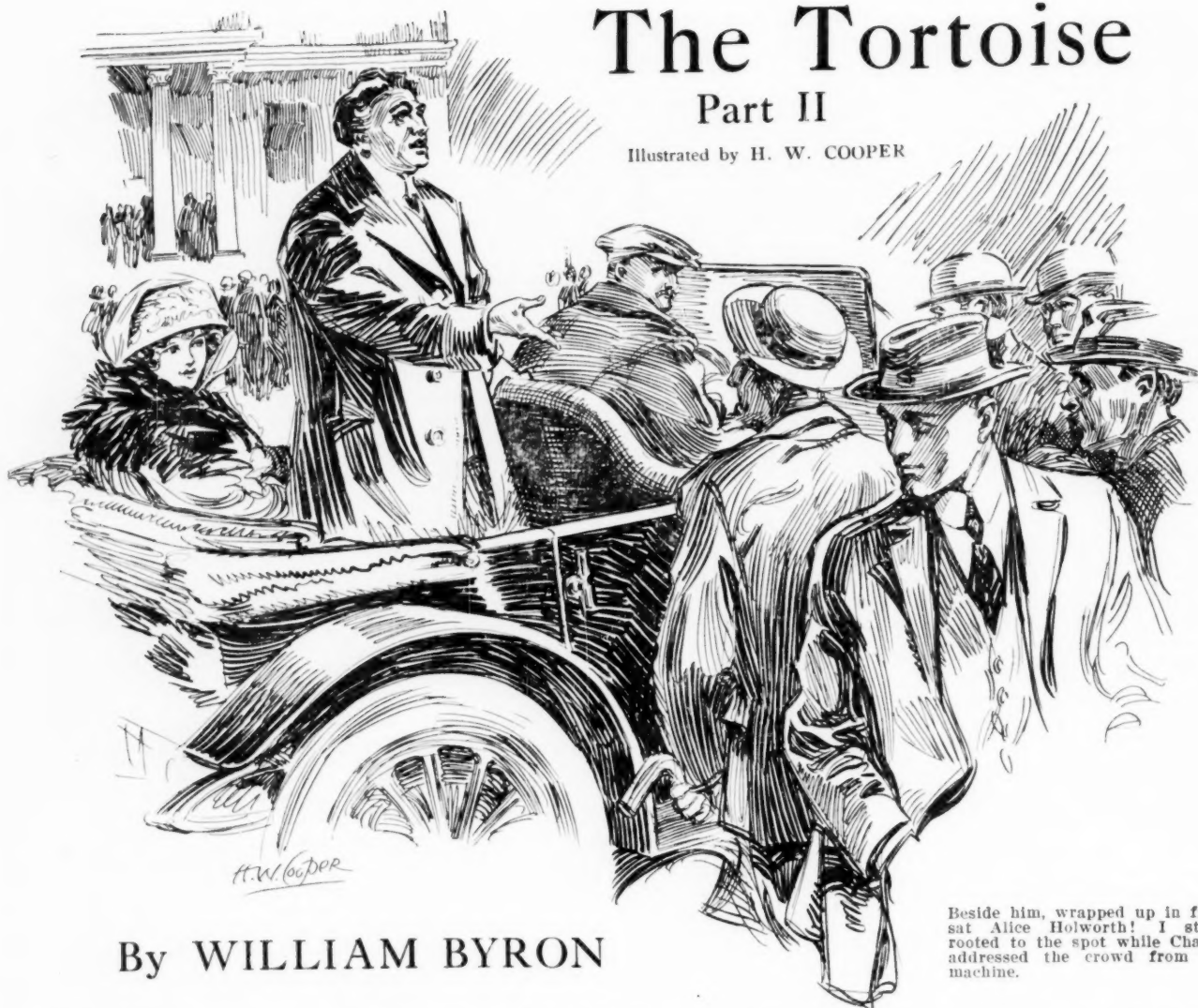
CREATING A NEW ATMOSPHERE.

The success of the Ingersoll Inn has been due to several causes not the least of which has been the air of home-like comfort that pervades the place. The management have created a new atmosphere; they have capitalized the charm of home comforts. Mr. J. A. Coulter, president of the company, tells of having two traveling men tell him on separate occasions one morning of the pleasant time they had spent the previous evening around the big cobble-stone fireplace in the sitting room—eighteen men—discussing public questions without any of the interruptions that occur when all or some in the company are drinking. Mr. Coulter believes that a large share of the success of the Inn has been due to the fact that the traveling man has come to appreciate a home atmosphere in a hotel.

The Tortoise

Part II

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER



By WILLIAM BYRON

Beside him, wrapped up in furs, sat Alice Holworth! I stood rooted to the spot while Charlie addressed the crowd from the machine.

FROM the night of my memorable drive with Alice Holworth, I realized fully that I loved her. The boyish adoration had ripened into an intensity of feeling that seemed at times to leave no room in my mind or being for anything else. This love disturbed and puzzled me to no small degree. I had always been a methodical sort of fellow, cool and dispassionate at all times. Rivalry in sports at school or the sterner clashes of business had never aroused in me anger or excitement. But with the growth of my love for Alice Holworth, new thoughts and emotions stirred in me. I felt that I would fight for her—madly, savagely, to the very end. The thought of her belonging to another man was sufficient to plunge me into bitter melancholy or rampant pugnacity. It was a clear case of atavism. I had reverted to the most primitive of types.

This feeling caused me to enter the fight with Larry Barlow almost with eagerness. Barlow was the only rival that I had, so far as I knew, and on that account I took a zest in the contest. His final discomfiture became not a business success but a personal triumph.

During the year that followed Barlow's vain attempt to close me out of business, I called on Alice regularly. She

encouraged me, I think, though at times a fancied aloofness in her manner almost drove me to despair. Alice had developed from a fluffy-haired, slender girl into a very handsome and gracious woman, blessed with most accomplishments and doubly blessed with that rarest of gifts, a gentle, discerning tactfulness. She had always liked me, I think; and now she undoubtedly took a pleasure in my society. Whether her interest went any deeper was a question that I pondered more often than I did the figures on my ledger.

I had long since gotten over the stage-fright period when a glance from beneath those long lashes of hers would subject me to an attack of galloping paralysis. Still, it took me three months to get my mind made up to propose to her. I realized so completely how much too good she was for me that I was frightened at the enormity of my own presumption. Finally, however, I decided to test her opinion on the matter.

It was on a cold evening early in December that I slipped on my great coat and my resolution at the same time. The Holworth home was in upper town and, as I wended my way in that direction who should I run into but my old chum, Charlie Cutshaw, striding along over the

slippery walks with the fine air of physical superiority that made him a marked figure wherever he went. Charlie had finished his law course some years before and had been engaged since with a Toronto firm. Within the past fortnight he had returned to Martinville and had hung out his shingle.

"Hello, Harry," he greeted, as we fell into step. "How's the native son? I hear you've developed into quite a merchant prince. Fairly rolling in money and all that, eh?"

"Not exactly," I replied. "I'm not quite out of the woods yet, but I can see the open space ahead of me now. But what has brought you back? I thought Martinville would be hardly a big enough field for you, Charlie."

"Well, it's just this way," boomed Charlie, in his old expansive way. "You can break into politics easier in a small place than a big city. Back here in Martinville I should have no difficulty in getting a start. I don't mind acknowledging that I'm building big hopes for a political career,—er—Haven. Just let me find a seat and I'll guarantee to make them sit up at Ottawa."

He talked along with all the grandiose optimism that had made him cock of the walk at school, telling me what he would

do and what he wouldn't do—but chiefly the former. Finally, as we kept right along together, curiosity got the upper hand.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To make a call," I answered. "Where are you off to?"

"Same thing."

"Perhaps," I suggested, with a sinking of the heart, "we're going to the same place."

"The saints forfend!" said Charlie with candid disfavor. "I object to splitting calls. It's whole hog or nothing with me."

But we were. We turned in at the gate of the Holworth house without comment on either side. I rang the door bell and Charlie glared as though he resented my taking the initiative.

"Good evening, Harry," greeted Alice, who had come to the door herself. She looked particularly charming that evening and was wearing something new—whether a dress or merely a new collar or such, I couldn't say. I missed the details but got the general effect. Could it be that she had discerned—? "I'm delighted that you have brought Charlie with you."

"Brought me, nothing," said Charlie. "I came myself. And I don't like this 'brought' business at all, Alice my dear. Has old sobersides Harry here been calling on you?"

"Why, I see him sometimes," replied Alice, with a smile. And, glory be, the smile quite unmistakably was for me.

"Well, it's got to stop. Harry, this is your last call," said Charlie, with a jaunty masterfulness that made me long to put the gloves on with him. "I serve notice that from now on I intend to monopolize the time of this young lady. Trespassers will be prosecuted."

"Don't go too fast," I said darkly. "It may take a little of your time to work up that law practice of yours."

"It's coming already. I've got nicely started on the high road to fame and fortune. Why it's even been suggested that I run for mayor this year, and I'll acknowledge that I'm thinking the idea over."

He was off. He was the same old Charlie, acknowledged boss as a boy, arrant braggart, domineering and selfish, but strong and capable and a mighty handsome figure of a man, with his leonine head of fair wavy hair, his square hewn face, bright blue eye and broad shoulders.

Talk? Charlie could make a loquacious book seem mute and constrained. The floodgates of his conversational powers once opened, there was little chance for me. He breezed along, settling political issues,

laying down social mandates, giving interesting bits of his personal history and falling on me like the proverbial ton of bricks whenever I ventured into the conversational area. That Alice was a little fascinated by it all I could plainly see, and it nettled and alarmed me.

"Now as to my running for mayor," babbled Charlie, about the time I looked at the clock and discovered it was nearly ten already, "it looks as though I'm needed there. You know these old busybodies in town who call themselves reformers are out to get a new council in. The crowd in power were thinking of putting up Halbery this year for mayor, but he's got in bad on a few deals recently and it's a certainty that the reform crowd would make a set on him. So a candidate is needed who would appeal to the people and yet be above attack of any kind. I'm the rising lawyer of the town so it's perhaps not strange that they've thought of me."

I woke up at this. "Don't get mixed up with that city hall crowd, Charlie," I urged. "If you run for mayor with Connel and Harvey and Shandler Cone behind you, your chances for a career in this town will be ruined. You don't want to be the tool of Larry Barlow, do you?"

"What's Barlow got to do with my running for Mayor?" demanded Charlie.

"Just this. The town used to be run by the three crooks I've just named, but during the last couple of years another member has been admitted to the cabinet. Larry Barlow is a power in civic politics here now, if he isn't actually the boss."

"When I'm mayor of Martinville, I'll be boss," said Charlie, with finality.

I did not propose to Alice that night. I stayed late for the purpose but Charlie stayed also. We finally left together after Mrs. Holworth came into the room and shook hands with us, gazing rather fixedly at the clock the while.

Before proceeding any further with my narrative it will be necessary to give some particulars of the situation in town with reference to civic politics. It may seem improbable that a city as small

as Martinville would have "boss" rule, but such nevertheless was the case. As far back as I could remember the best men of the town had considered themselves above civic politics and the control of the city hall had fallen into the hands of a "ring." If it were suggested to a man of good standing and undoubted probity that he stand for alderman, the invariable answer would be: "Do you think I would get mixed up with that gang at the city hall?"

For a number of years civic affairs had been administered by a triumvirate of slippery celebrities who unobtrusively manipulated the wires that controlled all civic expenditures. The first of these was John Connel, the inspector of everything from rubbish to rum shops. The second was Jim Harvey, an excessively fat and unctuous specimen of politician who controlled the vote of the north ward and got as his share of the patronage all contracts for street watering, garbage collection, and so on; in fact Jim Harvey had staked down and registered his claim on everything in the way of public service that offered to the enterprising grafter a chance for nicking the public purse. The last member of the estimable trio was a meek-looking little lawyer named Shandler Cone, behind whose rabbit-like blandness of countenance lurked a degree of cunning that no one would suspect — until they had had dealings with him. Cone kept a dingy little office above a tobacconist's store but seemed to have no clients. He was a bachelor, living alone in a tumble-down cottage that no one ever entered but Cone himself. All civic contracts, by-laws and agreements were drawn up by him and he sunk the jokers so far below the surface that they remained hidden until the time for operation arrived. It has always been my opinion that Shandler Cone was the brains of the organization.

Of recent years, however, Larry Barlow had wedged his way into civic politics and, as Jed Jarvis put it in *'the Blast'*, "the trio of tainted trust had been converted into a quarrelsome quartette." It

is probable that in many respects Larry had become the real boss of the town. No part but the "lead" would have satisfied Larry.

About the time that Charlie Cutshaw and I came together, as already narrated, a section of the citizens had started a movement to oust the grafting element from the civic life of Martinville, and a hot election was promised. I was strongly in sympathy with the reform movement but had been disappointed, as had many others, in the men selected to lead the fight; Smith, the produce merchant



I got the first sheet off the press, capturing it after a struggle with Jimmie Wallace.

who led the First Baptist choir but whose piety was sometimes challenged by those who dealt with him, Cotton a retired minister whose continual agitation had wearied the town, Antley who could talk an audience of confirmed insomnia sufferers into a state of dreamless coma, and others of like ilk.

During the month that ensued before the elections I worked hard in the reform cause and was very much disappointed to find that Charlie enlisted himself on the other side. His candidature for the mayoralty was given out early and it was apparent from the first that he would run strong. Charlie was well liked in town and everyone thought highly of his ability. He backed up his candidature by some rattling good speeches that "got across," as the politicians say. Reduced to the test of literal transcription Charlie's speeches might not have appeared powerful in print, or even grammatical, but when delivered with the spell of his handsome personality behind them, they certainly took with the crowds. He proved a lively candidate.

Despite the time that he necessarily had to put to the campaign, he was generally at the Holworth's when I called there. My declaration had to be postponed time and again and finally I decided to leave it off indefinitely. I dreaded to tempt the fates while the influence of my rival was so strong. For, as candidate for so exalted an office, Charlie was undoubtedly an object of interest and I could see that he attracted Alice strongly. I cannot say that she was less friendly with me than she had always been, but it takes a jealous lover to find out when a rival star has swung into the firmament.

The reform candidate for mayor was an honest but not exactly brilliant lawyer who had served a term or two in the council years before. Harry Ware was not what might be termed a strong candidate but I had felt confident from the first that the whole reform ticket would be swept in and that Charlie would be beaten. As polling day drew near, however, this feeling of certainty gradually disappeared. The defects in the organization of the reform element became more marked every day. In fact they had no practical organization whatever. The men at the head of the movement had as much notion of running a campaign as a Cherokee Indian has of Greek roots. No meetings were held except in the churches, no arrangements had been made for livery rigs, the canvassing committees did their work in a haphazard way; and all through the campaign, the Star fought viciously for the "machine." The candidates put up on the reform ticket were not the type of men who would be picked as likely to make good civic administrators. The question began to simmer in the public mind, In what respect would incompetent honesty prove a better form of government than greedy competence? I could see that question every-

where and knew that it was going to cost the reform ticket a lot of votes.

Nevertheless I was not prepared for what followed. The voting was held on New Year's day and the splendid organization of the "stand-patters" was soon very much in evidence. Every livery rig in town had been pressed into service for conveying voters to the polls while, to compete against this, our people had a few family democrats out. They did not think it incumbent upon them to see that those who had promised to vote for a civic housecleaning got out and did so.

At five o'clock the polls closed and at a quarter to six the first division was heard from: Wade 68, Cutshaw 73. And thus it went, the two candidates running neck and neck, first one in the lead and then the other. At half-past six Wade had 33 majority, with two polls to hear from and it looked to the crowd as though the old lawyer had beaten his younger rival. At the same time it was evident that most of the old council board had been returned. Lack of organization had beaten the housecleaning ticket. Some had been elected, of course, but the old crowd would have a working majority and to all intents and purposes the result was as good as a sweep.

A large crowd had gathered in the square before the city hall, where the returns were read out. Interest, of course, centered in the race for the mayoralty

in the ascendant. And the reason was quite clear to me. Alice was of the temperament that is attracted by achievement. The importance that attached to Charlie as candidate for mayor, and his participation in a brisk campaign, had captured her interest. I realized to the fullest how far from spectacular is the running of a dry goods store.

And then suddenly a resolution came to me. I would do something spectacular myself. I would achieve something besides a good profit in my dry goods store. I would head a movement that would put the civic machine out of business at the next election!

"A rotten town this," said a voice behind me.

It was Jimmy Wallace, a reporter on the Star—an undersized fellow of unquenchable energy who had become known around town on that account as "Go-Devil" Wallace. As far as anyone had ever been able to find out, Wallace never slept. No matter how late the hour he was always to be seen on the streets. If you got up before the sun, Wallace would be ahead of you, talking to a belated policeman or chatting with milkmen. He dragged the town for news items like a fine hair brush. I had become rather intimate with him and had learned one thing; Wallace was a man of ideals.

"Rotten?" I said. "Didn't the results suit you? The crowd backed up by your paper won out."

"Do you suppose for a second that I believe in the policy of the Star?" asked Wallace, explosively. "I've kept my mouth shut and have gone on working for my weekly envelope all through this campaign. But do you see this letter? It contains my resignation."

"What's the matter?"

"Matter? I've been bottling up my contempt for the policy of the Star so long that I can't hold it in any longer. I know enough about the inside workings of civic government in this town to put a few men in jail. And I'm not going to stay quiet any longer. If the town knew what I know there would have been a different story to tell to-day."

"What we need is a second paper here," I suggested.

"A second paper—run on independent lines—would rip this old town open," went on Wallace with staccato fervor. A second paper—it's something I've dreamed of for years. With a paper to back us up we could run these grafters out of business next year!"

I had a long talk with Wallace during which he initiated me into some of the secrets of the civic government of Martinville.

The next day I called upon Silas Hennesly, a contractor, who had accumulated a huge fortune—basing the estimate, of course, on Martinville standards. Hennesly had heavy pouches in the place of cheeks, a forehead that wrinkled continuously and a nose that turned broadly and aggressively upward. Put a spiked

Continued on Page 134.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"The Tortoise" is a series of business stories, each more or less complete but with a connected train of narrative running through them. The third installment will deal with certain business transactions, involving a struggle for the control of a large corporation. The interest in the three-sided duel between Barlow, Cutshaw and Haven will intensify in the third story of the series.

and a loud cheer broke out when the vote from one of the two remaining polls gave Charlie a majority of 17.

"The young cock will win yet!" shouted an adherent in the crowd.

Almost immediately afterwards the clerk appeared on the city hall steps and announced, amid complete silence: "Polling subdivision 19, Cutshaw 101, Wade 71. Cutshaw is elected on an unofficial count by 14."

There was great enthusiasm on this announcement. I had been standing toward the outskirts of the crowd and was turning away for home when an automobile pulled up not ten feet from me. In the tonneau sat the new mayor of Martinville, smiling happily and quite plainly in two minds as to whether the occasion called for calm dignity or exuberant enthusiasm. And beside him, wrapped up to the chin in furs, sat Alice Holworth!

I stood rooted to the spot, while Charlie addressed the crowd from the machine, Three lusty cheers and a tiger followed; and through it all Alice seemed to be enjoying the situation immensely.

I plodded home wearily. All zest had gone out of life for the time being. Alice's presence in the car could be construed in one way only; that Charlie's star was

Putting a Transcontinental Together

HERE is a map of America.

There lies the Atlantic and yonder the Pacific. Between the two oceans must run a modern railroad. No matter about mountains or muskeg, fuming rivers or tangled forest, the rails shall pierce them or bridge them straight as a die, and Pullmans shall slip across them so buoyantly that dainty fingers will not spill a cup of tea.

How would you set about it?

Let a contract for the whole business? You cannot do that. Railway contractors smile on five hundred miles sometimes, but I do not know the address of a firm having three or four hundred millions to spend on one job and wait for the principal until doomsday.

Transcontinentals are not put together like skyscrapers. Anyone with money can own "the highest-in-the-world" because the technical difficulties have been pretty well cut and dried by precedent. But transcontinentals are not rushed through on precedent. They begin with—let us say—a sentiment, developed by financial statesmanship, and achieve maturity by science, compromise, faith—so many intangible things that no contractor living could quote a fixed price for a complete road.



In the mountains the engineers follow the beds of rivers wherever possible. This shows a line following the Fraser Valley in B.C.

By ROBSON BLACK

Based on an Interview With W. H. Grant, Superintendent of Construction for Mackenzie, Mann & Co., Builders of the Canadian Northern Railway

Three transcontinentals, in the proper meaning of the term, belong to Canada. The Canadian Pacific came into being because three-quarters of Canada's habitable area was dependent on pack mules and canoes. But the West loomed too big for a monopoly and the Canadian Northern sliced off the upper areas for its own, tapped brand new country, built up cities and towns, and populated hundreds of valleys. Even then it seemed a prodigious task for a pair of railways and the Grand Trunk Pacific joined its brethren for the

According to the topography of the country he plans his campaign of path-finding. In the mountains he follows the beds of rivers for they represent the lowest points of drainage, and therefore the lowest grades. On the level prairie he may need little more than a compass or a school map, for the natural obstacles are few. The stiffest survey problems are found in regions like the north shore of Lake Superior—rocky, swampy, undulating, forest-covered country where a half-dozen possible locations may be hit upon,

goal of "the long haul." For the present, therefore, a nation of eight million people has spent, or assumed obligations for, nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars on transcontinentals in perfect confidence that the mortgage will not score the necks of succeeding generations.

The surveying, or locating, of a great railroad is immensely more complex than running the lines of a township. The survey engineer must be financier as well as scientist. He does his locating in obedience to the standard practices of his profession, but all rules fall second to "fixed charges." Not only must he lay out a good road but a practical, profit-paying road as well.



A generous bite off the side of a mountain to let the line through.



Foundations in position for bridge to be erected across low-lying section

and only the *best* will do. To get the Canadian Northern across the five hundred and fifty miles between Sudbury and Port Arthur a few years ago, four parties of from fifteen to seventeen men apiece spent five years determining the one best route, and nothing but the future can prove that they actually got it.

The practical complications of surveying the road in comparison with actual construction are in much the same ratio as their cost; five hundred dollars per mile covered the total expense of the five years' survey referred to, while railroad construction on this continent strikes an average of about \$50,000 a mile inclusive of everything but rolling stock.

When the survey parties finish their work in a stretch of virgin territory, the only perceptible signs of their passing are a row of stakes and a narrow trail of tree stumps. These may lead up hill and down dale, cross a morass and run smash into a precipice. But the company of construction engineers tramping at the heels of the pathfinders see no hill or dale, no morass, no precipice—see only a level layer of steel and ties striking a faultless horizontal in thousand-mile progressions.

Construction engineers sandwich their services between the finished survey and the commencement of actual building. The contractor has not yet been asked to tender, for nobody so far knows the details of surface geology, the approximate quantities of rock cutting, the number or height of bridges, the problems of tunnels—and the company's permanent staff of engineers are on the job to get such foundation facts for the specifications.

The chief engineer plans his work upon what is now a more or less fixed code. Every seven or eight miles a resident engineer is stationed with a rodman and axeman. Their duty is to put in grade stakes, showing the cuttings necessary for excavation. Every thirty or forty miles comes the division engineer, a supervising officer, and he, in turn, reports either to the district engineer, when there is one, or to the chief.

Enter the contractors: Down at head office they have been browsing for weeks over maps of the route. They have measured distances, calculated quantities of machinery and supplies, marked off the nearness or remoteness of other railroads to the centre of operations, and figured how many tens of thousands of real money must be spent to freight-in plant and supplies in advance of the working gangs. Accessibility of a route is a

highly-involved piece of calculation in which a millionaire contractor may easily add a few millions to his fortune or squander his bank account down to the last sixpence. Of the latter misfortune, railroad history cites not a few picturesque cases.

When the Canadian Northern contract for 550 miles between Port Arthur and Sudbury on the new transcontinental was let to a single firm, one of the stipulations was that in a trifle over two and a half years from July, 1911, a train should pass from end to end. That meant one of the stiffest undertakings in the record of Canadian railroading. The nearest rails, those of the Canadian Pacific, from which supplies could reach the route lay fifty to one hundred miles to the south, except for one contact point of the Algoma Central which crossed at right angles. There was, of course, a Canadian Northern connection at either end of the surveyed line, but to limit construction to those two points would have necessitated impossible delays in the final completion. Moreover, in wooded, irregular countries, building operations can seldom be carried on economically for more than fifty miles ahead of steel; transport of supplies for working gangs a greater distance from the new-laid track is so costly as to offset all other considerations. In addition, no company or contractor will submit to the handicap of building a line leisurely from a single point, if it can be attacked by duplicate outfits in several sections. To the contractor there is the advantage of wholesale economies and to the company the great boon of ending dead interest-charges months or years in advance of the

date achievable under old-fashioned practice. From four points of the Canadian Pacific line to the south, the contractors carried out a scheme of toting supplies fifty to a hundred miles direct north during the dead of winter. The venture was worthy a British army corps. Through tangled bush and bog, an absolutely roadless country, temporary highways were built at a cost of a thousand dollars a mile, and hundreds of teams tramped the long course upward to the survey stakes that spotted the country from east to west. All of two winters they lugged mammoth machines in sections through the forest, storing up vast quantities of food hundreds of miles in advance of the nearest camps of workers. Commissariat, says Kitchener, is half the battle. In railway conflict it is more than half. It is the contractor's first question-mark.

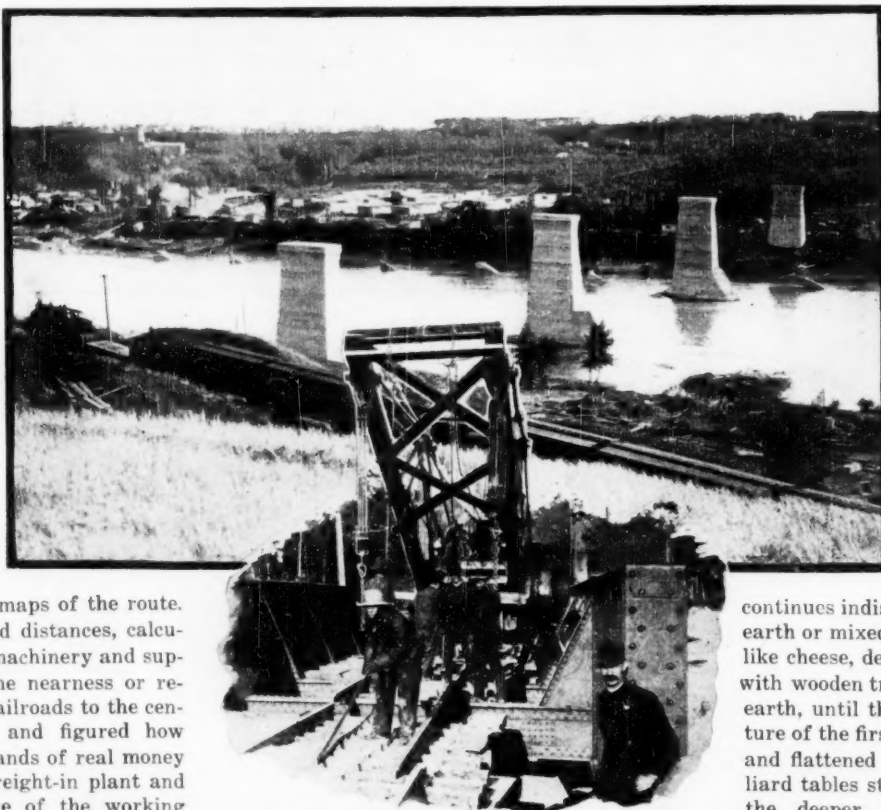
In construction work proper, the head contractor sub-divides his undertaking into four, five, or ten-mile sections according to the outfits owned by the lesser tenderers. Seldom does a contractor handle with his own outfit more than a few hundred miles. Prices are gauged as "piece work" entirely and paid for by the cubic yard. Thus, rock cutting enjoys a special high quotation which tapers down through such classifications as mixed rock, shale, earth and sand.

THE FIRST MORNING'S WORK.

With gangs of navvies, time-keepers, foremen, cooks, steam-shovels, Mexican mules, and a babble of foreign tongues, the whistle blows for the first morning's work. The right-of-way stands cleared of trees and brush to its full width. Guide

stakes indicating the engineer's estimate for excavation or for height have already been placed in position mile upon mile. The big steam shovels are wheeled into position. The scoop takes a shy at the first clod—and the tourney is on in deadly earnest. Excavation is the first duty and provides most of the material for bank filling. In modern operations the steam shovel is the great economizer of labor, but the pick and shovel brigade

continues indispensable. Hillocks of earth or mixed rock are pared down like cheese, depressions are bridged with wooden trestles or filled in with earth, until the contortioning creature of the first surveyor is subdued and flattened off like a million billiard tables struck end to end. For the deeper valleys necessitating sometimes the crossing of wide



Two stages of bridge building for a transcontinental railway.

rivers, the contractor furnishes bridge foundations, but the steel bridges themselves are erected by the manufacturers under supervision of the company's engineers.

With the excavating, the bank filling and the grading finished up, we have a fairly good impression of the "first storey" of a railroad line. Now arrives the track-laying machine, an ugly, noisy splurging mass that tosses off two miles per day of parallel rails—just about as fast as navies can strew the wooden ties beneath its feet. Quickly as new rails are bolted to the ties, the machine plods forward to the extreme end of the track, spins out two more rails, and so the mad race goes from dawn to dark.

Back a few miles on the still tingling steel, with rattling chains and whirling drums, the ballasting train spreads a binding of rock and earth in the interstices, so that swaying moguls may pound across at sixty-an-hour and leave the road without a scar.

WHY COST IS SO HIGH.

Simultaneous with track-laying and ballasting, the contractors fence the right-of-way, erect the telegraph poles and wires, leaving to the company the construction of tanks, roundhouses and stations. When one considers how many processes enter into one little mile of railroad, how enormous the expenditure of labor, how relentless the appetite for supplies and more supplies, little wonder that \$35,000 to \$50,000 disappears with every mile, or that \$60,000 to \$70,000 gets into limbo for every 1,760 yards of progress in the mountains.

This is a new age of railroad building. Keener standards of traffic require developed theories of engineering. It used to be that folks stood open-mouthed to see twenty loaded freight cars hitched to one sweating locomotive. Nowadays the moguls thunder through with 100 cars, or 5,000 tons of backward pull. The advantage of superseding the five engines and twenty cars each with one mogul and its train of 100 cars is self-evident. The displacement of four train crews is only a contributory item. To get the 5,000-ton caravan between Winnipeg and Quebec would be impossible on any but the finest standard of construction; it would balk at probably fifty grades on the first thousand miles and worry the traffic management with continual calls for assistance.

FLATTENING OUT THE KINKS.

So the hundred-car train has to be preceded by a decided reduction of grades from end to end of the road. The phrase "reduced grades" sounds very simple, but the problems underlying it have piled extra millions of cost for every enterprising company in America. Commonly in the



A huge railway bridge shown in course of construction and when completed—Around the camp fire at night.



earlier days, and indeed on many lines at the present time, grades ran from one to one and a half per cent. and track curvature was permitted to reach ten or twelve degrees. The Canadian Northern has held its gradients down to four-tenths of one per cent., and the curvature to from four to six degrees. In street parlance, it means that the "kinks" in the railroad a few years back have been flattened out, sometimes at enormous cost, and "slopes" have been made so gentle that any engine capable of starting its train on level ground can climb with ease from Atlantic to Pacific. What such a feat means to the economical hauling of freight is simpler to comprehend than were the problems which first had to be solved by the survey and construction engineers. To cite one radical change in modern railroad building made necessary by low gradient standards: 25,000 to 35,000 cubic yards of embankment per mile are required for the high-class road of to-day where seven or eight, or ten thousand yards sufficed to bear up the traffic and meet all demands of a few years ago.

Perplexing as some engineering difficulties in mountain work may prove, exasperation seldom faces a railway builder until he comes to a sink hole. As frequently happens, a railway is built across a stretch of meadow which bears all the usual tests and is endorsed as the best route. Trains may run over it for years,

until one day the embankment is increased to eliminate a grade and, under the increased strain, the surface of the meadow caves in. Then we have that phenomenon of a sink hole which no railway engineer likes to anticipate. I have known 80,000 cubic yards of rock to be dumped into a hundred and fifty feet of bog before it gave signs of filling up. The reason, of course, is that we had unwittingly carried our line across a relatively thin surface above an underground lake. When the sink hole appears, the only recourse is to fill it up, for the location of the line cannot very well be altered at that

stage, even if a thousand carloads must be poured in before the track finds itself on a solid foundation.

The constant effort to minimize our dependence on manual labor by the use of ma-

chinery has been to some degree successful, but the savings thereby accomplished have not at all kept pace with the higher demands for wages and supplies. One might think that with the increase of pay-sheets the railways would be the gainers in greater efficiency, but exactly the opposite has proved true. The men who are getting \$2.25 to-day are actually giving a smaller return of service than they did on the \$1.50 scale of ten years ago. Lack of qualified labor has been a sore aggravation to the railway builder these many years. In the first days of the Canadian Pacific and in the beginnings of the Canadian Northern, the heavy immigration of Irish and Scotch and Swedes solved the labor problem to the railway man's satisfaction. Such men are unprocureable to-day, having gravitated to occupations offering higher rewards. In their place have come southern Europeans, a distinctly inferior physical and mental type, but they are the best that offer and in the absence of automatic devices must be employed in tens of thousands.

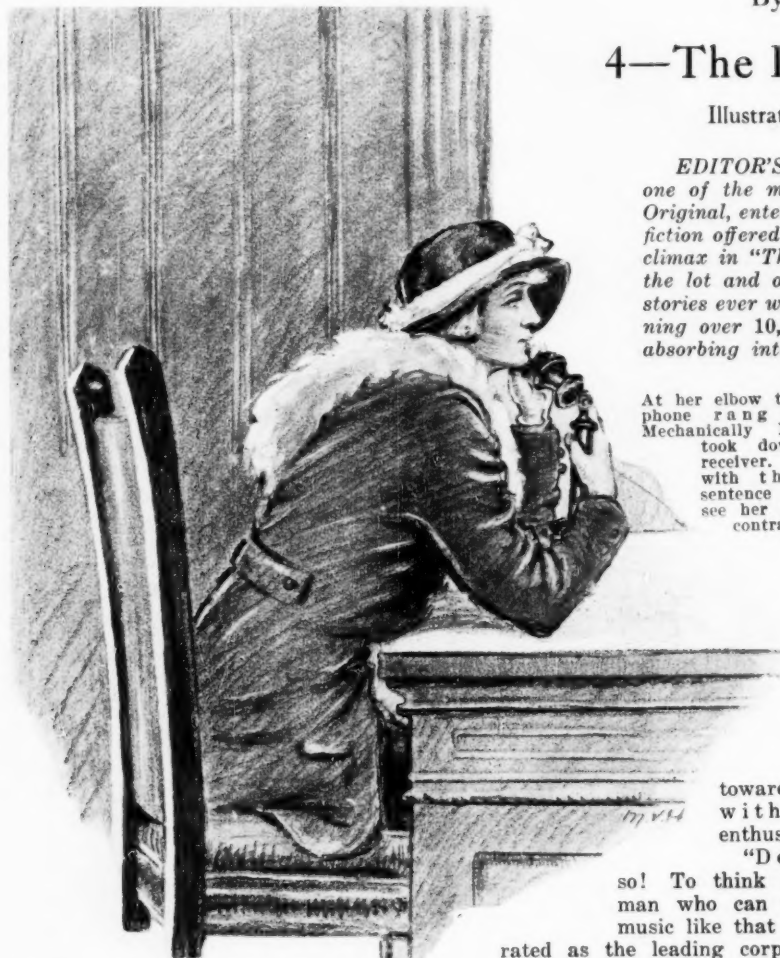
Wireless messages were exchanged between President Wilson and the Emperor of Germany on June 19, 1914. The distance spanned by the wireless waves is estimated at 4,062½ miles.

Adventures of Madelyn Mack: Detective

By HUGH C. WEIR

4—The Bullet From Nowhere

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER



EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Madelyn Mack series has proven one of the most pronounced magazine successes of the year. Original, entertaining, subtle, these stories are the best detective fiction offered to the public. Next month the series will reach a climax in "The Purple Thumb," undoubtedly the best story of the lot and one of the most intense and mystifying detective stories ever written. "The Purple Thumb" is a masterpiece running over 10,000 words in length—and every sentence full of absorbing interest.

At her elbow the telephone rang shrilly. Mechanically Madelyn took down the receiver. Almost with the first sentence I could see her features contract.

At the wistful note in Weston's voice, the vivacious Miss Morrison glanced away quickly.

"I should not think that would apply to your case!" she said lightly. "If all reports are true, Monty Weston has won almost as great a reputation as a heart-breaker as he has as a trust-breaker!"

"You flatter both my social and my legal ability!" Weston laughed. He glanced at his watch. "By Jove, it's after eight! Where are Hilda and Bob Grayson?"

He turned so suddenly as he put the question that his companion gazed at him in surprise. The second of the two women in the group, Muriel Thornton, smiled shrewdly.

"Hilda went up-stairs a moment ago," she volunteered. "As for Bob," she paused significantly as the shadow deepened on Weston's face. "Where is Bob?" she added artlessly.

The rivalry of Weston and Grayson, the struggling young architect, for the favors of Hilda Wentworth had too long been a matter of gossip for the point of the question to pass unnoticed.

Wilkins, the fourth member of the group, essayed an eager answer in the pause that followed.

"Bob had a business engagement in his rooms, I believe, and left directly after dinner. He was to have been back by eight, though."

Up-stairs, the music still continued. Homer Hendricks had reached the finale of the overture, and Rossini's majestic strains were rolling out with the sweep of a lashing surf.

Weston strolled to the door.

"'William Tell' is nearing the end, I fancy. Listen!"

The speaker was right. It was the end—but not the end that either the musician or his audience were expecting.

Above the crash of the music rang out the sudden, muffled report of a revolver!

From the piano came a long, echoing discord, as though the player's arm had fallen heavily to the keys.

And then silence—a silence so intense that the low breathing of the group in the library, stricken suddenly motionless, sounded with strange distinctness!

For a moment the quartet stood staring at one another, helpless, dumb, under the spell of an overwhelming bewilderment.

toward him with swift enthusiasm.

"Doubly so! To think that a man who can make music like that is also

rated as the leading corporation lawyer in the State!"

Weston shrugged. "Yes, he calls his piano only his plaything."

The girl lowered her voice. "Is it true—you know this is my first visit here—that he is as eccentric as we read in those sensational newspaper articles?"

A slow smile broke over Weston's face. "That depends on your idea of eccentricity, Miss Morrison. Some persons, for instance, might deem his present performance the height of oddity. Hendricks never plays except when he is alone in his own music-room with the door closed!"

"Really!" The girl's eyes were wide with her amazement.

"And again"—Weston was evidently enjoying the other's naive curiosity—"the fact that Mr. Hendricks has condescended to join our theatre party to-night suggests another of his peculiarities. I believe this is the first evening in ten years that he has left his piano before midnight! But then this is a special occasion."

"Hilda Wentworth's birthday?" the girl interjected.

Weston nodded.

"All of the affection of a lonely bachelor without a domestic circle of his own is bound up in Homer Hendricks' love for his niece. And I happen to know, Miss Morrison, how very much alone such a man can be!"

LOUDER and louder, as though the musician had abandoned himself to the wild spirit of his crashing climax, the pealing strains of the "storm scene" from "William Tell" rolled out from the keys of the mahogany piano, through the closed doors of Homer Hendricks' music-room, and down the stairs to the waiting group below.

The slender, white fingers of the musician quivered with feverish energy. Into his thin, pale face, white with the pallor of midnight studies, crept two dull spots of hectic color. His eyes glistened with the gleam of the inspired artist, who behind the printed music sees the soul of the composer.

Save only for his short, pompadored red hair, bristling above his forehead like a stiff, wiry brush, and his chin, too square and stubborn for a dreamer, Homer Hendricks, who made the law his profession and music his recreation, presented all of the characteristics of the picturesque genius.

The group in the library had crowded close to the hall door, as though fearing to miss a note in the rolling climax from the piano above. Montague Weston, tossing his neglected cigarette aside, was the first to break the spell.

"He's a wonder!" he breathed.

The girl in white at his elbow glanced

Miss Morrison fell back against the wall, panting like a frightened deer, her eyes staring up the winding stairway as though they would pierce the closed door above and see—what?

Of the two men, Weston was the prompter to act.

Jerking his companion by the elbow as though to arouse him to the necessity of the situation, he sprang out of the doorway, taking the steps to the second floor two at a bound.

John Wilkins, glancing hesitatingly at the women, followed more slowly at his shoulder.

From the end of the upper hall came the sound of running steps as the men reached it. A tall, slight, fair-haired girl, in a green satin evening gown, clutched Weston's arm with a wild, questioning stare.

For the first time Wilkins sensed the spell of tragedy. In the girl's eyes was a gleam of undisguised terror.

"The shot?" she burst out. "It came from—"

Weston nodded shortly, even curtly, as he jerked his head toward the door of the music-room, still closed, and followed the motion with a quick step. Wilkins reached forward and touched the girl's shoulder awkwardly.

"Don't you think I had better escort you below, Miss Wentworth?"

The girl shook off his fingers impatiently.

Weston's hand was on the knob of the music-room door. He turned it abruptly. A puzzled frown swept his face, and he turned it again more violently. The door was locked.

Hilda Wentworth darted to his side, tearing his hand away almost fiercely and beating the panels sharply with her knuckles.

"Uncle! Uncle! It is I, Hilda!"

The silence was unbroken.

The girl redoubled her efforts, tearing at the wood with her fingers and raising her voice almost to a shriek.

Then of a sudden she stepped back, turned with a low, gasping wail, and sank into the arms of a tall, broad-shouldered young man with the build of an athlete, who sprang up the stairs past Wilkins' hesitating figure just in time to catch her.

Weston glanced at the newcomer with a swift hardening of his lips. "Lend a hand here, Grayson!" he jerked out. "We've got to break in this door!"

"In Heaven's name, why?"

"No time for questions, man!" Weston's tones were curt. "Hendricks is in there. We heard a shot. We don't—"

"A shot?"

The words might have been a spur. The speaker lowered the body of the fainting girl to the floor, and sprang to the door with a vigor that made the others stare in spite of the tension of the mo-

ment. Poising himself for an instant, he launched his body toward the oaken panels. There was a sharp splintering of wood.

Weston muttered a low cry of satisfaction and joined him in a second assault. The door shivered on its hinges.

The girl on the floor raised herself on her elbow and watched the two with a white, strained face.

The men drew back with muscles taut and hurled themselves a third time toward the barrier.

II.

THIS time the attack was successful. The door fell inward so abruptly that they were thrown to their knees.

Before they could rise, a satin-clad figure sprang past them from the hall and threw itself with a cry on the body of a man in evening clothes, huddled on the floor.

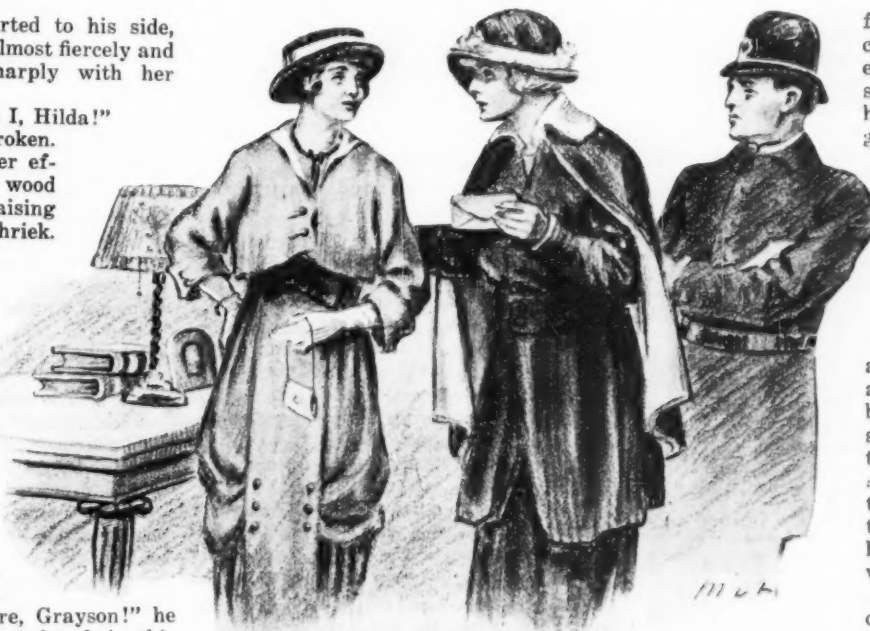
Just above his left ear showed a gaping bullet-hole, from which a thin stream of blood was already trickling down on to the rug beneath him.

His eyes were fixed in a ghastly stare which permitted no second question as to his condition. Homer Hendricks was dead!

Weston raised the girl to her feet with the commanding gesture of a strong-minded man in a sudden emergency.

"Hilda—Miss Wentworth—you must let us take you down-stairs. This is no place for you."

"Oh, Uncle! Poor Uncle!" sobbed the girl unheeding.



"Is it fate, or providence, or just naturally Devil's luck that traps the transgressor?" asked Madelyn.

Weston darted a swift glance around the room and toward the stairs. The women below were evidently not yet aware of the situation.

Wilkins from the hall was surveying the scene like a man in a nightmare, with a face from which every vestige of color had fled.

Grayson was still standing by the shattered door, with his hands clenched as though in a quick, nervous spasm.

At Weston's words he approached the girl with an added sentence of entreaty.

She nodded dully, flashed a last, despairing glance at the body on the floor, and suffered him to take her arm without resistance.

There was a certain suggestion of intimacy in the action, which brought a sudden scowl to Weston's features, as he said crisply:

"Of course, Grayson, you will explain to the ladies. As for the rest of it, you had better have them remain until—"

"The police?" Grayson finished inquiringly. "Shall I telephone?"

Weston hesitated, with a glance at Wilkins. The latter was still maintaining his position in the doorway as though fearing to enter.

"The police?" he repeated huskily. His eyes were riveted on the body of Hendricks as though held by a magnet. "I—I suppose so. This is awful, gentlemen!"

The attitude of the three men in the face of the sudden tragedy was curiously suggestive of their characters—Weston, with the crisply directing demeanor of the man accustomed to leadership; Grayson, frankly bewildered, with his attention centered on the girl's distress rather than the harsher features of the situation; Wilkins, passively content to allow another to direct his actions.

Hilda Wentworth gathered up her skirts and gently released herself from Grayson's hand.

In her face was a forced calmness, to a close observer more expressive of inward suffering than even her first outburst of grief.

As Grayson made a move to follow her, she turned with a low sentence. "I would prefer that you stay here, Bob!"

Her inflection, and the glance which accompanied it, brought another swiftly-veiled scowl to Weston's face. He strode to the end of the room and did not turn until Wilkins had led Miss Wentworth to the stairs.

Grayson, in the center of the apartment, had dug his hands into his trousers-pockets and was watching him curiously.

"A beastly bad business, Bob!" Weston spoke nervously, in odd contrast to his former curt tones. Grayson jerked his head almost imperceptibly towards the motionless body on the carpet.

"What on earth made him do it?"

"Him do it?" There was an obvious note of surprise in Weston's voice.

"Heavens, Bob, can't you see it's not—not that?"

Grayson recoiled as from a blow.

"Not suicide?" His tone raised itself with a shrill suddenness. "Why, man, it must be! You don't mean, you can't mean—"

Weston lifted his eyebrows questionly. "Do men shoot themselves without a weapon, Bob?"

Grayson sprang abruptly past the form of Homer Hendricks, and turned his eyes fiercely across the adjacent stretch of carpet.

Weston watched him somberly.

"Are you convinced?" he queried at length.

Grayson pushed back the only chair in that end of the room, saw that it concealed nothing, and then, seizing an end of the elaborately carved piano, in front of which the body of the dead man rested, tugged until he forced it an inch from the wall. His eyes swept the crack thus exposed, and he stepped back with a gesture of bewilderment.

"Have you found it?" Weston ventured. There was the barest trace of a sneer in his voice.

Grayson sprang across at him and clutched his shoulder.

"The weapon, man! Where is it? I say it must be here!"

Weston glanced at the other's flushed features calmly.

"I told you, Bob, there was none. Or, perhaps, you think that a dead man can rise to his feet and toss the gun that has ended his life out of the window?"

"The window?" Grayson muttered. Weston's sneer escaped him.

Darting to the three windows of the music-room, he flung back the drawn curtains of each in turn. They were all locked, and neither the glass nor the curtains showed a mark of disturbance.

Weston followed his movements with folded arms.

"There is still the door, Bob. And remember that is the only other possible exit." He hesitated. "If you will take the trouble to raise it from the floor, you will discover a fact which I learned some minutes ago. The key was turned from the inside and not from the outside!"

Grayson glanced at the other for a long moment in silence; then, stepping across the carpet with the resolution of a man determined to accept only the evidence of his own eyes, he raised the shattered panels until the lock was exposed.

The key, bent by the force of the fall, was still firmly fixed on the inward side of the door!

Grayson rose from his knees like a man groping in a brain-whirling maze.

"Sit down, Bob!" Weston pushed across a chair and forced the other into it. "We've got to face this thing coolly."

"Coolly!" Grayson's voice rose almost to a hysterical laugh. "Good Heavens! Are you a man or a machine? You tell me that Hendricks did not kill himself—"

"Could not!" Weston corrected in a level tone.

"And now," Grayson burst on unheeding, "you show me that he was not—"

"Murdered!" Weston completed calmly. "That is where you are wrong. I have



shown you no such inference!"

Grayson passed his hand wearily over his brow.

"We are not dealing with spirits, man! You forget that the windows are fastened, the door locked—"

"I forget nothing!" said Weston coldly.

Grayson kicked back his chair impatiently. "Then, if Hendricks' murderer has not vanished into thin air, how—"

"That, my dear boy," said Weston softly, "is a question which these gentlemen may be able to answer for us!"

As he spoke, he motioned toward the hall.

Wilkins had appeared at the head of the stairs with two newcomers, both of whom were obviously policemen, although only one was in uniform.

Wilkins paused awkwardly at the door, with his hand on the shoulder of the man in civilian clothes.

"Lieutenant Perry, of headquarters," he announced formally, "Mr. Weston and Mr. Grayson!"

Weston extended his hand with a subtle suggestion of deference which brought a gratified flush to the officer's face.

He was a short, stocky, round-headed man with all of the evidences of the stubborn police bulldog, although the sugges-

tion of any pronounced mental ability was lacking.

His eyes swept the body of the dead man and the details of the room with professional stoicism. Motioning to his companion, he knelt over Hendricks' stiffening form.

"Bullet entered at the left ear," he muttered. "Death probably instantaneous!" He straightened with the conventional police frown. "Where's the weapon, gentlemen?"

Grayson was silent, content that Weston should act as spokesman. The latter flung out his hands.

"We thought you could find it for us!" he answered shortly.

"Then you have not found it?" There was a flash of suspicion in the lieutenant's voice.

"We have not!"

The lieutenant jotted down a scrawling line in his note-book.

"Are we to believe this murder, then?" he rasped.

"I should prefer that you draw your own conclusions, lieutenant!"

For an instant the officer's pencil was poised in the air, then he closed his note-book with a jerk, thrust his pencil into his pocket, and walked quickly to the closed windows, and then to the door. A growing coldness was apparent in every movement.

"Help me here, Burke!" he snapped to his subordinate. "Stand back, gentlemen!" he continued with almost a growl as Weston made a motion as though to assist.

The next moment the broken door was raised slowly back against the wall. The lieutenant's eyes fell on the lock with the twisted key. With a grimness he did not attempt to conceal he whirled on the two men behind him.

"What kind of a yarn are you trying to give me?" His hand pointed first to the locked door and then to the fastened windows. "Do you think I was born yesterday? Come, gents, out with the truth!"

"The truth?" said Weston curtly.

The lieutenant bristled. "Just so—and the sooner you let me have it the better for all parties concerned! First you tell me there is no weapon, and would have me infer that Mr. Hendricks did not kill himself. Then I find that the room is locked as tight as a drum and there is no possible way for any one else to have fired the shot—and escape. Do you think I am blind? You are either covering up the fact of suicide, or trying to shield the murderer!"

Lieutenant Perry paused, quite out of breath, with his face very red and his right hand clenched with the violence of his emotions.

The turn of affairs was so abrupt and unexpected that Grayson stood speechless. Weston had made an angry step forward,

Continued on Page 113.

Canadian Women in the Arts

The Third Article of a Series

By MADGE MacBETH



Juliette Gauthier. Her debut made a great sensation in Florence.

IT is with pardonable pride that we thrust our thumbs into our national waistcoat armholes and distend our national chest, when we cast our eyes over the list of names which deservedly come under this heading. In the field of literature and art, on the stage—concert operatic and dramatic—we have our representatives, many of them so internationally famous that they are claimed by the world at large, and it is forgotten to give Canada the credit for being the country of their birth.

We, also, have several prominent women who, though born elsewhere, have adopted Canada, and have been adopted by her; and who shall say they are not Canadians?

A LOVER OF NATURE.

Mary Evelyn Wrinch is one. She was born in England, but came to Canada some twenty-five years ago, settling in Toronto. She studied there and then went back to London to attend the Grosvenor Art School under Walter Donne. She also studied miniature painting and went for several months to the Continent to work.

Her love of everything beautiful in nature expresses itself on her canvases. She has a charming little home in the Lake of Bays and when not actually at her easel, she is paddling about the lake drinking in the natural wonders on every side. Suddenly, out will come materials; she will "make a few notes" of cloud effects, of purply shadows on the still, warm water, or of winking lights on the trees. Then she can hardly wait to get home, to work.

Her cottage, which she says was built around a perfectly adorable rough stone fire-place, is attractive to all sorts and conditions of creatures. One summer, she had her front steps literally chewed away by a ground hog, which could not absent itself from the vicinity, and



Madame Franz Knoote (Eva Gauthier), a famous singer who has toured the world.

birds of all descriptions seem to consider the place their very own. Miss Wrinch was elected a member of the O.S.A. in 1901 and possibly the best known of her works hanging in the National Art Gallery is the "Mill Race," bought by the Advisory Arts Council in 1909.

Mary Heister Reid is another artist who had adopted Canada. Her flower studies are well known and *Chrysanthemums*, presented by the R.C.A. to the Gallery, is one of her most delightful pieces of work. Mrs. Reid has the distinction of adding A.R.C.A. to her name, being elected to that body in '96. She was born in Pennsylvania but came to Canada in 1886 and made her home for some years in Wingham, Ont.

Laura Muntz is also an A.R.C.A., and was born in our Mother Country, but she came to Canada when a very small child, and is as surely ours as though she had been born in Montreal. Her work was awarded honorable mention in the Paris



Madame Irene Pawloska—a brilliant Canadian prima donna.

Salon of 1895, won the silver medal at the Pan-American Exposition, and a bronze medal at the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition held at St. Louis.

INTERPRETER OF TREES.

Mrs. Elizabeth McGillivray Knowles, A.R.C.A., has been spoken of as an interpreter of trees, and one whose work proves that trees have spirits. Like Mrs. Reid, she has the joy of working with a talented husband, a critic and adviser. Both she and her husband are particularly sympathetic to budding artists, and always ready to hold out a helping or a guiding hand. Mrs. Knowles was born in Ottawa, and has made many beautiful miniatures.

THE WORK OF FLORENCE CARLYLE.

Anyone who has visited the Gallery in Ottawa will remember the large canvas entitled "Gray and Gold," by Florence Carlyle.

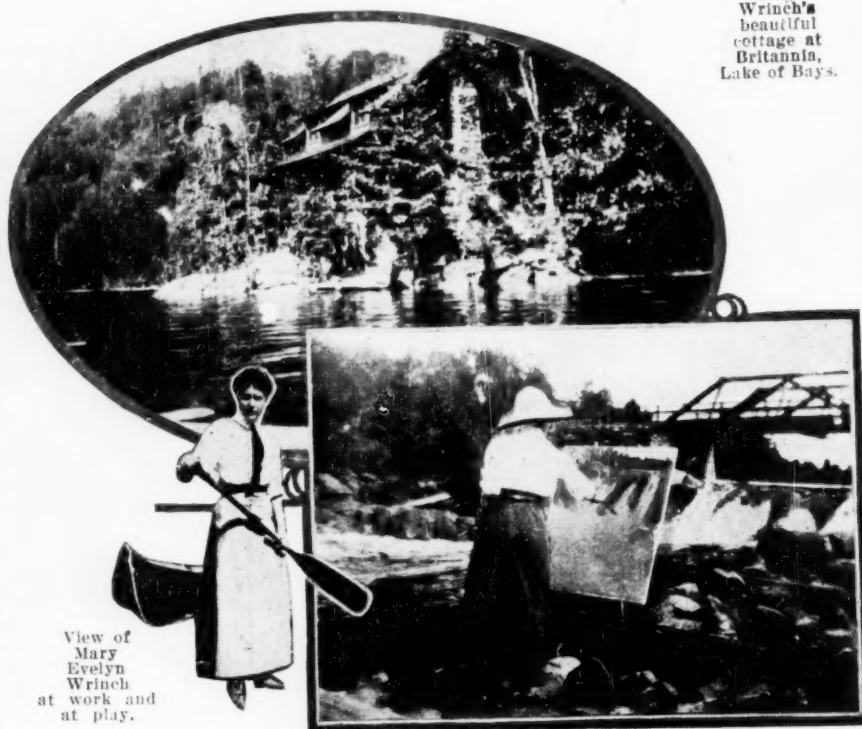
The story of her climb into an enviable position in the artistic world should inspire any who may be prone to lay down their tools and grow discouraged. To begin at the beginning, she was born in Galt, her father, a nephew of Thomas Carlyle, inheriting much of the cleverness and the abstraction of that erratic genius. He was a public school teacher and moved to Woodstock, where the young artist grew up. But there was a large family, and school-teaching is not conducive to luxurious living. Most of what surplus there was went toward the education of the boys, old Dr. Carlyle considering that girls could acquire what was necessary in the practical performance of domestic duties. But so determined was Florence to study art, that she gave painting lessons, when as she, herself, confesses, she did not know the first thing about it! This is rather an exaggeration, for she al-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the third article of a series on prominent women of Canada. It deals with certain fair daughters of the Dominion who have made shining marks in art, music or letters, telling how they achieved their successes and giving chatty anecdotes about them. Succeeding articles will go into other fields and tell of Canadian women who are making a success in the business and professional world.

ways knew something about it. The main thing is, however, that she saved up enough money to take her to Paris, and by dint of rigid economy she stayed there four years. She came back to Canada, after exhibiting in the Paris Salon several times, and opened a studio first in London, Ont., then Toronto and then New York, doing portraits mostly. She had an amusing experience in the latter place when two men came to her studio one day to give an order for work, and thought her another artist entirely. But she got the work. About that time, a well-known picture dealer, who felt as though he had "discovered her, offered her a "one man exhibition" in his gallery. He wanted about forty canvases, and she could not meet the demand, having sold most of what she had on hand.

Lean years followed; it looked almost as though a fine career would be nipped in the bud. Miss Carlyle was called home to Woodstock owing to illness of a member of her family, and there she lived for a long time, working against the most crushing odds. Her studio was a corner of the barn, lighted by two windows which let in rain as well as sun. Chickens used to walk about the floor, and in winter a small stove alternately scorched itself into a livid red, or went dead black. The cook had an irritating way of interrupting a delicate bit of work by announcing that there were no potatoes for dinner or that she couldn't wash without soap.

Finally, poor health made a rest imperative; she dropped everything in a measure, and went to England. There she discovered a picturesque little cottage and picked up lost strength. She never sits to work; says it is impossible for her. She stands hours at a canvas if the mood is upon her; but she does not wait for a mood, to get to work. A certain amount is done every day, even though it has to be painted out on the morrow. The picture which won the Osborne prize, was done in a day! For weeks Florence Carlyle had tried to coax an inspiration for the work; nothing came—nothing of worth. Finally, on the very last day, she accomplished what another would have required a week to do. The critics were unanimous in awarding the prize; there was only a little discussion as to whether or not it should be given outside the States.



View of Mary Evelyn Winch at work and at play.

Mary Winch's beautiful cottage at Britannia, Lake of Bays.

DEPICTER OF CHILDREN

If children ever looked at the signatures which decorate the corners of the pictures they study with such delight, they would be familiar with the name of Estelle M. Kerr. Perhaps they are; personally, I was satisfied with the picture of the princess with golden curls, when I was a child. The illustrator was as separate from it, as I was from the princess.

Miss Kerr insists that she has had an unpicturesque career. There's a bad pun and a fib to begin with! She has made pictures (and puns, too, for all I know) ever since she was a youngster. She first turned her attention to the il-



Estelle Kerr, an artist who is best in her drawings of child life.

lustrating of children's books while studying art in New York. But, as is almost invariably the case, she did not meet with rousing receptions from art editors. She says that many a day, portfolio of drawings under arm, she has tramped down town to submit her work, only to fall into a blue funk on the editorial doorstep and turn back! At last, one fine, lucky morning, she got an order to illustrate a story for a children's syndicate. The drawing appeared simultaneously in several American newspapers, and for it the illustrator received the truly staggering sum of two dollars! Heigho, for the

road to fame and wealth!

On the strength of this affluence, Miss Kerr went to Paris, and stayed two years but, by her own very frank admission, she did not find the atmosphere conducive to commercial art; Paris has lots of other sides than the much-idealized Latin Quarter. So she devoted herself largely to life-drawing and painting. It was some time after her return to Toronto that she seriously took up illustrating as a profession. One of the most appreciated of her works is "A Child's Garden of Stories," both written and illustrated by herself. She has contributed constantly to the St. Nicholas, and, in fact, all the leading periodicals which use children's material. I remember meeting her at a tea once, at which our hostess introduced her as "the lady what writes and explains what she writes, both at one and the same time, together!" Of course, everybody laughed, but I was vastly impressed.

Miss Kerr is best in her drawings of child life and she handles her pen and crayon best; she has a good feeling for design and has done a great number of individual book plates. Also many posters and magazine covers, but she leans toward painting, I fancy, and will devote more and more of her time to that fascinating work. If she gives up illustrating entirely, there will be a collection of much aggrieved children, however.

CANADA'S LEADING STAR

No name is better known nor more beloved than that of Margaret Anglin, a study of whom appeared in this magazine recently. Therefore, mere passing mention is now made of our favorite Canadian actress. She has lately bought a summer home on Blue Sea Lake, Quebec, and she has concluded arrangements with the University of California, where-

by she will present Greek classics at the Greek Theatre during the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

THE SUCCESS OF LUCILE WATSON

A Canadian whom we do not get an opportunity of seeing as often as we should is Lucile Watson. Fortunately for her, and the reverse for us, she plays a long run in one of the leading American cities, and does very little touring. Lucile Watson was born in Ottawa, and was left motherless at quite an early age. Her mother, having met with financial reverses, went on the stage and was a member of Rose Coghlan's company at the time of her death. She was heavily insured and left what should have been a tidy little sum for her small daughter. But a poor speculation melted it away in a few hours. Lucile Watson need not have turned a hand for the purpose of her own support. Warm-hearted and generous to a fault, herself, she had friends who were only too anxious to prove their friendship and take her into their homes. But she refused. She took what little money she had and went to New York, to a dramatic school, convinced that diligent application would achieve success for her in the long run. She did work hard; and her success was not so very long delayed. Clyde Fitch, always on the lookout for new talent, discovered her, and gave her a part in his play called "The Girl with the Green Eyes." From then until the time of his death, she never lacked an engagement. Once he wrote her, when she was taking a holiday in Ottawa: "I have a new play, and in it there is a part for you. It is not a catty part, this time, either."

The budding actress used to rebel at times at always taking "catty" parts that was her own word for them and rather a strong word, for they were, more correctly, character parts of an indifferently pleasing nature; and it was a tribute to her histrionic ability that she was able to play them, for nothing more foreign to her own disposition could possibly be imagined.

Speaking briefly of Lucile Watson's work, she possesses that rare quality so necessary for making a leading lady "lead." A well-known producer once remarked that it was harder to get second ladies than it was to get stars, or words to that effect. Her part is played with such delicate precision that no effect of another's is marred or shadowed. Try throwing some one else into first place, consistently and artistically, and you will learn how hard it is.

Personally, the actress under discussion is a lovable, grown-up child, with a child's unflagging enthusiasm, whole-souled affection and tireless energy. Everything is "a party" to Lucile Watson, and she flies about the city or the country with such vigor as to almost sap her less energetic friends. She "blows" into a room, into rehearsals or elsewhere. Gone from your presence, you wonder what causes the drabness, the flatness.

She tells of a wild experience she had last spring when she left New York to spend the week-end with her husband, Rockliffe Fellows (also of Ottawa), in Atlantic City. She was caught in a



Florence Carlyle and a view of her artistic home in England.

paralyzing blizzard in Philadelphia on her return, and found that she could not make the performance on Monday night. And things looked black for Tuesday, too. However, after holding the curtain, she did appear on the second day much to everybody's relief. She had no understudy, and when it was learned that she could not get back for Monday night, the leading lady's understudy had to take her part and play it. It was given her at five o'clock on Monday afternoon!

Excitement being stimulating to some natures, Miss Watson went on another week-end trip later in the season. She paid her visit in a country place, and arrived at the station on Monday afternoon, only to learn that the train which



Agnes C. Laut, famous writer and lecturer—"fair, frail-looking, with a delivery any man might envy, and a grip on her audience."

should have left Boston at four o'clock, was two hours late, and would not get to town in time for the performance. Of course this, following so close upon the heels of the other disaster, dismayed her until the original idea of hiring a racing machine struck her. No sooner said than done. Picture the reposed actress, trailing on the stage with clinging draperies and dawdling through her lines—picture her tearing along a country road, which rolled out behind her like white tape from a machine, flying hair, smarting eyes, gasping for breath. Ninety-two miles, she did, at a clip of sixty per, with a perfectly strange man, who grit his teeth, crouched at the wheel and—drove! I neglected to say that the machine had no windshield and it was cold, even in the early summer, so that the actress had a croak in her voice for several days. In the first instance, she was harshly fined an eighth of her salary, and in the second, when she did get to the theatre in time, the owner of the machine charged her twenty-five dollars for the drive.

At present Miss Watson is playing in the great success, *Under Cover*. She opened in New York in August, after playing a long run in Boston; her husband, Rockliffe Fellows, leads the special company putting on the same play again in Boston, and H. B. Warner, of *Jimmy Valentine* and "Ghost Breaker" fame, is taking it to Chicago.

A CANADIAN PRIMA DONNA

Before leaving the footlights, we must mention Madame Irene Pawloska, the soprano who won her way to fame with the Montreal Grand Opera Company. Her career is remarkable in more ways than one. She had always wanted to sing, ever since she could remember, but her mother, an exceptionally fine musician, would not let the child use her voice, for fear of spoiling it. When she was eleven years old, she was taken to Albani, who predicted a glowing future for her. Three seasons ago, she was engaged to sing with the above named opera company, without having had any study for the voice, at all!

Two years later, Madame Pawloska went to Paris and studied with Maitre E. Duvernoy, and Signor Baldelli, "the latter," as she says, "a truly great master." While in Paris, Henry Savage heard her sing and engaged her for the leading part in "Sari."

The fortunate young prima donna pronounces this "Shari"; it is the last of Kalman's Viennese operettas, and was produced last year, for a short time in English, on this side. Madame Pawloska thinks that "comic opera" is not a suitable description of it; it is grand opera in lighter form.

MUSIC—AND THE GAUTHIERS

To Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier the musical world can give its thanks for these celebrities.

Madame Eva Gauthier was married about two years ago to Herr Franz Knoote, of The Hague, but she is continuing her enviable career. She is a native of Ottawa, eldest daughter of M. and Madame Louis Gauthier, and from

Continued on Page 105.

The Hope Chest:

By G. Frederick Clarke

Illustrated by GEO. H. FLATER

IF I had not been in the habit of taking long cross-country walks it is very doubtful if I should ever have been able to tell about the Hope Chest—of the strange, vicarious position in which I found myself a few months ago. But here it is, and if there are any who question its veracity, you have but to walk out the Old York road as far as G—, and you will at least see the house and the old man, and then you must believe that this is true.

Many times during my walks had I noticed the old, rambling mansion standing back from the highway just before you come to Glenside as far as G—, and more than a cursory glimpse through the hedge and trees surrounding it as I hurried past.

There is no other habitation within half a mile.

It was an evening in mid-June. The sun had dipped in a blaze of angry glory below the western sky and almost immediately, as though they had been awaiting his absence, masses of dark, heavy clouds marshalled themselves on the northern horizon and quickly overspread the blue, while grim mutterings of thunder reverberated across the heavens.

Already a few drops of rain were making indentations in the road dust, and, having no desire whatever to be out in the tempest which I knew was brooding, I made my way as quickly as possible to the old house I have mentioned. It was one of those strange freaks of fate, I fancy, that caused me to be just where I was that night; otherwise, I should, as I have said before, perhaps never have had my strange experience.

In a few moments I was before the high iron gate, which, peaked up in tortuous scrolls, seemed to me, to extend a cold cheerless welcome.

I pushed back the reluctant bolt and entered. The gate moved back into place with many protestations, and I wondered if it had been used lately or if the house was inhabited. Little did I then know what my presence would unfold or how soon I should hasten with beating heart into the night again.

It was now almost dark.

The wind was wailing pitifully through the great pine trees flanking the graveled walk. I could make out the old house with its faded red gables, a relic of a day that bespoke infinite toil, of old Puritans perhaps, who had builded with backward-bending thoughts to the home land until custom had knit them with the new soil. They all have their traditions, these old houses, telling in halting, plaintive, palsied speech of days and customs long since fled.

No sign of smoke from the broad chimneys told of life. On many of the windows were fastened white shutters. A

door, bronzed with time, thrust out from its centre a great brass knocker which I lifted and let fall with a dull clank. For a long, long time I heard the echoes shivering inside. Presently, however, footsteps came shuffling along the hallway, a key was turned, the door swung open, and a face, aged and marked heavily with the years, framed itself in the opening, while a pair of puzzled, wrinkled eyes peered down at me. I don't think I can ever forget that face. I was awed and yet attracted to the old man, as I made known my wants. I noticed him start when I began speaking; his tall form seemed to shrink for a moment and his lips parted in a low exclamation, then he put out his hand and grasped my arm. He said:

"Come on in, Harry. I'm—I'm glad to see you. Come on in, boy."

I stopped with my foot on the top step: "Pardon me," I hastened to say. "My name is Tappen—Charlie Tappen. You mistake me for someone else."

He looked at me dully for a moment, and

EDITOR'S NOTE. — There is strength in everything that Frederick Clarke writes, although he invades many fields. In the accompanying story he introduces a weird theme with an undercurrent of sadness; and the vigor of his style and diction is apparent in every sentence. MacLean's has obtained more of Mr. Clarke's work and can promise stories for succeeding issues, that will eclipse anything that he has yet done.

his gnarled hand loosened on my arm. Then he said slowly, with an effort it seemed: "Your pardon, Mr. Tappen. I thought—I thought—Pardon me again; come in, sir."

I followed and he led the way through a hall whose cold cheerlessness struck me even as I marveled at the old man's strange manner. At the other end he pulled aside some heavy curtains disclosing a different scene. A long table stood in the centre of the room. From a great oak sideboard a single candle shed a feeble light, sending shadows over the massive furniture and the grandfather clock whose pendulum jarred monotonously on the quiet. I wondered when laughter had last echoed through this old house, when young love had last made gay. I wondered what secrets it held. I had a keen desire to rummage to the very garret and revel in its romance.

My companion turned, peering at me. "Sit down, lad, sit down," he commanded, and laughed; if a low, mirthless chuckle could be called a laugh. "The old lady's to bed," said he, "we retire early, as you know, Harry, but I'll see if I cannot get you something to eat."

Again he had called me Harry. I thought then that it was a habit of his, that all strangers were Harrys to him; but I was soon to know different.

I tried to explain that I was not hungry, that I but sought shelter from the storm and would go as soon as it cleared, but

he shook his grey head, and, hesitating with his hand on the door knob, said: "You wasn't always so easily satisfied, Harry; and you have no reason to go. Stay the night, lad, and I'll wait on you as though you were a king. Yes, as though you were a king."

I half jumped from my chair; but the door had closed upon his aged form and I sank back again. He was mad, surely. My first impulse had been to run from the house, and, despite the rain, make my way to town.

Once, the huge clock gave a choking sob—I had almost said a yawn—and struck the half-hour. It was so old that its worn face seemed to have gathered a pensive, knowledgeable grace.

My host soon returned with some cold meat, bread and a pot of jam, which he placed before me with a subservient air. "It's lucky you came when you did, Harry; it's pouring outside—a terrible storm."

I listened. Against the leaded panes The wind was blowing in fierce gusts; the rain coming in a perfect deluge. "Thank you," I said, and shivered. Madman or no, I would not dare the storm that night.

So I took the chair he had placed for me and suddenly found myself possessed of an appetite. He seated himself before me and watched me eat, watched my every movement with his keen wrinkled

eyes. Once, a crafty look crept over his face and he said:

"Is there anything special you came for, Harry?" And before I had time to grasp his meaning he startled me again.

"I suppose you know Lily's dead, Harry?" I gulped my tea. "I—I don't know what you mean," I stammered. My name is Tappen—Charlie Tappen. No doubt I strongly resemble someone you know," I replied affably, and tried to smile. "I'll go as soon as the storm eases up," I added.

His brows contracted. "You were always an actor, Harry," he complained. "But Granny will be anxious to see you in the morning. She always had a weakness for you. So come, I'll show you to your bed, the old bed you used to like in the garret." For a moment I had thought of refusing; but the crafty look had given place to one of wistful entreaty and, gazing on his benevolent old face, I said: "Certainly, certainly I'll go to the garret." It had been better had I refused point-blank and dared the storm, but a curiosity, my love for the unusual, overpowered.

He picked up one of the heavy candlesticks and I followed him into another room, and up a peculiar winding stair to the top of the house, wondering who I was supposed to be and who Lily was.

We entered a long, narrow garret that ran the entire length of the house, in one corner of which a big four-poster stood, the coverings immaculately white.

The old man touched my arm. "Just as you left it, Harry," he said. "Granny always said you'd come back to see us and explain. She never blamed you entirely."

I heard what he said; but my eyes were traveling over the room. On pegs driven into the heavy rafters hung quaint patterned dresses. In a window niche stood a spinning wheel. I could almost imagine it crying out were it disturbed in its sad, neglected repose. Sadly, with dumb keys pleading a friendly hand, an old harpsichord had stood the march of respectable time. On the floor at its base lay a sword with a strange, basket hilt. I have cause to remember it.

I was lost for a moment, my mind groping backward through the years, trying to place this thing and that with an older day, when suddenly a vague uneasiness possessed me. I was again conscious of the wind that moaned and whispered outside, as though the souls of some of the ancient owners of the place pleaded entry and then hastened along the eaves with baffled mutterings, and I stepped back startled, as a hand was laid on my arm and my host said: "What did you come back for, Harry? Do you want money, or what is it that brings you here to disturb the peace of an old man?"

"You old lunatic!" I almost cried. "I'm not Harry! I never saw this place before, or you!" I own that my declaration was unreasonable, realizing as I did that I was dealing with a man with some strange mental aberration, but his continual harping on the subject had somewhat unsettled my nerves.

He grasped my arm with a strength that surprised me.

"Come over here, Harry," he commanded, "I have something to show you, something to tell you—about Lily."

I followed him to the other end of the attic, where we stopped before a huge, brass-bound chest. I see it now, a massive, oaken affair, to which were riveted thick brass bands. The lid was fastened with a heavy padlock. On the top in strange unintelligible hieroglyphics were several odd figures. I wondered from whence it had come.

The old man stooped, and inserted a key in the lock. Turning the rusty bolts, he raised the lid and pointed with trembling fingers to the contents.

"It's Lily's 'Hope Chest,'" he said

sadly, motioning me to a chair that stood a few feet away. "Lily's Hope Chest; can't you see her, Harry, loving—loving, always loving and gentle?"

I stared at him, fascinated. "You killed her, Harry," he said.

A terror seized upon me for a moment; but I gazed at my accuser, who seated himself and whose head had drooped to his chest, a picture of intense grief.

"Harry," he continued, "do you realize how Lily loved you? You don't lad, because no man is capable of appreciating fully the depths of a woman's love. It has been well said that man's love is of life a thing apart, and woman's—her whole existence. It was so with Lily. I don't know why she should have loved you. It wasn't because of your goodness, Harry. Maybe she thought her love would glorify you. I do not know."

"I say, Harry, why did you make love to her? Was it your love of conquest, because she was delicate and frail and imaginative? After winning her affections you were not satisfied, but must needs break her heart by indifference."

He stopped a moment. I had been listening to his story with a feeling that somehow, it was I, who had done her and him the great wrong.

He got up again and hunted in the depths of the huge chest and presently placed before me the picture of a girl.

It was the sweetest face I ever looked upon. I have no words to portray its loveliness; the delicate features, the blue-violet eyes, the pathetic mouth and the sweet, noble forehead, or the hair that, demurely drawn back from brow and ears and fashioned in a quaint, almost prim knot on the crown of her head, gave her childish face an eager, almost spiritual look. The face of that girl is stamped on my memory. I can only say that she reminded me of a rare, delicate sea-shell that would crush with a harsh movement of the hand.



He rose . . . caught up the sword . . . I jumped up and, grasping the heavy chair on which I had been seated, shoved it before my face.

"She was so sweet—so sweet," the old man crooned, "and we loved her so. Just a little, delicate girl, Harry, and you a big, strong man. And you made her love you and then treated her like a cur."

"Such a little thing she was," he repeated. "It was love, love for everything that grew or breathed. She knew every bird that sang and every flower that bloomed; and she loved you as though you were her god."

"How she loved this old garret; before you entered her life she would come up here and deck herself in those old dresses and parade back and forth like a queen. What a fairy she was, arrayed in some quaint old dress, all flounces and lace—and we thought to see her wedded—some day."

"And you came, conceited, filled with the confidences of many successes. I don't even believe you thought you loved her; you were only catering to your great vanity."

A note of withering scorn had crept into the old man's speech; his body at times seemed to gain additional height as he gesticulated with quick, nervous movements.

"And this—this old chest," he went on. "One day she went to town and came back with her great eyes shining like twin stars. 'And you can't guess what I've got, Dad,' says she."

"And she told me how she had gone into an antique shop, and seeing an old brass-bound chest, had fallen in love with and purchased it. And she danced about me like the strange, bewitching fairy she was, and kissed me, and asked me if I minded the least little bit, because if I did, it would take from her great joy. And I told her no. God knows I would have given my life to make her happy."

"And she told me, with her face hid against my breast that she called her new purchase her 'Hope Chest'; that from now on she would make little things and place them in it against the time of her marriage."

"And I jested with her, telling her that she would never have a lover; but she blushed the deeper and whispered that she new he'd come some day, and lifted her lips for me to kiss, and wound her arms about my neck and would not let me go, and teased me until I had loved her anew."

"I remember the following day the Hope Chest came, and she smiled on the carters, and they carried it to the very garret. And she showed me

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On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day

4—With General Strange in the Big Bear Country

By REV. R. G. MacBETH, B.A.

Author of "The Making of Canadian West," etc. and formerly Lieutenant No. 1 Company, Winnipeg Light Infantry

WHEN the Riel Rebellion broke out in '85 a noted artillery officer, Major-General T. Bland Strange, was living, pensioned for distinguished service, on his ranch in Southern Alberta. Adolphe Caron, then Minister of Militia, telegraphed to him at once, asking him to take charge of military matters in all that district where the Indians were legion, and where ominous signs of unrest were becoming visible in the North. General Strange was an unusual type of man. Born in the East Indies of Scottish descent, he had been trained in England's schools and then had gone out to India to serve in the Royal Artillery. The mutiny was raging at the time and young Strange was one of the men specially mentioned for conspicuous courage and coolness at the siege and capture of Lucknow. He had afterward traveled the world over as an instructor in gunnery and, with headquarters at Quebec for some years, he had been in large measure the founder and organizer of the batteries, which in this same '85 campaign were giving a good account of themselves. Once in riots in Quebec City he as commandant of the garrison was living evidence of the value of having a seasoned soldier on hand at such a time.

Major-General Strange was a man of splendid appearance, bearing his years lightly. In manner he was bluff and curt enough, but he had withal a strong emotional nature and an underlying reverence for things sacred that made him a strong character—the kind of man every soldier likes to follow. He was an intense Imperialist and an ardent advocate of the federation of the Empire.

In Strange's brigade, to begin with were police and scouts under Major S. B. Steele, afterwards colonel of the Strathcona Horse, and now Deputy Adjutant-General in command of the Winnipeg district. Steel had made his way up from the ranks and was looked upon as an ideal frontier soldier, ready for any duty that presented itself. He gave abundant proof during the campaign of his disregard for his own personal safety.

One such instance—in which I figured—had its humorous side. It was on our first day's skirmishing with Big Bear's force north of Fort Pitt and while the men after a rush were lying under cover. Rigidly adhering to the drill book, I was at the proper distance behind my files and in the open as a consequence. I was sitting up looking around and waiting developments when some one behind me said: "You had better lie down. The Indians see you now and will pot you sure." I turned round to see who was speaking



Chief Crowfoot was a very distinguished looking Indian when arrayed in his full regalia.

and there was the gigantic figure of Steele on a horse seventeen hands high and as cool as on a parade. I was, of course, not under his command and he was simply giving me some friendly advice, but my look probably suggested that he was somewhat exposed himself for he laughed and moved on down the line.

No one who served with Steele was surprised when he won such distinction in South Africa. Just after the Boer War I had a letter from General Strange from England in which he had some sentences which indicated his well-known contempt for certain kinds of War Office red tape. He said: "I met our old friend Steele the other day. To qualify for something he is required to pass a theoretical examination at Aldershot, a queer thing for a man who has graduated in the school of war." And so it was.

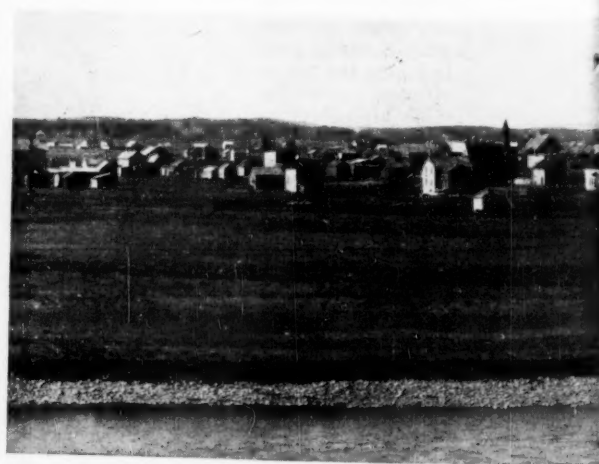
Another fine soldier in our column was Major Perry, the present Commissioner of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, with headquarters at Regina. He came up from Fort MacLeod with a small detachment of police and brought along a nine-pounder which was specially useful. Perry did effective scouting work on both sides of the river, being constantly exposed to the dangers inseparable from that work in the enemy's country. He

was a man of splendid appearance, an unusually fine horseman and a general favorite. He was later on selected to command the Mounted Police contingent to the Queen's Jubilee in London. I saw him and his picked men on their way through Winnipeg—clear-eyed, alert, glowing with the strength of clean living in the prairie ozone, the finest looking body of men I have ever seen on parade.

We had also with us an irregular body of frontier scouts under Hattin and Oswald, and these with the 65th of Montreal and the Light Infantry of Winnipeg made up our brigade. As we had to drop off companies here and there to garrison different points beginning at Crowfoot Crossing, we had only a handful of men when we finally overtook Big Bear.

Our regiment went by C.P.R. train to Calgary, which was then a straggling shacktown on the great upland between the Bow and Elbow Rivers and within sight of the Rockies, which to our military imagination at that time looked like the tents of some giant host rising majestically above the plain.

We had to drop off a company at Gleichen or Crowfoot Crossing near by the Blackfoot Reserve under the famous chief, after whom the Crossing was then called. [It seems a pity that, in our craze for aesthetic modernism, we should be changing names with a history for names which mean nothing. No wonder that even Rudyard Kipling inveighed poetically against changing the name of Medicine Hat.] I saw Chief Crowfoot several times. He traveled free on the C.P.R. to Calgary as he liked, because it was worth while to cultivate his friendship when any night he and his braves might swoop down on the "fire-wagon road" and scatter



A view of Calgary taken in 1885 . . . "A straggling shacktown"

its rails on the prairie. Crowfoot was a very distinguished-looking Indian when he was arrayed in his full regalia. He said he would remain loyal, but one of our companies, left at the crossing, indicated to his braves that loyalty would be their best policy. One evening I remember, on the street in Calgary, old General Strange told the famous chief in very plain Saxon what would happen if any of his men came around his ranch while he was away.

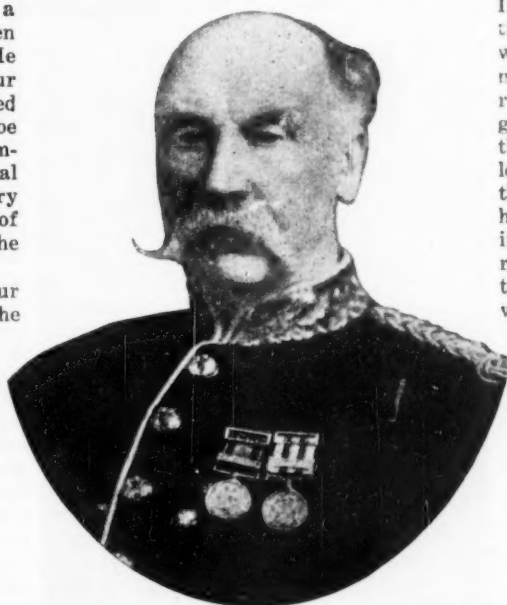
While waiting at Calgary to get our composite brigade together one of the entertaining features was the breaking of bronchos for the use of the police and scouts on the line of our route. There were cowboys and ranchmen and ex-police-men aplenty volunteering to go with us—great, bronzed athletes, recharged with strength and bristling with arms, Winchester rifles and Colts revolvers, bowie knives and cartridge belts, great leather leggings called schapps, jingling Mexican spurs, roughrider hats and the cavalry swagger.

AFTER BIG BEAR.

We left Calgary, forded the Bow River and started on our walk of 210 miles to Edmonton. Where now we have a line of prosperous cities and towns the place then was a howling wilderness. We passed through bands of Cree Indians under Chiefs Cayote, Ermine-Skin and Bob-Tail. They were rather sullen but civil; for we marched through with bayonets fixed and the rifle at the slope. Edmonton was glad to see us for Big Bear's outbreak was only a little way north and on every side there were populous reserves ready for insurrection at any time.

Edmonton, now a great railroad centre and a most picturesque and busy city, was then a Hudson Bay Post with a scattered hamlet along the banks. Here more men were left and, some by flatboat, others by land, we went on in our chase after Big Bear.

Reaching Fort Victoria, which had been plundered by the Indians, we marched northwards toward Fort Pitt which the Indians were reported to be burning. On



Major-General Strange was a man of splendid appearance, bearing his years lightly. . . . He was an intense Imperialist.

the 23rd of May we buried the bodies and the charred remains of the nine men massacred at Frog Lake.

On the 24th the grizzled old general reminded us, as we fell in after a night of rain and storm, that it was the Queen's birthday, and that although we had no fireworks he hoped we would soon have fireworks with the enemy. When he called for three cheers for the Queen every ragged cap came off and the cheers might have been heard a mile away. He reminded us also that it was Sunday but that we could not halt for our usual service, yet that we were not to forget God. Up from the ranks came the swelling notes of the Doxology, led by Rev. John McDougall. And then we started out.

That day we made 41 miles and reached Fort Pitt, all of which was burning but two buildings. As we came to the top of the bank we found the body of young Cowan, a dashing Mounted Policeman, who with Corporal Loasby returned from scouting to find the fort surrounded by Indians. They made a rush to get through and Cowan was killed. Loasby's horse was shot and he himself wounded but, covered by the fire of his comrades from the fort, he rose and made the gate. The police who were with us gathered around the body of their comrade Cowan, dug a grave and buried him on the edge of the wilderness, firing three volleys. This rattle of musketry was the funeral sermon of a gallant lad who had met his death valiantly after the manner of his race.

We hurriedly put the two buildings into shape, left a company of the 65th to hold them and the next day after passing a point where Steele's men had had a skirmish the night before and had killed two of the worst Indians from Saddle Lake, we came within touch of the enemy as we discovered by their bullets whistling over our heads. After some skirmishing, the

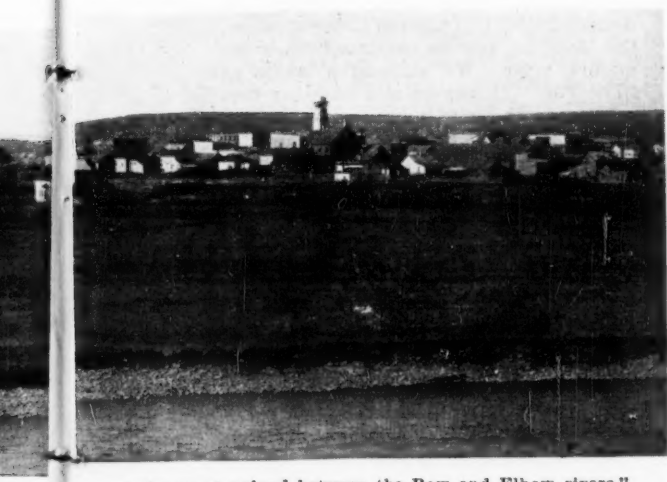
Indians were driven from their position and retired to Frenchman's Butte where, along the sides of a conical hill, moated by morasses, they had dug their rifle pits in row upon row. Here the engagement lasted some hours. Gradually the firing from the Indians became much less. It was reported to General Strange that the Indians were getting round behind us to cut off our wagon train. Leaving some to hold the ground, Strange retired to the wagon zareba which was thus in danger with all our supplies. But when we came back next morning to Frenchman's Butte and got over to where the Indian camp was, it became evident that they had gone in the worst kind of panic. Many of their tents were left standing, great bales of furs, looted from the Hudson's Bay posts, flour and bacon and cooking utensils, etc., all lay around in the wildest disorder. Here a good many prisoners, who had escaped during the fight and the retreat of the Indians, came to us. They reported that a few more prisoners were still with the fleeing bands of Indians, who were now evidently scattering on several trails.

THE CAPTURE OF MACLEAN.

MacLean was Hudson's Bay officer in charge of Fort Pitt when Big Bear, after the Frog Lake massacre, laid siege to it. He was a man of wide experience and knew the Indians thoroughly. He saw that there would be little chance of Inspector Dickens, with a mere handful of Police, holding the fort, and he knew an effort to hold it would only mean bloodshed as well possibly as the annihilation of men, women and children. So MacLean went out to parley with Big Bear and, finding it was the best course, he sent back to the fort for his wife and children and the Hudson's Bay employees. These to the number of twenty-four went out to Big Bear's camp. One of the Mounted Police under Inspector Dickens, Corporal R. B. Sleight, kept a diary and from it we take the following description of what happened under date April 15th:

"Mr. MacLean went on hill to parley. Three scouts came galloping through towards Fort Pitt. Constable Cowan shot dead, Loasby badly wounded and horse killed. Shots fired from loopholes, two Indians killed and two wounded. Mr. MacLean and Francois Dufresne taken prisoners. Mr. MacLean wrote to his wife to come out and give herself up and all the Hudson's Bay employees, twenty-two in number surrendered to Big Bear. Impossible to hold the fort now, so we had to retire gracefully across the river in a scow and camped for the night, *not forgetting to bring the colors along*. Nearly swamped crossing, river being rough and scow leaking badly. General idea prevailing that we would be attacked going down the river. Took Loasby along. Thus ended the siege of Fort Pitt."

It lends pathetic interest to this extract from the diary to know that the po-



on the great upland between the Bow and Elbow rivers."

lice, after terrible exposure going down the river, reached Battleford and that a few days afterwards Corporal Sleight went out with Otter and was killed at Cut Knife.

And so from that day in April when they left Fort Pitt, the MacLean family had been prisoners with Big Bear and, despite the breaking up of the band at Frenchman's Butte, they were still held by some part of the retreating Indians. So we pressed on. Steele with the mounted men, accompanied by Rev. George McKay, before mentioned, went out to Loon Lake where there was a hot fight. But the prisoners were not there and Steele, having no tents or rations and one or two wounded men to look after, could not follow up. Then Middleton came and with all the mounted men tried to follow, but the morasses were impassable to the heavy cavalry horses. In the meantime our colonel got permission from General Strange to take 100 picked men of the Winnipeg Light Infantry and, crossing the Beaver River in birch canoes, struck north to a chain of lakes where it was supposed—and as the sequel showed the supposition to be correct—that the band holding the prisoners had gone. Just before leaving on this march, 100 Chipewyan Indians, who had separated from Big Bear after our fight, came in and surrendered to General Strange, passing in file and laying their guns down at his feet. There was a priest with them who, doubtless, had done his best to restrain them from the warpath.

The hundred of us who were picked for this special march north had to leave all baggage and tents behind and carry what we could on our backs. Some of the Indians who had surrendered came along with pack-horses to carry the rations and such like.

We had to sleep under the open sky and tramp through swamp and over fallen trees, but we got through to Cold Lake. Some of our Indians and scouts crossed the lake and found the band with the MacLeans and other prisoners. It was not hard to persuade the Indians now to give them up and so the prisoners were sent in to Fort Pitt, being met on the way by an escort under Capt. Sam Bedson, the officer of transport.

It was all over now and after a few days the brigades of Middleton and Strange gathered at Fort Pitt for a general review and to make arrangements for getting back home. Part of our regiment, the Winnipeg Light Infantry, remained at Fort Pitt for a few weeks to gather in the Indians who had been the ringleaders. The rest of us with the 90th, the Toronto Grenadiers, the Midland Battalion and a few others from the batteries left on the 4th of July on three steamers to come down by the Great Saskatchewan to Lake Winnipeg and so on home.

DEATH OF COL. WILLIAMS.

That night Colonel Williams, the gallant commander of the Midland Battalion and generally acknowledged to be the leader of the charge at Batoche, died on



Major S. B. Steele (after colonel of the Strathcona Horse) had made his way up from the ranks and was looked upon as an ideal frontier soldier.

board the steamer "Northwest." I had met him only a few days before at Fort Pitt being introduced to him by Capt. Hugh John MacDonald and was much impressed with his soldierly carriage and bearing. He appeared to be then in good health, but the word got round the next day or so that he was taken with some kind of brain fever which proved swiftly fatal. The next day we all landed at Battleford for the funeral, as the body was to be sent overland home. A military



Chief Big Bear who led the uprising of Indians around Edmonton.

funeral is always a very impressive spectacle, but this of Col. Williams, on account of the place and all the circumstances was impressive to the point of pain. The plain board coffin, wrapped in the flag under which he had fought so well, was lifted on a gun-carriage, behind which a soldier led his riderless horse. His own regiment, the Midland Battalion, followed with arms reversed and the whole cortege numbered nearly 2,000 men. Brass bands were there with muffled drums and over the wild lonely prairie upland, pealed out the strains of the "Dead March" as, slowly and sadly into the stockade of the recently beleaguered fort, we followed the gallant dead. There the services were held by the chaplains, Rev. D. M. Gordon (now president of Queen's University) and Rev. Mr. Whitcombe. Strong men who had passed unmoved through many dangers wept openly as they thought of how the hero of the charge, that had crushed the centre of rebellion, on his way home where loved ones looked for his coming and with a name that would be enshrined in the memory of his country, had fallen so suddenly before the grim King of Terrors.

After that service we continued down the river past the ashes of Fort Carlton and on to Prince Albert where we landed for a space. The town seemed to be shadowed by the gloom that had fallen upon it through the death of so many of its foremost citizens at Duck Lake and badges of mourning were seen everywhere. But the people of Prince Albert to this day have cause to remember with noble pride the part their citizen soldiers took in the thrilling experience through which the country passed in that time of terrible anxiety and stress.

Below Prince Albert we came to the Forks where the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan pour together in one gigantic stream. Here we found the Hospital Barge—a scow or flat-boat roofed over with canvas and filled with the cots of wounded men from up the river—at hospital base where the seething City of Saskatoon now stands. The name that shines out against the background of that phase of the campaign is that of Nurse Miller, the Florence Nightingale of 1885, who, with her assistants, braved the wilderness in devotion to her noble work. With some difficulty the wounded were transferred to our steamer, the Marquis, and we continued down the mighty river. We stopped a while at "The Pas." It was quite a base for fur-trading in the winter but, as we saw it, the Pas was more or less of a swamp with a few Indians and a great many husky sled-dogs as the main features. The dogs, like great wolves, were more aggressive than the Indians and when you met one on the trail it was wisdom to step aside and give him the right-of-way. In recent years the Hudson's Bay Railway has put The Pas on the map and it has been duly exploited by the manipulators of real estate values.

At Lake Winnipeg we got lake steamers and barges into which the men were packed like herrings in a box, but men

Continued on Page 126.



James Stover.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Sumner is the owner of the Whiskey Jack mine. Heatley, a mining expert with his family, is making a trip through the mine district and is to send Sumner a report as to the mine's value. Upon this report depends Sumner's whole financial stability. Sumner's daughter, Helen, who is in love with a man her father disapproves of, accompanies the Heatleys, and a chance traveling acquaintance whom they meet, a Miss Rea Straine, also makes one of their party for the journey into the interior. She is mistaken for Helen and kidnapped by Milford, a woodsman, at the instigation of Mark Fowler, whom Sumner had appointed manager of the mine, and who turns out to be of bad reputation. Sumner receives a wire from Heatley saying Helen has disappeared. He concludes this is Fowler's work who for some reason wishes to prevent Heatley sending a report on the mine, and he wires James Stover, a friend, to search for Helen. Rea Straine makes no

effort to escape, though she becomes uneasy at the conduct of Milford who drinks heavily. In the course of an altercation with his Indian wife, Milford kills her. Rea then secures a canoe and escapes, meeting a young College graduate who is employed at the Whiskey Jack mine and is returning with confidential letters for Fowler that he has secured off a passing train. She manages to give Loblaw, the graduate, the slip, leaving him stranded on another island and going off with his canoe and the papers. She then returns to Milford's Island and meets a geological surveyor who has put in for the night. Milford becomes drunk and Rea beseeches the surveyor to take her to the Whiskey Jack mine. He consents and they reach the landing. Here Rea requests her companion to wait for her and, despite his remonstrances, disappears in the darkness.



Rea Straine.

Twisting Trails

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON Author "The Print" "The French Heel"

Illustrated by
H. W. Cooper

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

IF Rea had never been at the mine before, she showed a surprising knowledge of the location of the buildings. Passing the warehouse at the dock, she went on up a dark road, passing a store and a log hotel. Nearly a quarter of a mile from the lake she turned off the road to a trail that led to a cabin set on a slight rise. The windows were dark, but the door stood slightly open.

Cautiously pushing it back, she entered. For a moment she stood perfectly still, listening. Certain that no one was asleep within, she walked quietly across the floor to a table beneath a window. First drawing the shade, she felt on the table for matches and a lamp. Finding both, she struck a light and looked about her.

In one corner was a bed, in another a large, home-made desk, with ledgers and papers piled about in profusion. Beside the desk was a small safe.

"Nothing difficult about that," she murmured.

She ran quickly through the papers and

letters on the desk. In a drawer she found a revolver, which she examined and replaced.

"They would be only in one place," she thought, as she turned to the safe.

On her knees before the door, her head bent that her ear might be near the lock, she began slowly to turn the bright, steel knob. For a minute she turned it carefully. Twice she heard a faint click and a smile of satisfaction displaced the frown of close attention.

There was a final click and her smile ended in a little laugh, which was silenced in a moment when she heard the knob of the cabin door turned.

Springing to her feet, she reached quickly for the lamp on the desk. The door opening behind her told that she was too late. Instead, she pulled open the desk drawer, reached within, and wheeled, the revolver in her hand.

There stood the geologist. He looked gravely at the girl, waiting for her to speak. But she remained silent, the weapon pointed at him.

"I have come to warn you that someone

is coming across the lake," he said.

"You promised not to follow me. I trusted you."

"I am sorry, but I did not understand and I thought that you would be interested in knowing that someone is coming to the mine in a canoe."

Rea lowered the revolver.

"I could have taken care of myself," she said. "I wish you would return to the shore and wait for me. I know it is a great deal to ask and that you must take much for granted. But please do so."

"Listen, Miss Sumner," almost commanded the geologist.

Rea started but did not speak.

"My name is Stover," he went on. "I was employed by your father to rescue you from Fowler or whoever he hired to kidnap you."

"How did you find me so quickly?" she demanded suspiciously.

"I received the wire yesterday afternoon in Port Arthur, caught a train and left Vermilion this morning. I knew that the most probable tool of Fowler would be Milford. If you had been kidnapped,

as your father suspected, Fowler would not be concerned directly. He is too clever for that."

"But Milford didn't recognize you."

"No. He never saw me. He came to this district since Fowler did. He was mixed up in a bad gang in Cobalt and, when I heard that he was near here and that Fowler was running the Whisky Jack, I pieced together several stray bits of information and saw the reason. Fowler needed him here."

"Why didn't you tell me before that my—my—father had sent you to search for me?"

"You hardly gave me time," he laughed, "and I thought, from your manner and actions, that, perhaps, you had some information that would help you in fastening your kidnapping on Fowler. I admired your pluck, and I knew that I could protect you, with the aid of George. Then, you promised not to run any risks. You were proving a capable leader and I was content to follow. Now I believe you are in real danger."

Rea considered him in silence. He spoke plausibly, he appeared to be honest, she wished that she could trust him. But there was one gap, one big hole, in his story. How did E. G. Sumner know that his daughter had been kidnapped when, in reality, she was safe with the Heatleys, wholly unconscious of what she had so narrowly escaped? With Helen Sumner safe, there could be no reason for her father sending someone to search for her. These thoughts required only a fraction of a second to rush through her mind. Then she asked:

"Did you see Mr. and Mrs. Heatley? They must have worried so."

"Mr. Heatley had just left Vermilion when I arrived. He was like a wild man, they told me in town. Mrs. Heatley is at the camp from which you were abducted. One of the men told me she was the only cool person in the outfit. They have employed every man they could find, white and red, and they have searched every bit of the bush near the camp. We really, for Heatley's sake, should get back as soon as possible."

As he spoke, Rea's first feeling was of admiration. He dissembled so thoroughly that she, an expert in the art, felt that she had met a superior artist. And

yet there was the haunting sensation of truth. She studied his face closely, trying to find some little thing that would betray him.

"I am in your father's confidence," he went on, "and responsible for your safety. If there is anything in which I can help you, I will be glad to do it. What is it you are after there?" and he pointed toward the safe.

"Fowler has been filing false reports about the mine," she replied, looking closely at him. It was a guess on her part, and it might show a crack in the mask of his honesty. Then, it was as good an explanation as any. "He has the true reports of the assayer. I am looking for them. He is trying to discourage my father and force him to sell. Probably he or some confederates expect to buy. When did my father learn I was kidnapped?" she asked suddenly.

"I don't know," Stover answered. "As I said, I was in Port Arthur when I got his wire yesterday. How long had you been on Milford's island?"

"Since Tuesday night."

"I was doubly interested in this errand," he continued, "not only on your father's account but on that of Jerry Forbes. I have known Jerry many years and he has written to me about you. I have sent my congratulations and now I am going to supplement them most enthusiastically."

He expected to see the girl blush but she did not. She was too busy thinking. Was this a trap? Yet he could not suspect anything. It was impossible. And yet, if he had just come from Vermilion, he must have known that Helen Sumner was not lost. Only one course was open—to continue to let him think that she believed him.

"I have heard Jerry speak of

you often and you are very kind," she said. "But, if someone is coming across the lake, it undoubtedly is Fowler and we must hurry. It will be much easier for me to get the papers while you watch the road from the lake. When you whistle I will step out and meet you."

"You must hurry," warned Stover, as he left the cabin.

Rea turned immediately to the safe and swung open the heavy door. It was empty except for some ledgers. The small door of the inner compartment was locked. Her first glance around the cabin fell on an ax in the corner and near the door. She brought it quickly and struck the lock a heavy blow. Then she inserted the bit in the crack and pried open the small steel door.

There was only one package in the little box, one long and thick and tied with red string. From her woolen outing shirt she pulled one exactly like it, compared the two for an instant and then slipped both into the front of her shirt.

With a quick motion she closed the doors and rose to her feet. But, as she reached the center of the room, there was a step outside.

There had been no warning whistle. It must be the geologist returning to report new developments or—

She could not afford to take chances. In a moment she had crossed the room. As the door opened, she had her back toward it and was looking at a shelf of books and mining periodicals.

"Good evening."

She turned to see a man looking at her with puzzled eyes. His voice was that which she had heard on the beach the first night at Milford's cabin.

Plans rushed through her mind. One slip would mean ruin. Was he puzzled to see that she was not Helen Sumner, or did he believe her to be Helen Sumner and was puzzled to know how she had reached the mine? Or had he discovered that Helen Sumner had not been kidnapped—the Heatleys should have reached the mine by this time—and who did he think she was? Had he heard that Milford had taken the wrong girl? That meant instant disaster.

Her only chance lay in carrying through the role she had assumed with the geologist. It was a gamble, the odds twenty to one, but she must wager.

"Good evening," she said, coolly. "I am Helen Sumner—as you prob-

"Good evening," she said, coolly. "I am Helen Sumner—as you probably know. You are Mr. Fowler, I presume."



ably know. You are Mr. Fowler, I presume."

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE Rea spoke she had appraised the situation. The man who called himself Stover, and who had posed as a geologist, had betrayed her. But whether Stover or Fowler knew she was not Helen Sumner she could only conjecture. However, she had started to play the role of the mining man's daughter and she must continue in it. In any event, it would puzzle them for a time, although Fowler would undoubtedly guess her real mission.

There was, too, the possibility, that Stover was employed by Sumner, as he had said. His coming to Milford's island would seem to prove that, though the disappearance of the real Helen Sumner was unexplained. It might have been that Heatley knew she had landed at the portage and was searching for her and that Stover had not understood the wild reports in Vermilion. Again, Fowler may have learned his mistake, or the mistake of Milford, and also have caused the abduction of the mine-owner's daughter. But she doubted this and, if Helen were not lost, why had Sumner sent Stover to look for her?

However, Rea had started in the role and she continued to play it. If Fowler had believed her to be Helen Sumner, no matter how great his desire to have her kidnapped, he would not identify himself with any such action. She was safe for the present. And then she remembered what he had told Milford, "I've heard she was a little fool."

"I took the liberty of entering your cabin because I knew you would care for me and see that I reached Vermilion," she said at last. "My father will be very grateful."

"How did you happen to come and how did you reach the mine?" asked the superintendent.

"I've had the most dreadful time. A man took me away in his canoe to his cabin on an island and kept me a prisoner. My father and Mr. Heatley must be frightened to death."

"Kept you prisoner!" exclaimed Fowler. "How could that be?" There is never anything like that happening in the bush."



In the crash of thunder and intense darkness that followed the crash, he turned and ran, dragging Rea by the hand. He thought he heard the report of a revolver.

"It happened to me and it was a terrible experience."

"But how did you get here?"

Rea noted that there was no acting when he asked this question and there came an unexpected little thrill that it was so. It was a point in Stover's favor.

"A geological survey man came to the island and I had him bring me here," she answered quickly, for she was thinking quickly. She must end the interview before too many questions were asked. The role of "the little fool" would help.

"I'm tired out, Mr. Fowler," she went on. "Isn't there a place where I can sleep to-night? It seems that I would rather sleep than anything else."

"Certainly. You may have my cabin. The assayer is away and I will sleep in his."

"Oh, thank you. Then in the morning we can arrange for me to get to Vermilion. You'll pardon me, but I'm so tired. Good night."

Fowler knew that he was dismissed but he lingered a moment on a pretext of providing for her comfort. But the girl refused to resume the conversation and he departed.

Outside the cabin, the superintendent looked at the sky.

"It will be blowing hard in the morning," he thought, "and canoeing won't be easy or safe. Then, the next day, I'll send her out with Ans-ee-quay-gee-sick. He'll lose her for two days more and that should be enough. I'll look him up to-night to make sure of him."

He started down the trail to the main road of the mining village. There he stopped short. The thought had suddenly come that the ax, which he generally kept in the corner behind the woodbox, had been leaning against the desk near the safe when he had entered the cabin. An easy chair, which he had left in front of the safe, had been moved toward the centre of the room.

"Foolishness!" he claimed. "The girl hasn't brain enough to open a safe. And how would she know what was in it?"

But the idea worried him and, when half way to the Indian's teepee by a trail cutting across to the lake through the brush, he turned almost in a panic.

"Hang on to yourself!" he growled. "There is no chance of that. How could she know?"

The barking of his dogs brought Ans-ee-quay-gee-sick to the door of his teepee.

"B'jou', Anse," said Fowler.

"B'jou', b'jou'," replied the Indian, looking calmly at the mining man.

"Anse, lady want go Vermilion. You take her to-morrow. Ken-don? She no want go quick. Two days, three days. Ken-don? She kaw-win niss-si-schin," and he tapped his head. "She say hurry, you no hurry. Mar-chon two days, three days. May be break canoe. Ken-don? Twenty dollars, you go, no say anything."

Fowler drew a bill from his pocket.

"You go?"

"Kin-nee-butth kay-get," Anse replied. Although he understood English well, he had never been known to speak it.

"All right," said Fowler. "Come mine to-morrow morning. Big wind no go. Next day."

He turned back on the trail to the mine. Again he thought of the ax leaning against the desk and he hurried. Soon he was running.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER Fowler had closed the door, Rea sat listening. She heard his steps as he went down the trail to the road, heard him stop and then go on. She quickly blew out the light and opened the door. Down the road she could hear his heavy shoes striking against rocks as he hurried through the darkness.

The sky above her was black, and the brush and trees near the cabin were indistinguishable. There was a faint reflection, as of distant lightning and later a slight rumble of thunder.

Rea had no intention of remaining in Fowler's cabin that night if she could get anywhere else. She did not fear Fowler before the next day but to remain there, after he had opened his safe, would be out of the question.

But how could she get away? If she could have trusted Stover, it would have been simple but, now that he had permitted Fowler to catch her without a warning, she believed her suspicions of him were justified. He was a confederate or in the employ of the superintendent. His canoe man, George, was also out of the question, of course, although she might induce him to play square by a sufficient offer of money.

Again, she might remain in the cabin that night, get up at daylight and slip down the lake shore before anyone at the mine was awake. Then she could hide in the brush and run the chance of seeing someone in a canoe who could be induced to take her to Vermilion. It seemed the best plan and she closed the door and lighted the lamp.

As she prepared the tumbled blankets on the bed, there was a gentle knock at the door. She took the revolver from the door, held it behind her, and then called, "Come in."

The door opened and Stover entered. "Someone coming?" she asked coldly. "No," he said. "I'm sorry but I could not warn you in time. I was nearly caught as it was. As I hurried down the path to the road I almost ran into him. There was no time to get back and I did not dare whistle. I remained near in case there should be any trouble. What is Fowler going to do and where is he now?"

"He has allowed me to have his cabin to-night and will see that I get to Vermilion in the morning. I am tired and wish to go to sleep now. Good night."

"But don't you see that you are putting yourself in a dangerous position? He can hide you again, or even worse. With whom will he send you to town?"

"He did not say. In any event, I don't see that there is anything that he can do now."

"And what will he say when he discovers that as he will in the morning?" and Stover pointed at the safe.

Rea did not answer. For the second time she felt that she could trust this man. Something which she could not define made her wish to give up the whole, disagreeable task and place herself absolutely in his care. She even admitted that, despite her anger because of his evident betrayal, she had felt safer when he returned to the cabin. She remembered the

strong profile she had seen against the sky as she had watched him paddle from Milford's to the Whisky Jack, his courtesy and generosity in doing as she had asked without question.

Then she remembered that he had strongly urged her to keep away from the mine. But perhaps he had only intended to take her to a new hiding place for Fowler. And, while her mind warned her against him, her heart urged her to accept him as a protector. Intuition, that much exploited quality of her sex, which she had constantly fought down in favor of cold logic and reason, urged her.

She was tired from the excitement, the physical exertion of the long paddle in the evening, from the strain of quick thinking, of meeting sudden and unexpected situations. The inherent womanliness of her forced itself through the tight barrier of self-possession, efficiency and courage she had built about herself; and she was a pretty, distressed, and more alluring young woman.

"Forgive me," she began, smiling for the first time. Somehow, she found that she wished to believe this man, this man who was no longer the spectacled scientist but a handsome, alert, competent young fellow who looked as though he had a heart and flesh and blood as well as a brain. "But you must admit that your actions have not been exactly corroborative of your declarations. I did not trust you after Fowler found me here, but now I understand. What would you suggest our doing? Starting at once for Vermilion?"

"We should get away from here, at least," he answered cheerfully. "There's a bad storm coming but it probably won't last long and we can get to the canoe and start immediately afterward. That will give us several hours ahead of Fowler if he discovers you have fled and should give chase. But, if he does catch us, there is nothing to fear. George and I can handle him. Did you get them?" And he indicated the safe.

"They are not there," she answered, "and I have searched everywhere. Perhaps there are no true reports."

"Perhaps, but it will make little difference. He won't last any longer than it takes the provincial police to get here and nab him. Come. We'll start."

In their eagerness to leave they forgot the lamp and, as they went out of the door, they heard running footsteps on the road.

"Someone's coming," Stover whispered, taking Rea's arm and dragging her out of the light.

He pulled her toward some dark bushes as the hastening footsteps were heard coming up the path. Then they stopped, breathless, just as Fowler, running, entered the shaft of light in the doorway. The superintendent stopped and looked cautiously inside.

"Gone!" they heard him exclaim, with an oath, as he rushed across the floor to the safe.

Carefully feeling his way, Stover backed through the brush, guiding Rea after him.

"We must get away quickly," she whispered when she felt that it would be

safe to speak. "He'll never let us get away alive when he finds out what I have done."

As they spoke they saw the light extinguished and then heard the creak of a foot on the doorstep.

"He's coming," whispered Stover, peering behind him.

The dark clouds had thickened until the storm was ready to break. As Stover finished speaking, the first sharp flash of lightning came. It revealed Fowler standing at his cabin door. At the moment of the flash he was looking directly at them. He started; and Stover knew that they were seen.

In the crash of thunder and intense darkness that followed the flash, he turned and ran, dragging Rea by the hand. He thought he heard the report of a revolver, but he did not stop until they had reached the road. Then he looked back. Another flash revealed Fowler just emerging from the path. He had not seen them and Stover and Rea ran up the road away from the lake. A third flash must have revealed them to the superintendent, for they heard two shots, and Rea, her hand in Stover's, felt him wince.

"He's hit you," she cried.

"Never mind 'till we get out of this. We must leave the road and circle back to the lake."

He turned off and entered the brush. Bursting through and dragging Rea behind him, he suddenly emerged in a cleared space. A distant lightning flash dimly revealed the entrance of a tunnel driven straight into a hill. Fowler, leaving the road behind them, could be heard crashing through the brush.

"There's only one thing to do," Stover whispered. And he led Rea to the tunnel's mouth.

Twenty feet inside he paused for a moment. Their pursuer was heard rushing on across the clearing. Fumbling for the sides of the tunnel and stepping cautiously, they silently made their way farther and farther from the entrance.

Frequently they paused to listen but they did not hear signs of pursuit. Satisfied that Fowler had not followed them into the mine, Stover stopped.

"Stay here while I go to the entrance to see if it is being guarded," he said. "It may be that Fowler thought we went on up the hillside. I hardly think he'll dare to enlist anyone else in the pursuit, as it might prove embarrassing to him if they caught us. We should have no difficulty in getting back to the canoe in this storm."

"Wait," said Rea as he started, "I'm sorry for having thought otherwise of you than I do now. I wanted to tell you—" and she groped in the darkness for his hand.

He remained silent nor did he return the slight pressure of her fingers. In the blackness he could feel the girl near him, could hear her gentle breathing. He thought of what she had done in the few hours since he had first seen her, of the courage and cleverness she had displayed. And then he thought of Jerry Forbes, the best friend he had.

"I had forgotten it," he said huskily. "It was only natural. I hope that my future actions will make you forget it."

Continued on Page 102.



THE HOMELAND'S CALL

BY RONALD McCASKILL

Hearken, ye whelps of the Lion!
 Stir ye, awake from your dream;
 Hark to the world-fung challenge,
 List to the eagle's scream:
 Thrown in the teeth of the nations
 Terrible; menacing; grim:
 Hear ye the words of defiance,
 Hurl'd to the Empire's rim?
*"Stand from the path of my southern mate.
 Stand aside lest ye be too late,
 And I tear thee limb from limb."*

Hearken, ye whelps of the Lion,
 Hear ye his arrogant cry?
 "Where is there one to dare me,
 One who'll do battle and die?
 Fear I the bear that was conquered,
 Cowed by the small yellow man?
 Heed I the squeaks of an upstart
 I ground in the dust of Sedan?
*Who talks to me of the Lion's sway?
 A lion's cubs may be eagle's prey!
 And mercy is none of my plan."*

Hearken, ye whelps of the Lion,
 What says thy mother's roar?
 "Who is this Teuton boaster
 To prate so loud of war?
 Long have I stood his insults,
 Long have I leashed my might
 But never brook'd dishonored peace.
 The time has come to fight!
*Rise then ye whelps of the Lion's breed,
 Thy mother's call is the Empire's need
 And battle for the right!*

"Send me the men from the Southern Cross
 Eager to do their part;
 Send me my sons from the frozen north,
 Men of the mighty heart.
 Give me the men from the sun-baked veldt,
 Bred to the rifle's crack;
 Send me alike both rich and poor;
 No fear that men I'll lack:
*Making one cause with my sons at home,
 Warring on land or on salt sea foam,
 To fight for the Union Jack."*

Decorations by Arthur Lismer

A.L.

An Irishman Who Started Something

Being a Sketch of William Butler Yeats: By HUGH S. EAYRS

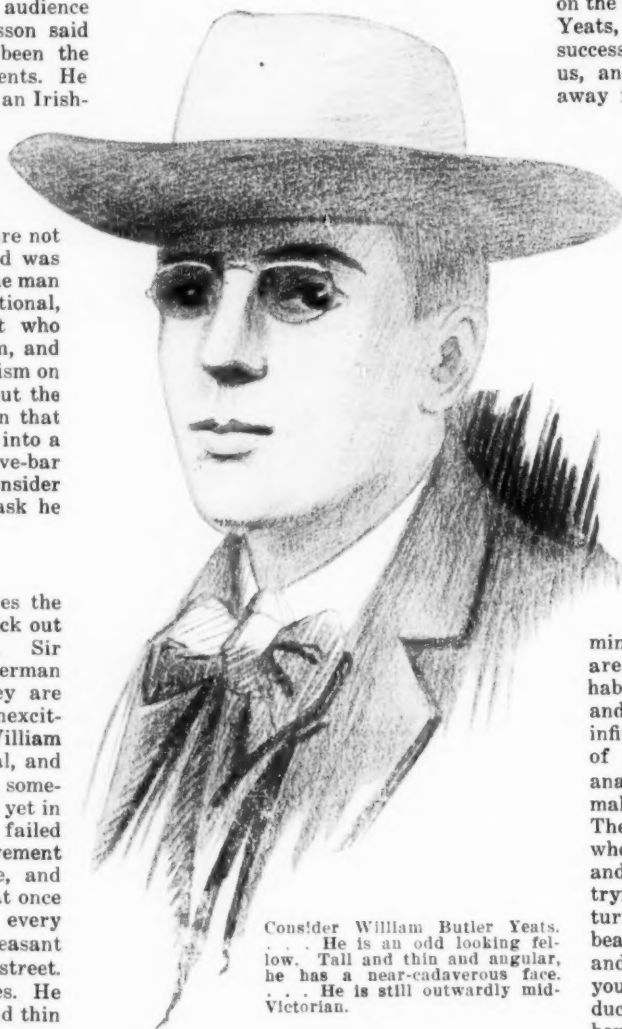
IN an address to a Toronto audience some time ago, Herbert Casson said that Irishmen had always been the sparking plugs of world-movements. He wasn't above admitting—though an Irishman himself—that sometimes the sparking plugs sparked spasmodically, and then flickered out, but he contended that the movements they started went on burning, and were not consumed, even though the wood was piled on the fire by others than the man who started the flames. The emotional, quick, and temperamental Celt who soars to the heights of optimism, and descends to the depths of pessimism on the slightest provocation, is about the most enthusiastic type of human that we know. Consequently he goes into a thing like a bull goes for a five-bar gate, and doesn't wait to consider whether he can complete the task he has set himself.

PERSONALIA.

But, since the exception proves the rule, you may look round and pick out exceptions. Lord Kitchener, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Superman Shaw are cases in point. They are matter-of-fact and stolid, and unexcitable; so they "get there." William Butler Yeats is at once a typical, and an unusual Celt. He has started something, and he is helping it along, yet in the one thing he started he has failed conspicuously. I refer to the movement for making an Irish literature, and an Irish drama, which shall be at once the pride, and the heritage of every Irish man and woman, from the peasant to the millionaires of Sackville street.

Consider William Butler Yeats. He is an odd looking fellow. Tall and thin and angular, he has a near-cadaverous face, the outstanding features of which, are a mouth cynical and at the same time sensitive and eyes drooping a little, as if he would tell you, that while you are seeing without perceiving, he is doing both. His hair—a dense black, lightened fringe-wise by a touch of grey—overhangs a long forehead, and provides something for its owner to trifle with ever and anon as he speaks to you, or harangues a crowd in a lecture theatre. Mr. Yeats is fifty years old but he has a touch of the fire and vim of youth which creeps out at intervals and which, accompanied by a flash of deep, dark eyes changes him to a modern Perseus—a man with a message.

Yeats is a man of peculiar habits. He is perhaps the most faithful representative of a type which was Victorian, but isn't at all in accord with the primness and smartness of 1914. Fifty years ago, an artist or a literary man must be a bundle of idiosyncrasies. He couldn't be complete without a shock of hair reminiscent of a mop, habitually soiled linen and a flowing tie which was a cross between a



Consider William Butler Yeats. He is an odd looking fellow. Tall and thin and angular, he has a near-cadaverous face. He is still outwardly mid-Victorian.

shroud and a table-centre. And, of course, a velvet coat, preferably minus the buttons. Indeed the buttons *must* be a minus quantity. He must have a room, beg pardon, a "study," and there, in a dim religious light, with a decanter somewhere at hand, he was to turn out illegible copy on all sorts of odds and ends of paper. There are not many literary men or artists who subscribe to that idea to-day. Even Mr. Shaw is nearly immaculate in his dress! But Yeats is still outwardly mid-Victorian, though it would be unfair to hint that he is affectedly so. It just happens. And to tell the truth he looks outrageous in evening dress.

Raymond Blaithwaite tells how, and where, he found him, when he wanted an interview for his paper. He says that somewhere in the neighborhood of St. Pancras Station in London, he discovered the house where Yeats lived. Up two flights of stairs he discovered the room. Inside the room, in a corner, with a dingy candle (which was in accord with the rest of the room) stuck

on the table, he discovered William Butler Yeats, poet of life "as-it-is," more or less successful dramatist, unquestioned genius, and generally Bohemian, scribbling away for dear life, and no decanter at hand!

The best word to sum up this strange Irishman is a word which became fashionable—oh yes, there is a fashion in words—in England some three or four years ago. Mr. Yeats is weird. Much of a mystic, more of an idealist, he is yet most of all a meticulous realist, and superlatively, he is a seer. If you could get him to talk and express his views on a subject everybody has been expressing views about, ever since anybody ever had views to express—say a definition of beauty—you would be struck by the strangely dilated and other-worldly look which creeps into his eyes, and lights up his face, with a light that certainly never was on land or sea. It flashes through your mind that here is a man whose friends are not the friends you know; whose habitual confreres are fays and faeries, and curious creations of folk-lore, infinitely fantastic, and yet with a deal of fact that furnishes all sorts of analogies and parables which might make good rules to live and work by. There is only one other man I know who is at all like him in this regard, and that is his brilliant fellow-countryman, James Stephens. But to return to Yeats, and his definition of beauty. He puts his fingers together and sticks his jaw forward and tells you that beauty can never be produced in art without some ecstasy born of a struggle, either from some "morbidity" in a man's soul, or some stress of circumstances outside of himself. Mr. Yeats told that to a club of literary men in Toronto. I don't think many of them could elucidate to anyone else just what it means—although they all knew themselves.

PROVIDING FOR IRISHMEN.

The work of William Butler Yeats has been the founding of the Irish national theatre and the Irish national drama. He and J. M. Synge—whose poem "Dierdre" is probably the finest poetic drama since Shakespeare—and Lady Gregory, got together and talked over the scheme of giving Irish people their own theatre in which Irish plays, written by Irish men and women, about everyday Ireland, past and present, should be acted by Irish players. Yeats went over to Paris and discovered J. M. Synge in a garret there, pretty well down and out. He brought him back to Ireland and pressed him into service. All three enthusiasts started

Continued on Page 110.

Be an Artist in Your Line: By DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

NO man who has tasted the joys of creative life, who has known the free delights of initiative, of intellectual expansion, can ever again content himself with imitation. He will never again stoop to drag himself through the mire of pretence and counterfeit. Veblen speaks of the "instinct of workmanship"—the instinctive intolerance of anything less than the best. There is only one road that the "man who knows how," the artist, can afford to travel and that is the straight and narrow one of invariably doing the best he knows how.

Did it ever occur to you that work is one of the most conspicuous features in human history. It is one of the chief forms of human expression. There is a dignity about the doing of work that no phase of idleness can ever achieve. There is an inalienable honor in the thorough performance of useful industry, whether it be in tilling the ground, making tools, weaving fabrics, or selling products behind a counter. An American president, when asked what was his coat of arms, remembering that he had been a hewer of wood in his youth, replied: "A pair of shirt sleeves." A French doctor once taunted Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, who had been a tallow chandler in his youth, with the meanness of his origin, to which Flechier replied: "If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would still have been but a maker of candles."

"Should my hand slack, I would rob God," declared Stradivari, the celebrated violin-maker. He said he did not need to put his name on the instruments he made, for they could not be counterfeited. And it was true. A Stradivari violin is known to this day by its quality, not its tag. Stradivari loved his work and into every detail of it put his best, his very soul, in joyous, creative effort. And the world still does him honor. Walt Whitman said truly, "The work is to the worker, and comes back most to him."

The very consciousness that you are trying to use your advantages, your vision, your particular ability, in work that will make the world a little better for your having lived in it, in furthering something that will eventually help the race, will make an artist of you and will give you a satisfaction which nothing else can. This consciousness will act as a perpetual tonic, an inexhaustible inspiration.

Fra Angelica painted on his knees. We may perhaps cheaply question the anatomy of his angels, but the spirit of the artist is none the less in every line and tint. He put his personality, the fervor of his adoration and love into every brush stroke. No matter what the work, it is the way we do it that classes us either with the artists or the mere artisans.

"We sow a thought and reap an act, we sow an act and we reap a habit, we sow a habit and we reap a character, we sow a character and we reap a destiny." No truer word was ever spoken of the workers of the world. It is the initial thought—the attitude of mind in which the work is done that counts. "It's the set of the soul that decides the goal." It is not necessary to embroider scrubbing cloths nor hang horse stalls with Gobelins—to each line of work should be accorded what fitly belongs to the object in view, but thoroughness of application, purity of ideal, loftiness of standard can be discerned none the less.

WAS NEVER SATISFIED.

"During the nine years that I was his wife," said the widow of the great painter Opie, "I never saw him satisfied with one of his productions; and often, very often, I have known him to enter my sitting-room, and, throwing himself in an agony of despondency on the sofa, exclaim, 'I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live.'" It was this noble despair, which is not felt by vulgar artists, this pursuit of an ideal which, like the horizon, ever flew before him, that spurred Opie to higher and yet higher efforts, till he filled one of the highest niches in the artistic temple of his country.

Dr. Wayland took two years to compose his famous sermon on foreign missions; but it is a masterpiece, worth a ton of ordinary sermons.

Balzac, the great French novelist, sometimes worked a week on a single page.

Demosthenes would not speak on any

wrought as if God's eye were on the sculptor.

This is not superstition. The attitude of mind may be phrased in accordance with ancient myths, but the impulse toward thoroughness, the desire for perfection, the inability to find satisfaction short of expression of one's finest ability, is characteristic of the artist-soul.

Years ago, a high granite block was built in Boston. When it was completed, it was considered one of the best blocks in the city. To all appearance, it was as lasting as the granite of which it was built. Tenants were numerous. The builders had the utmost faith in it. They could "pile it full of pig lead" they said. But, alas! before it was half stocked with goods, it went down, filling the street with stones, bricks, broken timbers, and bales of goods; and several persons were killed. Why did it fall? Down in the cellar were a few feet of an old wall; to save a few dollars, it was left; and, when the enormous weight of the structure commenced to bear upon it, it could not stand the pressure, and the entire block fell in ruins. A hundred or two hundred dollars' worth of work saved in the foundation, over a hundred thousand dollars' loss in the end, and that was a trifle in comparison with the lives sacrificed, which no money could measure.

The artisan's standards are not only wholly utilitarian, but based on the estimate of the moment—the superficial estimate—not, "Will it last?" "Is it thoroughly good?" but "Will it pay?" "Will it do?" "Will it pass muster?" The artist has a plan, an end in view, an ideal.

An applicant for admission to Oberlin said he would like very much to go through college, but was rather dismayed, however, at the prospect of a four-years' course. He wanted to know if there wasn't a short course that would not give him the credit of a diploma, of having a college education. "Yes," said President King, "when the Almighty wants to make a squash He can make it in six months; but if He wants to make an oak it takes a hundred years."

The artisan aims to make a living, the artist to make a life. The most wonderful and famous achievement is not worth while, if the life of the man whose name it bears, is rotten at the core. The true artist is as thorough and genuine in his life ideas as in his work ideals.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

A clean life is the only one that will count in the long run. The only sort of life to live is the one from which we can get satisfaction when looking back upon it when near its close. Just as an artist views his work as an entirety, works at every stage of it with regard to its proportions when finished, so, when you are

EDITOR'S NOTE.—An artist is not merely a man who paints pictures and allows himself picturesque eccentricities of dress. There are artists in every line of human endeavor. There are lawyers, salesmen, bricklayers who can be ranked in the artist class. Just where the distinction lies between the man of common calibre and the artist is shown by Dr. Marden in the following article. Dr. Marden sounds an inspirational note to all men to fit themselves to be artists in their own line and to achieve the high success of artistic endeavor.

subject unless prepared; and for this many orators ridiculed him, and Pythias, in particular, told him that his arguments smelled of the lamp. Demosthenes retorted sharply upon him: "Yes, indeed; but your lamp and mine, my friend, are not conscious to the same labors."

The Athenian architects of the Parthenon finished the upper side of the matchless frieze as perfectly as the lower side, because the goddess Minerva saw that side. An old sculptor said of his carvings, whose backs were to be out of all possible inspection, "But the gods will see." Every one of the five thousand statues in the cathedral of Milan is

in doubt about your choice in any particular transaction, form the habit of asking yourself, "How would I like to look back on this thing at the sunset of my life. When I am near the end, how will it look to me then?"

Ah, then all the dishonest, unfair advantages you may have taken of others, all the selfish impulses, the yellow streaks, the mean actions, the underhand methods used in dealing with others, all of the regrets, the chagrins of your life will stand out with distinctiveness. At the time they were committed your mind was absorbed, to a certain extent you were mesmerized, hypnotized by the great life game. But when you have passed beyond the hurrying, the stress and strain of things, you see actions in their true light. The joy and the satisfaction of the good will be multiplied, the pain and the sting of the bad will be aggravated, in the perspective. Just as we feel a toothache more in the silence of the night than when our minds are busy with the routine of our day's work, so, in the quiet that comes at the close of life, the shoddy work we have put into the fabric of the days will show in a very different light from that in which we previously saw it.

The temptation of the hour is always to get on with as little effort as possible. The love of the money game becomes such a passion with many young men that they do not realize when they step over the moral lines, they do not realize it at the moment when they stoop to methods that are not worthy of their ability and advantages. They are committed before they know it to the cheaper methods, the tricks of the time-serving artisan, and they forget the ideals of the artist.

REACHING UP.

Now, the mere possession of an idea is a great safeguard. Even for a mediocre nature, the perpetual striving after a fixed goal, an unlowered standard, will gradually have an elevating effect upon the whole character.

The great thing is to function at your highest possibilities instead of at your lowest. There is nothing which has a more superb effect upon a human being who has climbed to something higher, who has had a taste of something better, who believes in getting up as well as getting on as has this very habit of reaching up.

There is a tremendous growth, expansiveness, in the constant upward effort that is never achieved by those with low-flying ideals.

No matter what your condition in life may be, no matter what particular work you do in order to get your living, if you are ever reaching up morally, reaching up in both thought and effort for something better, striving daily, hourly for something higher, grander, your life will open up marvelous resources which would never have been discovered otherwise.

Never be satisfied with reaching other people's standards. Nothing short of the achievement of his own ideal will ever satisfy the soul of the artist. Mental laziness is the chief cause of mediocrity and has been the ruin of many an artist.

One of the greatest cripples of power of all kinds is the temptation to think

other people's thoughts. Strangely enough, this is especially true of college men. Our colleges rightly lay great stress upon historical characters, but there is a corresponding danger in accepting their thoughts and philosophies without question to such an extent that we unconsciously adopt their views, their opinions, instead of evolving our own ideas and working on them. It is original thinking that makes strong men. It is the expression of his original individual thought and vision that marks the artist as distinct from the artisan.

If the college graduate could analyze his own views, his opinions, his convictions, he would find the source of most of them in the philosophies of those who have lived long ago. But as a matter of fact very few of the so-called great characters of history carried anything like the weight in their own times that their story carries now. If we had been their contemporaries we would probably have given them far less heed. But whatever distinction they achieved, we may be sure it was by thinking their own thoughts and following their own vision, rather than, sheeplike imitating and echoing others.

Regard for precedent is more due to mental inertia and the fear that springs from lack of self-confidence than to reverence of any just weighing of values.

AN INDEPENDENT MIND.

The attitude of the free, independent mind is always: "Why should I defer to this standard?" As the boy said about spanking: "Who started this thing anyway?" Most people, unconsciously, are really slaves of precedent. Millions of church people think it is sacrilegious, positively wicked, to break away from any old custom. Many mere formalities have, simply by reason of their long continuance, taken on a certain sense of sacredness. And when their discontinuance is proposed, those who have never learned to think, are instantly apprehensive lest the foundations of society be undermined. This is not the attitude of the artist, but of the time-serving artisan who has worked under the direction of others, for the commendation and regard of others, rather than of his own soul.

If we stop to consider the question, we would be surprised to find how largely our lives are governed by precedent. We assume, if we think of the matter at all, that there must have been a good reason for a custom that has been obeyed and followed by so many for centuries. And there may, indeed, have been such at the time, but we are living in a different state and time. Very few people have much opinion of their own ideas, or much respect for their own convictions. They are timid about formulating them and shrink from defending them.

Yet why should we regard other people's opinions as more worthy of adherence than our own? The men whose actions set up these old standards did not live in anything like the advanced stage of civilization we are living in, they had nothing like our advantages of education, of scientific knowledge. The world has pushed on long distances since these pre-

cedents were founded; why should we have such a reverence for them. Why not think our own thoughts, establish our own precedents? When some music critic of his time pointed out to Beethoven that there was no precedent for a certain arrangement of phrasing in his Ninth Symphony and that therefore it must be wrong, the old artist thundered: "Wrong, is it? Very well, hereafter it shall be right. I made it!"

The artist has no thought for commendation or reward. The artisan seeks both. The chief danger in all effort is that the completion and the task in hand will be considered of higher import than the methods employed in its accomplishment.

The very conditions which have contributed to the marvelous American supremacy, the almost limitless resources, splendid climate, the ambition, energy and determination of the American people, all these tended at the same time to develop an abnormal craving for mere mass and show of achievement—and its sign manual, money—until this has come to be considered as a national trait, bordering on disease.

This tremendous expenditure of energy in opening up and developing our resources has resulted in the general welfare of the nation as a whole, so far as comforts and luxuries are concerned, as well as a certain rugged stamina and sturdy independence of character, yet with it all it must be admitted that the great American prize—an opportunity for youth never before offered in the history of the world—has developed at the same time a selfish, grasping quality which is to a degree ingrained. It has tended to develop artisans rather than artists.

The artist is characterized as controlled by his vision, his ideal, his own inalienable inner standard of values. The earmark of the artisan is superficiality, the service of temporary, fleeting ends. His is the time-serving spirit, foreign to the spirit of loyalty, of heroic adherence to an ideal.

When the King of Babylon was in desperate straits for a prime minister who would not sell him out, a man whom he could respect and trust, the reason for his preferring Daniel out of all the other men who were recommended to him was that there was such an excellent spirit in him.

After all, the spirit in which we undertake our work is everything. There is no one thing which so influences an employer as the spirit in which an employee does his work. The employee who is loyal, kindly, anxious to excel, who does not grudge his effort, who is enthusiastic, energetic, is never among those slated for discharge. The right spirit is the quality which oftenest leads to promotion.

The spirit with which you face life as you enter the open door will have everything to do with what the future will have for you. Will this be the spirit of the artist or the artisan? The spirit that forges ahead, firm in confidence in its ideal, dauntless in the face of defeat, if so be that defeat lies in its road to ultimate victory; or the spirit that follows

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The Trail of Mooween: By H. MORTIMER BATTEN Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

WHEN Jacques Druille came in from his trapping grounds that spring, he brought with him on his raft a solitary black bear cub. For the first hundred miles of the journey the man carried the little creature in a caribou skin bag strapped to his broad shoulders, and all that could be seen of the cub was its small round head and bead-like eyes protruding from the neck of the bag.

The young bear rebelled at this imprisonment — noisily, and with all the force of his healthy young lungs. He bit at Jacques' leather braces, screamed like a child, snarled like a full grown grizzly, and behaved generally in a fierce manner. Jacques, negotiating the heavy raft through string after string of tumultuous rapids, dashed the sweat from his face and took no notice whatever. At times, when the going was clear and when the rage of the cub had apparently reached a limit, he would thrust his great thumb between the little creature's jaws and tell it to gnaw away till it felt better. This always soothed the cub. But as a rule the only attention the little creature received from dawn to sunset was an occasional—"Hold on, mon fils! You will have us all overboard."

When camp was made at sundown the cub was given his liberty, and showed not the least inclination to wander away while the scent of frizzling bacon filled the air. But while under way the raft was often half submerged, while continually the decks were awash, so that it was impossible for the woodsman to allow the cub the freedom of the deck.

"You would sure get swilled out, my son," he explained. "Or maybe I would not see you and kick you into the water. You savvee? You just got to stop where you are, anyway!"

At length the day came, however, when

the tumultuous headwaters were left behind and the last dangerous rapids passed. The raft glided slowly with the tide. Jacques tumbled the cub out of the bag onto its head—as usual. The mode of exit mattered not to the cub so long as it got out. Now he had the whole raft to explore.

The behaviour of lonely men is often strange, and the behaviour of Jacques was not exceptional when, with all solemnity, he elected the cub bo's'n of the raft. "Rocks on the port side!" he would bellow. "Hi, there! Drop that bacon rind and attend to business. Is it for that I pay you?"

But the cub's sole ideas of business were to lie at the prow end of the

raft and watch the birds, or to lie flat on the logs, worrying an old moccasin or a scrap of bacon rind. Other playthings he possessed, a strange assortment—little scraps of stuff that had been left at various camping grounds, but which the cub, hildlike, had insisted on carrying with him back to the raft.

The old moccasin was his favorite toy, and sometimes he worried it so vigorously that it fell overboard. This happened on the first day of his freedom, and he promptly walked off the logs in pursuit of it. He received the fright of his life, and Jacques bellowed with laughter for fully an hour. Evidently thinking that the icy flood might pursue him, the cub had hidden under one of the sacks, and there sat and growled in his most terrible and disturbing fashion.

Never again did Mooween as the Indians had called him—make that mistake. When the moccasin went overboard he whimpered miserably, running up and down the raft in a vain endeavor to get nearer to it. And the kindly Jacques, having uttered many swear words in various tongues, would fish out the thread-

worn relic with the pole and with the threat that next time he would let it drift away, my son!

But they were good friends—the man and the little brown ball of bearhood that shared his raft. To the man the cub was a source of amusement through the long days, and to the cub the man was the fount of food and warmth and all things that were wholly delightful. The cub regarded the journey as part of the ordinary routine of life, but to Jacques it was the long, lonely trail which lay before him and his little Ninetta. Soon they would reach Lake Shimmergreen, with its thousand fairy islands, and the man's eyes would pierce the distance they could pierce so well, and a softness would come



Suddenly he became aware of a savage snarl behind him. Next moment a grip of iron closed upon one of his wrists, and it was he who now yelled in agony.

into them as the mists vanished with the dawn from the southern skyline.

And so, after many days, the great lake was reached, and Jacques set the canoe sail in the centre of the raft and with shining eyes watched it fill. The cub, appalled by the flapping sheet and by the sudden brilliant expanse of waters, retired to his invulnerable fortress under the packs, filled with vague misapprehensions. In less than ten minutes, however, he came to the decision that Jacques had set sail for his special amusement, and forthwith proceeded to worry it. This cost him a cuff across the head with the old moccasin, which sent him whimpering to his den, where, backed by a false sense of security, he growled a terrible threat at Jacques.

Two days later the white roofs of Shimmergreen settlement appeared to the south. The man grinned and rubbed his hands. The cub stared expectantly in the same direction but, being unable to see further than fifty yards, he settled himself to scratch his ear and leave the view to the skipper.

But, as the land came nearer, the cub saw something he had never seen before. It was a white gasoline launch, snorting its way through a vast fleet of canoes and, beyond the launch, was a timber landing stage thronged with men. Mooween sat at the prow, his ears acock, his forepaws dangling, and the men at the landing stage laughed and waved when they saw him. Jacques also appeared to have gone mad, and into the heart of the cub stole a sense of pending disaster. Then he saw dogs—many dogs, thronging the shore, the landing stage, the corduroy walk, and yapping viciously from the breakwaters. With an appalled glance at his master he hid his head under the packs, his hind quarters vastly conspicuous amidst the sun-faded lashings. Jacques ran the raft dexterously alongside the stage. There was his daughter awaiting him. "Ah, *mon ange!* I am here at last, at last!"

"French-Canadians!" muttered a tenderfoot, turning aside embarrassed.

"One could tell that from the girl's gay dress," responded his companion. "The man is Jacques Druille, an old-time trapper, whose hunting ground is somewhere beyond the surveyed region. Jingo—if that isn't a bear cub!"

The awe-smitten Mooween was peering out from his fortress, growling a terrible menace at the men and the dogs and the motor boats and indeed the whole hostile world that threatened to engulf him—especially the newly painted canoe which gleamed in the sunshine at the extreme corner of the hostile stage.

II.

THAT night Mooween, imprisoned in an outhouse amidst garden implements, buckets of whitewash and several squares of dusty honeycomb, made sleep impossible for the occupants of the cabin. It was not because he felt himself a prisoner, but because of the overwhelming strangeness of his surroundings. nothing else to do he finally ate four

squares of bees' wax, and fell into the deep and heavy sleep of painless indigestion, which Jacques considered cheap at the price.

But very soon the bear cub became accustomed to his surroundings. Men and dogs lost much of their fearsomeness and one morning he was observed gleefully chasing a yellow malamute pup, round and plump as himself, over Jacques' onion beds. The game proved vastly amusing, and so a friendship cropped up between the cub and the pup.

Doubtless each imagined himself of the same breed and nationality as the other. The cub attempted to bark like the pup, which made him very ridiculous since he had no idea of such a sound. And one day, when the cub dropped seven feet from the top of a low ridge behind the clearing, just for the fun of the thing, landing like a rubber ball on the green turf below, the pup gravely followed. He fell on his neck and hurt himself badly.

The pup formed the habit of spending all his leisure time at Jacques' shanty, which meant, of course, that he lived there, and was heartily beaten by his master for it. His master was a young Canadian named Crombit, who was under the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. All the rough handlings he gave the pup did not interfere in the least with the latter's friendship towards Mooween. The little malamute was quick to learn that he was beaten not because he had done wrong, but because his master was angry, and such treatment only went to harden his none too timid spirit.

The pup, however, was not by any means Mooween's only friend. He possessed a great love for children, a strange trait of character in a creature of the woods, and yet a trait which in latter days proved the one redeeming point of grace in a fierce, unlovely beast. The sight of a child sent Mooween into ecstasies and, turning a multitude of somersaults, he would rush to the greeting. To the children of the settlement, he was a source of endless joy. Little Ninetta—for she was still a child—loved him exceedingly and, when the cub and the pup were tired of their games, they would waddle in and out of the house at her heels, Ninetta laughing gleefully at their good-natured jealousy.

She was a pretty pink little creature of eighteen, healthy and strong as a child of the northern forests should be, and there was hardly a youth in the settlement who would not have gladly laid his fortune at her feet. But Ninetta passed them by with laughter and coquetry, for she had already decided to throw in her lot with the handsome young dog driver, March Crombit. Crombit was known to be a hard traveler and a good servant to the company, but between times he was an idle, shiftless young fellow, with a marked leaning towards strong drinks and the card tables. Jacques had no fears in leaving Ninetta alone at the shanty while he was away at his trapping grounds, for she had many good friends and, with characteristic elusiveness, Crombit kept out of the way while the trapper was at home. Thus Jacques knew nothing of the great misfortune which was dawning upon his life.

Under a liberal and varied diet the cub thrived at a surprising rate, and his gambols with the yellow pup became more and more liberally punctuated by the painful yelps of the latter. Finally the pup discovered a place of security under the floor of the cabin, whither the cub could not follow, and there he sought refuge from his playmate when the pace became too hot for him.

Mooween was inclined to be equally rough when played with by Jacques or other men who visited the shanty, but quite different was his manner when playing with a child. The smallest infant might have rolled and tumbled with him without fear of scratch or bodily hurt, while those who imagine that animals possess no sense of humor would have changed their views had they witnessed such a game in progress.

On one occasion the malamute pup had been absent from home three days when it occurred to Crombit to "learn the young varmint what he was up against." As he entered the clearing the pup caught sight of him, and bolted for its hiding place under the cabin floor. Crombit pulled the little beast out and proceeded to thrash it unmercifully when suddenly he became aware of a savage snarl behind him. Next moment a grip of iron closed upon one of his wrists, and it was he who now yelled in agony.

It was the first time Mooween had attacked anyone, and he made no mistake about it. Crombit, fighting to defend his legs, was driven across the clearing, calling frantically to Ninetta to come to his rescue. In the meantime the pup had returned to his hiding place and was snarling defiance at his vanquished master.

Crombit was confined to his bunk for three days, and the incident caused no little talk in the settlement. It occurred to Jacques that the cub was now too big and strong to enjoy the freedom of the whole parish, and his sensitive feelings became injured on finding that many of his neighbors had forbidden their children to visit the hut.

"It ain't safe anyway!" observed a strong-minded, harsh-voiced woman as she passed the shanty one morning. "The brute's becoming a menace to the whole settlement."

Jacques, being a man of peace, quietly took the hint. A large cask was made into a kennel, a heavy leather collar and an absurdly heavy iron chain completed Mooween's captivity.

Ere a week had passed a change became manifest in the bear cub and Jacques, who knew more about wild creatures than his fellow beings, shook his head gravely. He recalled the days when last Mooween was a prisoner—the days when the little creature struggled and fought to escape from the deer-skin bag. "There are bears and bears," he explained to Ninetta. "Some of them will settle to captivity—others won't. It would be kinder to shoot Mooween than to make a captive of him."

But Ninetta, girl-like, would not listen to this grim alternative. At first the cub wrestled for hours on end to free himself from the chain. A hundred times he scratched a hole and buried it, but only to be jerked back once more as he made

another bolt for freedom. Then his spirit broke, and he submitted to captivity. He retired to the innermost corner of the cask, glowering out at the sunlit world with green and glittering orbs, all the fight gone out of him.

In these days Mooween saw nothing of the puppy, and even the children had deserted him. Now and then Ninetta paid him a visit and coaxed him out into the sunlight. Her soft arms were about his neck, and she made crooning noises in her throat—noises that should delight the heart of any bear cub. Mooween licked her hands and crept back into the kennel like a whipped cur, all her gentle entreaties failing to induce him to leave it again.

Other changes slowly took place as the days passed. Mooween's thick black coat lost its gloss, and became dull dusty-looking. He was losing self respect, and developed certain unclean habits that were hardly calculated to endear him to the hearts of his owners. Only his appetite remained the same, and since food was never too plentiful at Shimmergreen, the problem of finding grub for the bear became a more and more serious one.

Winter was once more drawing near and Jacques began to make preparations for departing to his far-off trapping grounds. One evening he took Ninetta's hand, his eyes soft with the great love that was in his soul, and told her something that he knew would grieve her. Mooween had grown big and strong, and Jacques could not return happily to his trapping grounds leaving Ninetta to care for the brute. The fury with which the bear greeted the appearance of a visitor—especially Crombit—made the man realize what might happen if the cub lost his temper with Ninetta. One blow of the powerful forepaw might cripple the girl for life, or even kill her. So Jacques, on receiving the promise of the proprietor that Mooween should receive every care

and kindness, had arranged for the captive and his kennel to be transported to the back yard of the city hotel.

III.

JACQUES departed with a light heart to his trapping grounds, and as winter advanced Crombit and Ninetta were seen together more and more often. The dog driver was known to be drinking and gambling all his liberal earnings, but the child seemed blind to his faults and weaknesses. He had many friends among the

belt and cut a nine-foot cedar stick, shaping the end of it so that it resembled a lance. As he neared the kennel the cub gave utterance to an evil snarl and Crombit opened the carnival by dealing the unexpected animal a blow across the head. It rushed to the attack, but only to meet the sharp point of the cedar lance, while the man himself was well out of reach. Crombit used the spike with cruel force till screams of pain were mingled with the infuriated snarls of the captive. Finally the tortured creature sought the

refuge of its kennel, and Crombit returned home feeling some of the pride of a great and single-handed victory.

Thereafter it was unsafe for any male human to approach within reach of the cub, unless such male human happened to be a child. Then Mooween would sneak into his kennel as though ashamed of his abject plight, though when the child moved away he would look out and watch the departing figure with eyes of wistfulness. His hatred towards adult male humans was heartily reciprocated by many who came his way. Dog drivers cracked their whips at him, and many times a day he was submitted to the insult of having snow thrown in his face. There were men who delighted to see him in a fury, and all this did not tend to improve Mooween's attitude towards mankind.

A few months ago Mooween had been a general favorite, but it

seemed that to-day the whole world was set against him. It became a regular thing for Crombit, when he felt the manhood surge up within him after the consumption of much alcohol, to go out and belabor the poor creature, though he took good care not to venture within the trodden circle surrounding the kennel. The proprietor did not interfere; the bear was there by way of an attraction; and Crombit was a good customer.

One night, during the Christmas fes-

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"See here," said the Indian, "yellow dog circle around camp, one, two, three time, then go off into cedar swamp there. It soon come back, big bear following. It jump Crombit from behind."

men of the trails, and she was carried away by his handsome looks, infatuated by his pretty speeches. Her friends warned her and threatened Crombit, but while Jacques remained away no one could take active measures to divert the promised tragedy.

One night the young dog driver, thoroughly primed before leaving the saloon, happened to catch sight of Mooween sitting at the end of the chain in the hotel yard, and at once decided to pay off an old score. He went to the edge of the timber

Marie Dressler, the Inimitable: By MARGARET BELL

EXCESSIVE avoirdupois, accentuated so that it appears even more excessive, will extract a laugh from the most stone-faced of audiences. Nowadays, audiences are divided into two classes. The quantitative and the audience of quality. Naturally, the former is much avoided by the latter. It is after the former that all theatrical syndicates strive. For the axle around which all wheels of theatrical art revolve, is composed of cheques, payable or unpayable, as the case may be. If the cheque is payable, it matters not whose name may be signed in the lower right hand corner. Therefore, is the quantitative audience much desired.

Now, there are certain stars who make an especial appeal to the quantitative audience. Such stars as can open the evening with a laugh, and close it likewise. Theatrical laughter is much more universally appreciated than theatrical tears. Thus may the real comedienne be assured of a responsive audience. It matters not what means may be employed to provoke the laugh.

One of the greatest laugh producers of recent years concerned a certain awkward person, of the so-called weaker sex. Her chief attributes were a super-abundance of flesh, and the propensity to fall asleep during work hours.

During these daytime sleeps, she sometimes dreamed. One of these dreams took her into divers places. Amongst others, on shipboard. The sea was high, Tillie, the dreamer, was not a good sailor. After a gruelling siege of more or less indelicate stage tactics, which made her audience rock back and forth in unrestrained mirth, she made a very awkward exit over the side of the ship, into a fictitious sea.

Now, such art as this will convulse any quantitative audience. And quantitative

individuals, wishing to dwell in a perpetual convulsion of stage laughter, flock to see such art. Therefore, it is safe to affirm that the coffers of the aforementioned Tillie were full. So she travels around the country, enjoying the luxuries afforded by such coffers.

Quite recently, she was desirous of going down into the States, from Vancouver. The American immigration laws are quite severe. One must appear eminently respectable, if one wishes to enter the United States. Now, no one could doubt, for a moment, that our Tillie, even if she is gifted with laugh-producing adipose, is of the extremest respectability. We in Canada would defy anyone to say anything



"Theatrical laughter is much more appreciated than theatrical tears."

to the contrary. For is she not one of us, born and bred right here on Lake Ontario, in one of the most respectable, yea, even exclusive summer towns? Cobourg, to be more explicit.

It is of Marie Dressler that we speak. And one cannot think of Marie Dressler without thinking, at the same time, of a certain girl Tillie, who had ambitions to be other than she was. A very excellent characteristic, to be sure.

But, as to the American immigration laws. The officials, spying someone from Canada, who was traveling with a man, yes, and appearing happy, giving every evidence of it in fact, concluded that the



Marie Dressler as she appears to-day.

someone must be kidnapping someone's else most estimable husband.

Trouble for Tillie. It was decided that her presence in San Francisco would not add a cubit to that innocent town's moral stature. So she was requested to remain in Canada, until the timely arrival of sundry papers, documents and *billets faux* would give her carte blanche to proceed to her desired destination.

Anger reigned in the breast of Tillie, the adipose dreamer. And she and her lawfully wedded husband sojourned for three more days in Western Canada.

Then came the letters. They were given to the officials. She who enjoyed traveling with her husband was an actress! Oh, wonderful, and still again more wonderful! A miracle had been worked. For never before in the history of Western railwayism, had an actress appeared to be happy with her own husband. And there were many theories as to the probable cause of such unwonted conjugal bliss.

"Perhaps they're going to Reno, and are rejoicing in the early dissolution of the bonds," was one conjecture.

"No, that isn't the kind of happiness they have," was another, more versed in the wiles of such things.

And so forth. No solution could be arrived at. But the two proceeded on their way, with no thought for the comments which were being hurled toward them.

Such indifference may be developed until it is an art. In fact, one must develop it, if one is to have any peace of mind. Especially an actress. Just fifteen years after she was born, Marie Dressler became an actress. Lake Ontario seems to be noted for the girls who have left its doors, to enlist in the army of musical



Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Nightmare," her latest and greatest success.

comedy and *avouirpouis*. May Irwin and Marie Dressler are two of the best possible examples in proof of it.

She had some voice, quite enough to admit her to the ranks of light opera. One needed more at that time, than one does now. So, one might affirm, without any thought of exaggeration, that she must have been able to sing, at one time.

Her first play was "Under Two Flags." She travelled around in this, for a couple of seasons, then had an opportunity to put her contralto notes into active service.

Katisha in "The Mikado," was the part which gave her this opportunity. Two seasons more of tours. For a youngster, Marie Dressler was having plenty of stage experience. Usually, a girl tries to make her debut in New York. She becomes inured to stage technicalities and such, during a long run in one place. New York is the place generally chosen.

Not so Marie. She began "on the road." To start right out on the road is a discouraging thing, surely. And on the road in a sort of barnstorming company, doing one-night stands—well, such a debut would try the patience of the proverbial saint.

Naturally, Marie Dressler was anxious to appear in New York, too. She was tired of the everlasting hurry from one small place to another. New York seemed the most natural port at which to anchor. Strange how one involuntarily thinks of that town, when one thinks of gayety, frivolity and thoughtlessness.

On May 28th, 1892, Marie Dressler stormed the theatrical citadel. And she pulled a couple of stones from its palisade. It was really quite an occasion. For her debut was made in the company of Hadyn Coffin, also making his debut as Waldemar in "The Robber of the Rhine."

Luck seemed to light the pathway of Marie Dressler, the Cobourgite. That engagement lasted for the greater part of a season. And it stood her in good stead. For, when she besieged the office of her next manager-to-be, she was able to say that her New York premier was simultaneous with the New York premier of Hadyn Coffin. Such a bit of news, at that time, would have made the most blasé manager look with interest on the new aspirant.

The new manager belonged to the Benet Moulton Opera Company. The result of Miss Dressler's interview with him was a signed contract, which gave her the privileges of another season on tour. She had quite a repertoire of small parts when the end of the season came.

Then she went back to New York. The end of every season finds Broadway swarming with chorus girls, principals and "extras," all anxious to find some hive where they can turn their buzzing into profit.

In 1893, at the Casino, New York, she appeared as the Duchess in "The Princess of Nicotine." This was her first taste of royalty. There were to be many more parts added to her repertoire, before very long. Many parts and varied.

One cannot remain too long in the guise of assumed royalty. One might forget one's natural behavior. Which would never, never do.

One season sufficed for Marie.

In 1894, her name appeared opposite the name *Aurore* in the comedy called *Girofle* and *Girofla*. This part lasted her the rest of that season. She was a hard worker. She knew that she must work hard, or she would remain in her present state of semi-development, for a long time. Such a state would be uncomfortable, to say the least.



Excessive *avouirpouis*, accentuated so that it appears even more excessive, will extract a laugh from the most stony-faced of audiences.

In 1895 she was Mary Douclee in some sort of near-classic entitled "Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss." She must have had interesting audiences, when she appeared in that play. You can see them, can't you, leaning eagerly forward in their seats, straining to catch each syllable, lest they lose some of the beautiful words that must have accompanied such a title. Terribly intent, to watch for the magic of the caress, anxious to know the result of it. Would the heroine plight her

troth? Would the hero swear to guard and protect her from all harm? Or would the villain intervene, before the magic kiss could be perpetrated?

Such a state of things went on, for some time. It is gratifying to know, however, that the same year saw her in the role of a Queen. The comedy was called 1492. Such costumes as were worn at that time by regal ladies, must have been very becoming. Small wonder that Marie Dressler was chosen for that part.

Then a change. A decided change, too. The scene was suddenly switched to foreign shores. The one-time Queen became a person of more lowly estate. Heaven only knows what part Marie Dressler could have taken in "Robinson Crusoe," but such was the play in which she appeared. Perhaps she was an overgrown Friday. The play did not appear in New York. Chicago was the afflicted town. But Chicago bore up well under the imposed insult to her intelligence. In December, 1895, at the Garden Theatre, New York, she appeared as Georgia West in "A Stag Party." The records do not give any definite information as to the nature of this party, or how it came to be called a stag party, when there was a Georgia West present. However, one may affirm, with safety, that Marie Dressler did everything in her power to make it a success. She was becoming quite proficient in such art.

The following February, she received many and varied columns in the dailies, about the excellence of a certain portrayal she made at the Casino. It was her greatest success, up to that time. This was the role of Flo Honeydew in "The Lady Slavey." What an extensive repertoire she was building up! From grandes dames to lonely beings on desert islands, from queens and duchesses to slaveys! Such were the parts of this erstwhile Cobourgite. And what's more the newspapers were talking about her. It is one thing to have a community talk about a person, but quite another, to call forth extravaganzas of the daily press.

Most decidedly, Marie Dressler was getting on.

In a few months, she inaugurated still another part, Mrs. Malaprop. This met with instant success. More flutterings of the daily sheets. Her next part was that of Flora in "Hotel Topsy Turvy." This was in October, 1898. She was gradually turning her efforts toward farcical comedy. The field of popular burlesque has great capabilities. She realized that she was the possessor of a laugh with a "go" in it. Also, the ability to make others share it. When one realizes such things, it is always well to turn them into the channels of rapid finance.

At the New York Theatre, in 1899, she opened in a new play, "The Man in the Moon." This lasted her for a year. The next season saw her in "The King's Carnival." Always an audience has a theatrical hunger for royal plays.

Another play in which she scored a decided success was "Miss Print." This was at
Continued on Page 102.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The list of Canadian celebrities on the American stage is by no means exhausted yet. A new note is introduced with Marie Dressler—that of rollicking comedy. Fair, fat and funny, Marie Dressler occupies a place all her own on the stage. Her success has been quite as marked in her own line as has that of any other of the long list of Canadian-born footlight favorites

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important, and all that is worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

The Uplift Work of Gary

Head of the United States Steel Corporation is a Social Worker

From the Outlook.

The accompanying article has been extracted from an interview with Judge Gary, published in the Outlook, in which his views on the relation between employer and employee are clearly set out. Judge Gary has done a wonderful work in improving working conditions and has thereby raised the efficiency of his organization.

JUDGE GARY'S face is inscrutable. It is more perplexing than that of any other major American citizen; it is a harmony of opposite characteristics. His skin is darker, his face is sterner, than his photographs indicate. His cheek-bones are high, rather wide apart; his chin is square and aggressive; yet a thousand kindly, expressive little wrinkles are clustered about his stern eyes. His eyes are near the surface, shadowed by the black mounting of library spectacles. They bristle through banks of gray, yet are kind; they question, yet reassure; and one is pleasantly surprised suddenly to discover that they are not gray but blue. His manner of speaking changes rather than his expression when he speaks; he is patient, yet seems wearied of persisting strife, almost like a man who feels that he has run his course and awaits rest, slowly growing philosophical at last. His eyes look out on things steadily, doubtfully; they are at once in consonance with his short gray bristling mustache and with the friendliness of the whole atmosphere of his office.

Shortly after Judge Gary came from the presidency of Federal Steel, at the first meeting of the Executive Council of the new corporation, the superintendent of one of the subsidiary companies learned, he admits, to respect the bristling strength of the new President. In the directors' room, at the end of the long stretch of office carpet which Judge Gary sometimes paces swiftly hour after hour, this superintendent expressed his own labor policy succinctly: "Hit the first

kicker over the head with the nearest shovel and throw him out!" He remembers Judge Gary's instant remonstrance: "That will never be the policy of this corporation while I am its President." Another superintendent has a letter in which the new President set precedent by telling him never to miss an opportunity in the mines to improve conditions and instill the co-operative spirit. There has never been a serious accident in any of the Steel Corporation mines since. And from no subsidiary company since Judge Gary became President has there come a request for funds to improve working conditions that has been refused. In the hard panic days of 1907 every manager and superintendent and foreman got word to see that no member of the family of any employee suffered, and the superintendent of one of the smaller plants explained to the writer that, in addition to untold orders on grocerymen and shoe men and clothing men, he kept one company wagon busy through the winter doing nothing but hauling free company coal to employees out of work. An employee, by the way, is reckoned as still in employ and as entitled to every privilege of rent, pension, and the like as long as he is idle—till the company asks him to return to work and he refuses.

Judge Gary does not believe in labor unions, because, he maintains, most laboring men themselves do not believe in them; nevertheless his attitude toward the men who toil is commendable, no matter how much one may condone the denial of any liberty whatever to the workman. He has done good work, and there is no reason why one shouldn't say so. He has preached, almost with wearisome iteration, to his subordinates the moral obligation first and the business expediency afterward of treating men right.

One may conjecture that the President of the Steel Corporation, with his new industrial spirit and with other media of co-operation, such as safety work, volun-

tary relief and pension, and a consistent and absolutely fair stock subscription plan is doing quite as much constructive good as many a professional social worker. The functions of a corporation and of social work are of course different. Organized charity is primarily remedial and influential, confined to Red Cross work on the industrial field. The president of a great corporation can get behind remedial measures. He can do, and in some communities the Steel Corporation has done, all that social work is intended to teach the city how to do.

In its mining towns—in the Connessville district in Pennsylvania, to illustrate—waiving aside the not unimportant question of individual liberty and self-government, there is an admirable lesson of what a city might accomplish for itself. In these towns the corporation has taken responsibility for the public schools and maintains them. It maintains in some of them night continuation and technical schools. It brought in a Panama engineer, established an absolutely pure water supply, street and alley cleaning that New York—and certainly Chicago—cannot begin to boast of, and commissaries that are as much more sanitary than a Boston or New York grocery or a German delicatessen shop as those are cleaner than a bachelor's kitchen, where a fly in an ointment or on a piece of beef or vegetable is a fatal flaw in the life job of a clerk; where there are found some swimming pools and bands and recreation centers; where soda-water replaces the saloon and where 6,296 prize yard gardens thrive—more than ninety per cent. of all yards, averaging in vegetable worth \$27.50 each to every grower, a farmers' committee estimate, or \$173,140 in all, last year.

It would be indeed vain to expect social work in a city such as New York to remedy all the ills bred from all the woes of mal-education, drink, dope, indifference. The influence of that self-same work nevertheless cannot be overesti-

mated. And the social worker labors with an awful handicap—the necessary substitution of persuasion for power; but in the Connellsville mining towns such those described, towns with social work wholly “municipalized” by the corporation, where professional social workers in the employ of the company show what a tenement can be with the wage of a miner, where “municipal” doctors and visiting nurses go about and a Panama sanitary engineer inspects, and there is a quick and sure hand to pluck out aught that threatens the physical or moral health of the community, there is a lesson for laggard cities and hope for discouraged social workers. Here the father who is a cocaine-user cannot evade responsibility and refuse medical examination; the husband who is a drunkard cannot refuse to support his family, even if his wife will not go to court. Judge Gary does not say much, but it is felt that he believes he is doing right, and wonders why many harass and misunderstand him.

Now and then he gains a little gratification. At the last stockholders' meeting, for instance, a stock-holding laborer got up to testify. In simple workingman's language that split its infinitives as often as does Judge Gary this man said most earnestly that the Steel Corporation is doing more for the laborers of the United States than the United States itself, and then he finished his eulogistic little gem of a speech by asking the President and his distinguished conferees to bow their heads in prayer while he thanked God for the existence of a business employer that cared for a worker's welfare.

“K of K”

Character Sketch of the British War Minister

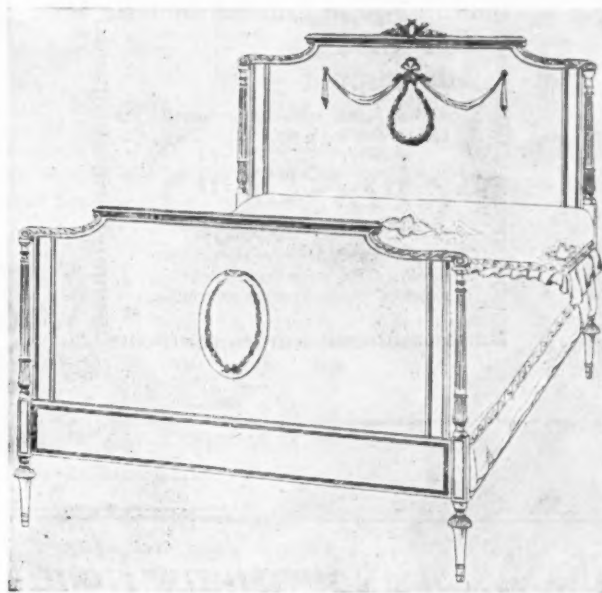
From The Pall Mall Magazine.

One of the figures foremost in the limelight at the present time is Earl Kitchener, who has lately assumed the position of Minister of War in the British Government, and upon whom will devolve the duty of directing the British preparations for the world-struggle now in progress. The accompanying study of his personality will be of especial and timely interest.

THOUGH it is seldom that the true proportions of a man's greatness are appreciable by his own countrymen and contemporaries, it is often possible to anticipate the verdict of history by that of more detached foreign observers. In the case of Earl Kitchener the opinion of Westerns and Orientals alike has very definitely pointed to him as the greatest Englishman of his era.

A MAN NOT OPEN TO IMPRESSION.

When Kitchener visited Manchuria and Japan upon the expiration of his command in India, the Japanese laid themselves out to impress him with various exhibitions of their military power, of which they were very reasonably proud. But the most imposing pageant in the world, its pomps and vanities, are as nothing in



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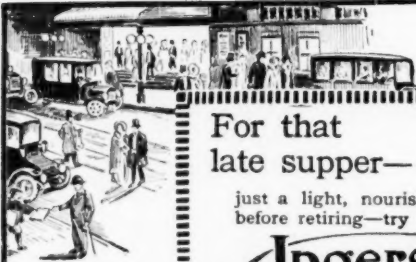
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Kitchener's eyes. His hosts viewed his silence, his expressionless immobility, if with disappointment, at least with profound respect. It was, in fact, like their own ideal of impenetrable reserve, and, as a Far Eastern friend who was in Kitchener's entourage informed me, Kitchener is regarded by the Japanese to-day as the greatest European they have ever seen.

Incidentally, my object here is to suggest a newer and more accurate estimate of Lord Kitchener's personality. None could be more interesting, if only for the fact that there has been no other modern soldier or statesman whose preparation for the work awaiting him has provided such an example of reversion to the ancient methods of Providence in the fashioning of its heroes—from the days of Moses onwards—amidst the wastes and solitudes of Nature.

THE EVIDENCE OF "RESERVE FORCE."

There is a common factor in the character of great men which an old writer has described as "reserve force acting directly by presence without means." "It is a sort of familiar genius," he says, "by whose impulses its possessors are swayed, but whose commands they cannot impart. Such men are often solitary, or, if they chance to be social, do not need society but can entertain themselves very well alone. What others effect by talent or by eloquence such men accomplish by some magnetism.

When the history of Lord Kitchener comes to be written surely no more fitting words could be found to describe him. It was said of Lord Chatham that there was something finer in the man than anything he said. So with Lord Kitchener there is a strange innate power which has always found expression, not in words, but in achievement, and in the production of achievement in others.

FROM "SILLY SUFFOLK."

Irishmen like to claim Lord Kitchener as a countryman of theirs on the ground that he was born at Gunsborough Villa, County Kerry, on June 24th, 1850. But although his father Colonel Henry Horatio Kitchener, had migrated to Ireland from Leicestershire two years before the birth of his son Herbert, the family is East Anglian, and in the little Suffolk village of Lakenheath there are records of the Kitcheners going back to two hundred years ago, when Thomas Kitchener and his wife Abigail came thither from Hampshire in the reign of the third William.

Ireland has given many great soldiers to the Empire—notably Lord Roberts—but "silly Suffolk produced the stock from which sprang Earl Kitchener of Khar-toum and Aspell.

"A SHY, SELF-CONTAINED BOY"

As a boy he seems to have impressed observers in different ways. An old friend of the family describes him as a "manly, active and spirited little fellow who could not keep quiet, and consequently, like all boys of his kind, used to get into scrapes, but had great luck in getting out of them." Another says "he was a smart, intelligent, growing-up lad, promising to be a

smart young fellow"; while a third remembers him as "quiet and taciturn, good at books, but taking a bad place in outdoor games and gymnastics." To a fourth he was "a shy, self-contained boy, who early showed a talent for figures."

K's friends of his famous days will readily recognize these early sprouts of his later qualities.

HIS FIRST SCENT OF POWDER.

They soon bore fruit in an eagerness for any useful experience which crossed his path. Thus even before he entered the Army in 1871 he had had a taste of actual war. While still a Woolwich cadet he was staying during a vacation with his father in Brittany, for the Irish estates had been sold. France's last desperate struggle against the German hosts was being fought out by brave but ill-organized armies of hastily-raised levies. Young Kitchener offered his services to the French, was accepted, and fought under General Chanzy in the operations around Le Mans. It was to be remembered afterwards when he and Captain Marchand gallantly drank to one another on the Nile at Fashoda.

A SON OF THE WILDERNESS.

But we need not go out of our way to seek for early germs of K's after greatness. He would be the first to deny that there was any finer quality in his nature than to be found in the generality of young Anglo-Saxon soldiers.

But he was subjected to a noviciate which has produced many of the world's finest souls. He was led forth into the wilderness. He did not adopt a raiment of camel's hair or a menu of locusts and wild honey, but the strong reflective elements in his nature, the self-sufficing, self-reliant were developed and hardened into wondrous temper in the free atmosphere and vast lonely spaces of the deserts.

THE TALE OF A TELEGRAM.

It was characteristic of so unconventional a nature that his first step to fortune and greatness was a piece of indiscipline. He was on leave in Alexandria on the eve of the famous bombardment, and knowing that a telegram recalling him to Cyprus was imminent he arranged with a friendly press-man to delay its reaching his hands until the weekly boat to Cyprus had gone. Lieutenant Kitchener with his, at that time, unrivaled knowledge of the natives and their language, was, of course, a welcome find for any commander like Lord Wolseley, committed to operations in a comparatively unknown country. Accordingly his services were retained, and from that moment his future was assured.

HE WANDERS GARBED AS AN ARAB.

There followed twelve months' unremitting labor, broken only by a journey to Sinai, and then, as an intelligence officer, he disappeared into the desert to the south. His nature had become fully responsive and attuned to the voice of the wilderness, and it was a call he could not resist. For two years he wandered from Cairo to Abu Hamed, from Berber to the Red Sea.

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Got along with it for quite a good many years, but when indigestion, nervousness and biliousness began to bother, and my heart "kicked up" a little, Wife, without my knowing it, began to serve

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Didn't notice much change in taste, but began to feel better. Told Wife so, and she said, "there's a reason."

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The Arab whose language he spoke and whose garb he wore met him sometimes in far-away villages, in crowded bazaars, or in desert oases. Living the life of the native, he talked trade and commerce with cross-legged Arab merchants between puffs of his chibouk, or Soudanese politics with Bisbareen Sheiks by palm-shaded wells in the Lybian deserts. And all the time he was absorbing that vast store of information and knowledge which in due season, after fifteen long years, was to materialize in the regeneration of the Soudan.

KITCHENER'S WAY.

Genial, affable, kindly, and fond of a joke at ordinary times, when hard work or fighting is afoot he freezes into an uncompromising severity. Hence the constant triumph of his subordinates over apparently insuperable difficulties.

Once, in a blazing Soudan summer, a young officer on a desert post, to whom an order had been sent, was down with a touch of sunstroke. It was a direct contravention of K's regulations, for every one of his officers had to be fit and ready to march in K's invariable half-an-hour in any direction. One of K's staff thoughtlessly pleaded the young officer's physical incapacity. "Sunstroke!" replied K. "What the devil does he mean by having sunstroke? Send him down to Cairo at once."

As this was K's invariable sentence of professional death, the staff-officer hurriedly wired to his friend a warning that he was under a delusion and was quite well. The order was somehow carried out, and nothing more was heard of the matter.

THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER "TALKED BACK."

Only one man is ever known to have given back-talk to Kitchener in the matter of an order. When at the most critical stage of the long advance towards Khartoum the all-important desert railway was being pushed into the gleaming wastes of rock and sand beyond Wady Halfa, K. one day made a sudden descent upon the officer in charge of the work and strongly objected to some method of construction.

It might well have silenced some men. But the young, and at that time unknown, soldier of French-Canadian extraction, Percy Girouard, looked calmly into the eyes of the dreaded chief and replied deliberately: "Look here, sir, am I working this job or are you?" Kitchener laughed. "Go on," he said. "Do it your own way." He knew his man and the qualities which gave him such faith in himself.

K'S "MUST."

The following story affords an interesting comparison between K's way and that of other commanders. It occurred in South Africa.

Lord Roberts, requiring some important work to be carried out, sent for a senior officer and gave him his instructions. "How soon do you think you can put it through?" inquired the kindly old chief, adding, "I know you'll do the best you can." "I'll try to do it in a fortnight, sir," was the reply. "Well, I know you'll do your best," smiled Lord Roberts, as he bade the other good-bye.

The visitor had no sooner got outside than he ran up against Lord Kitchener. "Well?" rapped out K., abruptly. "Oh, I've just seen the chief," explained the officer, referring to the business in hand. "How soon will you get it done?" was the quick response. "Well, I told him I would try to do it in a fortnight." "Now look here, Colonel," replied K., "unless this is put through *within a week* we shall have to consider your return home." The work was done.

HIS CHOICE OF TOOLS.

No man was ever so independent of his entourage. His office stationery consisted of a bundle of telegraph forms in his helmet and a pencil in his pocket. It was said of him that his chief of staff in South Africa had nothing to do but to smoke his pipe, and that if an earthquake had swallowed up the whole of his staff he probably would not have noticed it.

Yet none knew better than he how much of his success was due to his wise choice of tools he used, and in their choice he was adamant to all suggestions from without.

Upon this implacable son of the deserts the jobbery and backstair influences of civilized communities never made a moment's impression. But woman will often rush in where man fears to tread.

"THAT AWFUL WOMAN!"

It happened in the days of his Sirdarship at Cairo that a lady of considerable social influence but little discretion resolved in the interests of a young soldier to make a direct appeal to K. himself. She besought a personal interview. The Sirdar excused himself. Nothing daunted, the lady presented herself at K.'s official quarters at a time which usually claimed his attendance in the daily routine of business. K. posted an officer on guard with strict injunctions.

Twice the would-be intruder was induced by this look-out man to believe the Sirdar had escaped her. Accordingly she timed her next visit for a more promising hour. The watchman again stood in the breach. "How dare you tell me he is not here!" she gasped. "You shall not stop me." And before the surprised officer could muster sufficient resolution to bar the way the enemy had rushed the position with a wild rustle of silk petticoats and a parasol at the charge.

Down the passage went the attack, and with unerring instinct into a room at the end. Here, lo and behold, was a tall man engaged in some ablutions and garbed in a deshabelle of shirt and nether garments who, with the genius of the great general that he was, at once took cover behind a table and a couple of chairs. The avenger of Gordon afterwards acknowledged that but for the furniture zareba he must have been lost.

But help was at hand, and by a series of masterly operations the siege was raised. It was, perhaps, the closest shave the great chief has ever had, and long after, when reference was made to this terrible adventure, K. would observe with uplifted hands and eyes, "That awful woman!"



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Shackleton's lead is a good lead—remember his words:—

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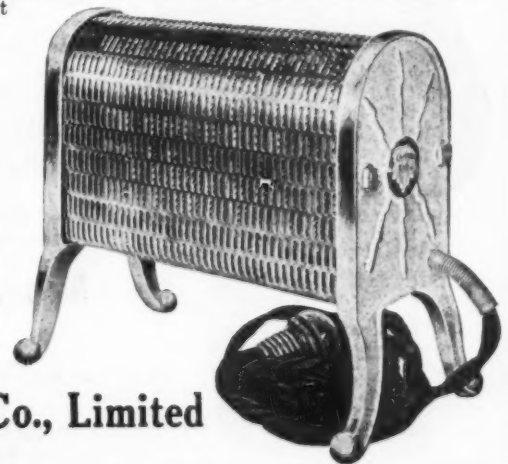
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Reforming Trial by Jury

Some Suggestions for Improving this Most Important Feature of Our Law

From Saturday Evening Post.

The following is a partial reproduction from a powerful article by Melville Davisson Post, in which he arraigns, not the jury system, but the method in which it is carried out at present. Although the article deals with conditions in the United States, it applies closely to conditions in Canada also.

THE basic thing from which the jury system suffers is a lack of dignity. So long as an institution is independent and sovereign, the highest type of men in the electorate will gladly act in it. When it becomes dependent and servile they will neglect and avoid it. There is something about independence and sovereignty that appeals strongly to the Anglo-Saxon. If he has no master he is great and noble.

So long as the jury was considered to be a distinct and supreme branch of the administration of justice it stood up with force and independence. As it gradually became subservient to the authority of the judges its force and independence departed, and it became more and more difficult to induce the best men in the electorate to undertake its service.

As the judges came to dominate the jury the independent citizen withdrew further from it, until we are sometimes at this day accused of putting the administration of justice into the hands of the most ignorant and least discriminating of our people.

It is true that the average citizen endeavors to evade jury service and even tries to disqualify himself. When he comes into court he is usually fortified with the stock excuses. He engages in what seems to be a cunning struggle with the presiding magistrate in order to show that he is not a fit person to sit in the trial of a cause. So anxious is he to es-

cape that cheerfully, and without shame, he will undertake to demonstrate that he is by nature so great a weakling that he ought not to be trusted to pass on a controversy between his fellows.

Consequently the whole machinery of the court, in notorious cases, is often engaged for a long time in the selection of a jury. As many as three thousand men are sometimes examined before a jury is secured. As much as a month may be taken up in endeavoring to procure a jury for a single criminal case, and a small fortune is often expended by the commonwealth before the actual trial of the prisoner begins. This constitutes a formidable indictment in the minds of many against the jury system, and on account of it we are told that trial by jury must be abandoned and some more practical device substituted for it.

It seems not to have occurred to these critics that this condition is not caused by the jury system but, in fact, by the degradation of the jury system. The reason the better class of the electorate avoid jury service is because of its lack of dignity and the actual physical hardship it entails.

If the citizen drawn out of the electorate were asked to sit on the bench in the judge's chair and decide a case, he would consider that an enviable honor. According to the intent of our scheme of justice it ought to be as great an honor to sit in the jury chair. The jury and the judge are co-ordinate branches of our administrative justice each independent of the other and each of equal dignity and honor.

The judge sits for the longer term, but the sovereign powers which he exercises are less than those of the juror. The theory is that the man on the bench is a judge for a term of years or for life, while the man in the jury box is a judge for a single case or a limited number of cases. The juror is judge of both the law and the facts in every case, and he is bound to obey no rule or authority over him in his decision; while the judge is limited in his power and governed by established rules.

Thus, for the time that he sits, the juror under our theory of justice is a more regal and ultimate authority. If this theory of our judicial system were understood by the people the best men in the commonwealth would not only submit to their civic duties as jurors but would seek the distinction of it.

So long as the jury seems to the people to be merely a servile dependency of the judge, and so long as the juror is treated by the court as though he were a weakling, with no established integrity, jury service by an independent electorate will be evaded at almost any cost.

Why should the independent citizen, drawn out of the body of the electorate and clothed with the sovereign power of doing justice between his fellows, be treated by the judge on the bench as so inferior a person that every precaution must be taken in order to prevent him from being forced or persuaded into acts of injustice? He is locked up as the Turk locks up his women. He is subjected to the closest espionage and to hardships



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Emperor William of Germany.

more severe than those imposed on the felon in a penal sentence.

Who locks up the judge when he has a criminal case on motion or appeal to decide? Who follows and watches him to see that he be not influenced? And if he does not require this isolation and this espionage when he decides a criminal case on motion or appeal, why does the citizen require it when he decides a criminal case at the trial?

Are honesty and integrity the peculiar attributes of any particular class? Do they belong more to the lawyer than to the artisan—to the attorney in the courtroom more than to the farmer in his field?

When a lawyer is elected or appointed to the bench, by that act does any particular virtue enter him by which his moral nature becomes superior to that of other men? The quality of honor, like that of mercy, is not strained. Men do not take it in a superior degree, with a certificate under seal of the commonwealth. In honor, in integrity, men do not sit in rows one above another, the attorneys above the people and the judges above the attorneys.

All the difficulty in obtaining jurors would depart if the jury system were restored to its ancient dignity. Then, with the addition of one or two simple rules governing the selection of the veniremen, a jury could be had in any case without expense or delay.

The first of these rules ought to be that jury service should be freed from every possible restraint consistent with a fair administration of the law—that is to say, the juror ought not to be subjected to any hardship that is not imposed on the judge on the bench. He ought to be as free a judge of cases at law as the presiding magistrate is of cases in equity.

All restrictions that are not binding on the judge on the bench ought to be removed from the venireman in the jury box. He should be made to feel that as high a standard of honor is required of him as of the judge, and that he is a person of equal dignity and of equal responsibility to the commonwealth.

It is a profound error to assume that the citizen who seeks to evade jury service is for that reason dishonest. It is not in any sense that the people are dishonest. They have fallen into the habit of endeavoring to evade this civic duty because unconscionable hardships are involved in it, because of its loss of dignity, and because the courts treat the jurors as though they were irresponsible weaklings, of so frail a moral fiber that only the most elaborate precaution can insure justice at their hands.

If the people can be made to understand that the jury is an independent and sovereign department of the court, if they insist that it be freed from all restrictions that are not imposed on the presiding judge, and that its dignity and independence be recognized—then our judicial system in practice will equal its splendid theory. Everybody feels that he ought to hear and decide a cause for his neighbor, in order that his neighbor may be willing to decide a cause for him, to the end that this duty may not be exer-

cised by the ignorant, inefficient and vicious.

The second rule ought to be that no citizen should be excused from jury service unless he is related to a party, has some interest in the case, or is possessed of some direct knowledge of the matter.

That he has read of the case in the newspaper or has hearsay knowledge of it or has formed a vague opinion with respect to it—or any of the like refinements—ought not to excuse him from jury service. The opinion a venireman has formed of a case, to disqualify him, ought, as some courts have said, to imply malice or ill will; and it ought to appear that it is so strong as to give rise to the inference of hostility or prejudice; in fact, it is doubtful whether, on the whole, any great injustice would result if every man who is not related to a party, and who has no direct knowledge of the matter, were summarily forced to take his place in the jury box.

If it appears that the venireman is merely making excuses he ought to be punished for contempt. There is no lack of law to support such a course. The courts have the power to punish any one for contempt who endeavors to evade jury service by voluntarily forming an opinion of the case after he has become aware that he is going to be called as a juror.

Even with the present difficulties and the present loss of dignity it would be quite easy for any presiding judge to secure a jury quickly in any case by the adoption of these simple rules of procedure. Of course the presiding judge would have to be supported by the judges of the superior courts. He ought to feel that the superior courts would not review his discretion in selecting a jury, except where a case showed an abuse of discretion.

THE GREAT WAR

SOME wars name themselves—the Crimean War, the Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War, the Thirty Years' War, the Revolutionary War, and many others.

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It names itself.

The commercial situation needs some placid attention to business and the courage that ignores the war.—*Toronto Globe*.

A despatch from Brussels says the Belgian women along the country roads greeted the soldiers with food, bottles of wine and kisses. General Sherman never said anything about that.—*Montreal News*.

If someone could only send word to the Germans that there are a lot of lacrosse and hockey players in the Canadian contingent he would most likely sue for peace without delay.—*Port Arthur News*.

Parliament has been prorogued after an extraordinary session of five days. Shows what the legislators can accomplish when they quit spitting and get busy.—*St. Thomas Journal*.

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A Railway to Ceylon

British Engineers are Bridging Space Between the Island and India

From The Technical World Magazine.

A wonderful feat has been undertaken—and nearly completed—in the southern reaches of the Indian Ocean. A bridge from Ceylon to India! It sounds impossible, but under the management of capable engineers, it is rapidly becoming a reality.

SEA-GOING railroads are becoming so common these days as almost to encourage faith in the ultimate materialization of Lindenthal's theoretically possible bridge across the Atlantic. The latest of these sea-going railroads, constituting the so-called "Indo-Ceylon Connection," unites the peninsula of India with the Island of Ceylon. There are certain facts in connection with this railway of peculiar interest:

The new road follows a causeway built a great many centuries ago, but subsequently destroyed by the sea, according to Neville Priestly, managing director of the South Indian Railway.

A glance at a map of India will show that Ceylon lies some sixty miles south-east of the southern extremity of Hindustan, from which it is separated by the Gulf of Manar and Palk Strait. These waters are studded with small rocky islands, some of them overgrown with palms and presenting a singularly beautiful appearance. Between the Island of Manar on the north-west coast of Ceylon and the Island of Rameswaram on the coast of India is the ridge of sand banks called "Adam's Bridge," which almost connects the Island of Ceylon with the continent, being intersected only by three shallow passages, the remainder being covered with two to six feet of water. These channels admit only very small vessels; but between Rameswaram and the mainland is Pambau Pass, a fourteen-foot channel dredged some fifty years ago for the benefit of the coasting trade. This is the only navigable channel between India and Ceylon.

Although so near to each other geographically, India and Ceylon were so far apart in practicable transportation routes that formerly the traveler had to endure a voyage of two hundred miles in a small vessel across the rough waters of the Gulf of Manar between Tuticorin, the southernmost railroad terminus on the mainland, and Colombo, Ceylon. This voyage magnified the horrors of the English Channel ten-fold; and any man who wants to be ten times as seasick as he can get on the passage between Dover and Calais is unreasonable. No wonder the poor coolies used to think twice before venturing on such a trip, even when tempted by the comparatively big wages offered in Ceylon.

Whereas American railroad men are wont to build lines first and figure out where traffic is to come from afterward, Englishmen demand to see the color of the dividends before paying out money in

construction. Although the Indo-Ceylon connection was first proposed in 1876, no definite action was taken in the matter until 1894, when an estimate was prepared which showed the cost of bridging the twenty-two miles of sea known as Adam's Bridge, as likely to be \$8,750,000. As this was more than the prospective traffic seemed to warrant, the idea was abandoned until 1906 when Neville Priestly, then agent of the South Indian Railway Company, proposed a return to the Adam's Bridge route on a compromise basis. That is, he proposed to build a sea-going railroad part of the distance, leaving a gap of twenty miles to be covered by ferry till the growth of traffic warranted the completion of the bridge for the entire distance across the shallow water between India and the Island of Ceylon.

This was such an obviously practical solution that the company took it up. The work consisted of an extension of the South Indian Railway, which runs south from Madras on the east coast of the peninsula, from Mandapam, on the mainland, to Dhanushkodi on the Island of Rameswaram; an extension from Madawachi on the main line of the Ceylon Government Railway to Halaimanar on the Island of Manar and the construction of two piers, and customs, postal, and railway quarters at each of the railway termini for the service of ferry steamers provided between them. There is also a large quarantine camp on Rameswaram Island for the detention of coolies bound for Ceylon.

The rolling lift drawbridge is America's contribution to the enterprise. Engineers find this bridge particularly interesting because of its length of span, two hundred and eighty-nine feet, giving a clear way for vessels two hundred feet wide. It was erected entirely by native Indian labor, and, to avoid interference with navigation, with its leaves pointing up at angle of sixty degrees.

The workmen were Moplahs—natives of the Malabar Coast, Western India—who had had little, if any, experience in bridge building, but what they lacked in knowledge they made up in main strength and activity. The pneumatic riveter rather stumped them at first, and much of the early work had to be done over; but the Moplahs soon got the hang of it and then they did good work at the rate of two hundred and fifty rivets a day for each squad.

The Moplahs, unlike the Tamils who live in the neighborhood of the route, are strict Mohammedans and therefore temperate. The pay-day drunk, so familiar to American railroad contractors, was conspicuously absent. Other labor consisted of Eurasian and Tamil foremen, engine men, mechanics, rivet inspectors, painters, and boatmen. The laborers consisted of both women and men, for when it comes to hard work the Hindu believes in equal rights. Everybody worked ten hours a day, Sundays as well as week days, except when an occasional Mohammedan feast caused an interruption. During the Mohammedan fast of thirty days, the Moplahs knocked off at four o'clock. They had to do it, because they abstained rigidly from eating, drinking, smoking, or chewing from sunrise to sunset. Under

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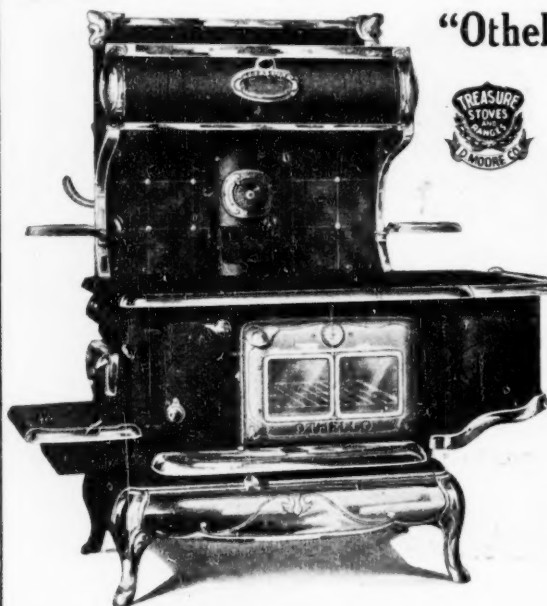
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these conditions eight hours' work was all they could stand. Hindu feast days didn't count, for the Moplahs paid no attention to them.

Anchorage for the drawbridge were constructed on artificial islands about sixty feet square. Here steel cylinders twelve feet in diameter were driven deep into the clay of the seabottom and then filled with concrete. Owing to the small space on these artificial islands only a few pieces for the bridge could be brought over at a time. In addition to the usual erection marks for the guidance of the engineers the materials for each half of both leaves of the bridge had been painted a distinctive color—brown and yellow for one leaf, gray and green for the other. Thus the stupidest workman could not fail to distinguish them.

The contractors did go so far as to use steam-driven concrete mixers, but that was the limit. The mixed concrete was handled in the good old-fashioned way, being dumped on the decks of scows from which it was shoveled into galvanized iron dishes about twelve inches in diameter and five inches deep which were carried by boys and women up runways to be deposited in the huge counterweights which balance the ponderous leaves of the bridge to such a nicety that but little effort is required to open or close it.

All hoisting was done by hand winches. In spite of these primitive methods, and in spite of high winds and a daily rainfall of two inches in October the erection of the drawbridge was finished in six months. A terrific storm at the end of November, 1913, did a lot of damage to the embankment across the Island of Rameswaram and to the artificial islands at the bridge site. But by strenuous work the job was finished in time to avoid something much more serious than anything in the power of the elements. According to Hindu religious chronology there are various "inauspicious occasions" in the course of the year, one of which begins at exactly four o'clock on December 14. A new undertaking begun during this inauspicious occasion would be sure to result in misfortune and disaster. By working the track-laying gangs all night the contractors were able to run the first train across the bridge at 3.50 p.m., thus avoiding something dreadful by the narrow margin of ten minutes.

The Indian Government approved the bridge December 29, 1913, and regular passenger traffic was established to Dhanushkodi on January 1, though the usual celebration was not held until February 24.

The temporary gap of twenty miles is now filled in by a fleet of three steamers of only six feet draft, which run first on one side of Adam's Brige, then on the other, according to the direction in which the monsoon is blowing. This monsoon difficulty necessitated two complete sets of piers and terminal facilities at each end of the route.

If the new route to Ceylon proves as attractive for tourists and as profitable in other traffic as the directors hope, the gap will soon be bridged. Then the tourist, can, if he wishes, ride from Madras away up on the east coast of India, through to Colombo, the metropolis of Ceylon, without changing cars.

British Foreign Policy Explained

Events Which Led to Britain's Participation in Recent Alignment of European Powers

From the London Times.

The accompanying article tells of the reshaping of Britain's foreign policy from one of "splendid isolation" to an active participation in the alignment of European Powers and the reasons for the change. It is an interesting review of international politics from the time of the Boer War to the present.

THE first principle of all British foreign policy is recognition of the fact that England, though an island, forms part of Europe. Forgetfulness of this simple fact has in the past had disastrous consequences. Without reverting to the war of 1870, when England, by abandoning France to her fate, allowed her to be dismembered, and has ever since paid the cost in the growing burden of international armaments, it is necessary only to remember the position held by Great Britain at the end of the South African War. The policy of the late Lord Salisbury had been one of "splendid isolation." When disaster overtook us in South Africa we were without a friend on the Continent, and were only saved from attack by a European coalition because the Emperor of Russia declined to sanction such a policy, and because the question of Alsace-Lorraine formed an insuperable obstacle to military and naval co-operation against us by Germany and France.

The policy of "splendid isolation" became a military and political impossibility, unless we were prepared so to strengthen our army and our navy as to be able to defy any attack or combination of attacks by land and sea. King Edward recognized this fact, and with the advice of his ministers sought to diminish the number of our potential enemies on the Continent. Contrary to many interested or mistaken assertions, neither he nor Lord Lansdowne ever conceived the policy of making friends in Europe as a policy of aggression.

The first step in this policy had little reference to Europe. It consisted in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of 1902. But it was the Anglo-Japanese Alliance that led directly to the Anglo-French Entente of 1904. During 1903, England strove, as she is striving now, to prevent war, by urging Russia to come to terms with Japan. France also sought to restrain her ally, lest entanglement in the Far East should render Russia incapable of supporting France in Europe. Russian support was indispensable to France, who had constantly been exposed to diplomatic and military pressure by Germany, and had, in 1875, only been saved from German attack though the intervention of the Emperor of Russia, and especially of Queen

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Victoria. Queen Victoria then saw that the undisputed predominance of Germany in Europe, and the permanent disablement of France, would create for England a situation as dangerous as that which grew up when Napoleon established his supremacy on the Continent.

Anglo-French efforts failed to prevent the Russo-Japanese War in 1904. Germany, who was anxious to remove the pressure of the Russian army from her eastern frontier, counteracted them. When the war broke out, France and England were obliged quickly to decide whether they would join in the war and fight each other, or would agree to remain neutral and to counterbalance German supremacy. They chose the latter course in February, 1904. A few weeks later the agreement with France, known as the Entente Cordiale, turned this negative agreement into a positive pact.

Russia is now defending a vital interest. France, who is bound to Russia by alliance, and still more by the necessities of her European situation and political independence, is compelled to support Russia. England is bound by moral obligations to side with France and Russia, lest the balance of forces on the Continent be upset to her disadvantage and she be left alone to face a predominant Germany.

A vital British interest is therefore at stake. This interest takes two forms—the general interest of European equilibrium, which has been explained, and the more direct interest of preserving the

independence of Holland, and particularly Belgium. The Franco-German frontier along the Vosges has been so formidably fortified on both sides that a German or a French advance across it seems improbable. The point of contact between the German and French armies would naturally lie in or near Belgium. But a German advance through Belgium into the north of France might enable Germany to acquire possession of Antwerp, Flushing, and even of Dunkirk and Calais, which might then become German naval bases against England. This is a contingency which no Englishman can look upon with indifference.

Because in these days of swift decisions and swifter action, it would be too late for England to act with any chance of success after France had been defeated in the North. This is why the shots fired by the Austro-Hungarian guns at Belgrade reverberate across the English Channel. The safety of the narrow seas is a vital, the most vital, British national and Imperial interest. It is an axiom of British self-preservation. France does not threaten our security. A German victory over France would threaten it immediately. Even should the German navy remain inactive, the occupation of Belgium and northern France by German troops would strike a crushing blow at British security. We should then be obliged, alone and without allies, to bear the burden of keeping up a fleet superior to that of Germany and of an army proportionately strong. This burden would be ruinous.

Flying the Atlantic

A Prominent Aviator Discusses the Chances of Success

Progress in the science of aviation has been so rapid of late years, that no one can reasonably doubt that before long "flying the Atlantic" will have become an accomplished fact. Mr. Claude Graham-White, one of the foremost aviators of the present day, here discusses the chances of success of such a venture.

THERE is a lure always in what we call "the sporting chance." Be the risks great, the odds heavy, the task one which has for centuries seemed a dream, then forth will come the pioneer with an eager eye, sweeping difficulties aside, laughing doubts to scorn. And perhaps he may win through; there is the chance—"the sporting chance." These things can be done, and are done—a victory snatched by daring whilst men who are cautious talk of ways and means.

Can the flight be made? Is a plane possible which shall ascend at Newfoundland and fly those eighteen hundred miles to Ireland? The expert will answer: "It can; it is." Then, plunging from the direct query into a sea of speculation, we welter among difficulties—take this for granted, and that; assume something here and something there—till the man with the machine, who is preparing himself for

flight, will lose all patience and say: "Fill up my tanks; cease talking; I mean to start."

If money is forthcoming, and the man, the machine, at all events, can be built; on that there is agreement. But it will be a new machine, we must remember; and this means that it is experimental and must needs be "tuned" before it is ready for its test, as an athlete is trained for some great race. But assuming the funds for building have been set aside, and the plans discussed, and the project is really serious to win its 50,000 dollars from *The Daily Mail*, what can be obtained in the way of an ocean-going craft?

In schemes most widely discussed, and those which promise an attempt—perhaps this summer—to win the cross-Atlantic prize, the type of craft favored may be described approximately thus: a machine with one thousand square feet of lifting surface or slightly more, driven by a motor of, say, two hundred horse-power, and lifting into the air two pilots and flying with them for approximately thirty hours without descending, at a speed of sixty miles an hour. This is a reasonable proposition in building; but there is a factor that must not be ignored. In stating the

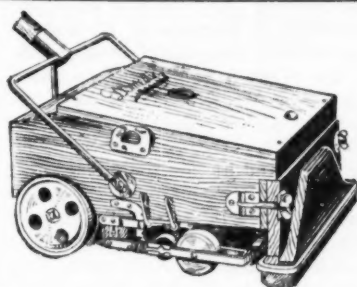
machine's capacity at thirty hours, it is assumed that its single motor will survive without breakdown what must obviously be a severe ordeal. The aeroplane engine of to-day, in those details born of experience which make for daily service, is a wonderful piece of mechanism; it will run for many hours despite the intricacy of its parts; it will stand up to hard constant wear; it has established the record already of carrying a man across country without alighting for more than one thousand miles. But never, so far, has a motor borne a machine through the air, without a halt or respite, for thirty continuous hours. Is there any reason why it should not? No. Bench tests may be adduced to show that a non-stop run such as this, or one longer is within the power of a modern-type engine. But a trial on the bench is not a flight through the air, and a pilot must not deceive himself. The motor is the heart of his machine, the keynote of the problem; and he is asking it, if he uses only one in an Atlantic flight, to do something no motor has done before. Of course such questions are asked; the pioneer is always asking them. And here, as a matter of fact, the airman has what seems a fair "sporting chance." But it is a chance, none the less, and the first and perhaps the most important.

Personally, were I to build a special craft for this flight, I should employ a machine with perhaps one thousand five hundred square feet of lifting surface, and driven by a series of motors, develop one thousand or twelve hundred horsepower. With one motor, should it fail, there is nothing to do but plane down into the water; but if a machine has several arranged so that each is a separate unit, then the stoppage of one of them may mean nothing more serious than a diminution in speed. A really large machine, also, could carry the weight of a couple of mechanics in addition to its pilots; and these mechanics, besides tending the motors constantly while the craft was in the air, would be able to repair the breakdown, say, of one unit, while the other engines, being still in action, would continue to sustain the machine in flight.

There is a factor in the problem to which I have not as yet referred, although it is almost as vital as the endurance of a motor; this is the uncertainty of the weather.

In any flight to-day, and with any type of aircraft, the question of wind direction must arise. Head winds may reduce the pace of a fast machine to that of a slow one; a side wind, pressing constantly upon his craft, may drive a pilot from his course; while a wind astern, should he be so favored, may add many miles an hour to his flying speed. It is sound policy always, in a long-distance flight, for an airman to await a favoring wind.

Time-tables, of course—albeit provisional ones—have been drawn up for the flying of the Atlantic; and in all of them the wind is made to play its part. There is, as a matter of fact, in regard to this flight, some reason to assume that the wind will prove helpful. During the summer months it has been shown that



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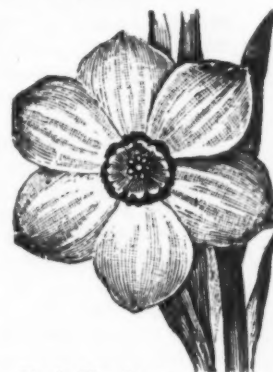
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the ocean wind, blowing away from the coast of North America, sets eastward towards Northern Europe. The prevalence of such a wind is, indeed, rather more than a "sporting chance"; it has been proved time and again that such a trend does exist, although sometimes it may, in actual direction, be rather to the south of west. So, working upon his time-schedule, the would-be competitor may say: "I shall reckon a following wind, while I am in the air, of from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. This means that, if the strength of the wind is added to the normal speed of my machine, I shall be flying, not at sixty miles an hour, but at ninety. So the flight can be made in twenty hours instead of thirty, and I shall not be in danger of running short of petrol, as I might otherwise have been in the last few hours before landing."

There is another risk in regard to the weather—graver than would be occasioned by any change of wind—and it is one that is appreciated clearly only after studying a storm chart of the North Atlantic. This shows that disturbances may be encountered in mid-Atlantic which sweep down in circles from the North Pole. Thus it is unsafe to assume that, because a craft starts from the North American coast with a favoring wind, such conditions will prevail for the entire crossing. It might happen that one of these circular storms was met in mid-Atlantic; and if this did occur it would not only upset the calculations of a timetable, but might spell disaster.

The question of the weather, indeed, like that of the motor, no matter how it may be argued, remains an uncertain factor. Usually the wind *does* blow to the eastward; a disturbance in mid-Atlantic may be avoided; in nine cases out of ten a motor *will* run without mishap, and so on. But no man has yet crossed the Atlantic by air or, for the matter of that, any very wide expanse of water. The atmospheric conditions through which a machine would fly are therefore unknown, and unexpected phenomena may be encountered.

One is reminded of M. Bleriot, when he took out his monoplane to fly the English Channel. The machine was propelled by an air-cooled motor, the best performance of which, prior to the crossing of the Channel, even after expert "tuning," had been a flight of about twenty-five minutes; and now Bleriot asked it to run for more than half an hour without breakdown. And the penalty he knew, should it fail him suddenly, was a fall into the water that might cost him his life. But quite deliberately, in the cold grey of early morning, he took this chance; and for thirty-six minutes, while he battled with a rising wind, the motor ticked away as smoothly as a clock.

Bleriot played high—and won; and so, should they fly before the feat is within the normal scope of aviation, must the cross-Atlantic airmen play high—higher than Bleriot played, and with a greater and graver risk.

The motor and the weather—here are

two uncertainties. And there is another. Even should their engine run without a hitch, and a stern wind blow smoothly all the way, the pilots have still the problem of steering correctly. Nowadays, when he makes a flight across country, an airman has a map and a compass, and checks it from his map; and he has the advantage also that, should a doubt arise, he may note some landmark that will tell him, beyond any question of error, whether or not he has been adhering to his path.

But there may be fog or a land mist; and then the airman flies alone, with nothing below or around him by empty air. His compass-needle points north, of course, and he has his map; and should the air be calm, or the wind continue, he may still find his way without fear of error. But if while he is flying the wind should change and blow suddenly across his path the machine may be borne steadily sideways, even while its bow points true upon the compass course. To meet this difficulty there is now an "anti-drift" compass, which enables a change of wind to be detected, and an allowance made for it even while flying. But an experienced pilot would be chary of flying for hours through a fog, with no landmark to tell him that his course remained correct. And yet in the attempt to cross the Atlantic, with twenty hours' steering at least before them, the pilots

will be flying under conditions which may be likened to a constant fog—from the moment, that is to say, the coast-line fades behind them, and they face the sweep of ocean, they will have no guide—beyond, perhaps, the sighting of an occasional ship—to aid them in adhering to their course. Such conditions enduring for a few hours might spell no risk of error, but for twenty, and perhaps for thirty! Here we have doubt with a vengeance, a confusion of "if's" and "but's." The man who is sufficiently bold, however—our ideal pioneer—is not disposed to be nervous even with such a haunting fear as this.

But in men's thoughts none the less there is this elusive and provoking chance, with the knowledge that fame may be won, perhaps, by putting it to the test. Will the motor run? It should. Will the wind blow right? It generally does at this time of year. Can a course be steered? That is difficult to tell, but there is no reason why—etc., etc. As we began, so must we end. The chance is there—very remote, some will argue, and men's lives may be the forfeit should Fate prove unkind. But there is that in us which leaps to such risks, which will only admit their existence as a spur to endeavor; and when all is said and done, one can do no more than write this: Those who fly the Atlantic this year, or even next, will be lucky, very lucky men.

Genius is Vitality

From T. P.'s Weekly.

What makes one man stand out above all others in a certain line? Is genius a divine touch, a form of madness, a capacity attained through hard work? Many explanations have been advanced, but in the accompanying article Hamilton Fyfe seems to get close to the root of matters.

MANY definitions of genius have been suggested. Most familiar of all is Carlyle's "infinite capacity for taking pains." It has been maintained, on the one hand, that any man who stands out from his fellow-men must be endowed with a special admixture of the divine element. On the other hand, we have been bidden to regard all geniuses as insane. Neither hypothesis survives close examination. Benvenuto Cellini was a good deal lower than the angels. If Julius Caesar was a lunatic, whom shall we call sane? Another suggestion attributes to all men of genius a gift for "seizing the essential." But when we ask, "Why do they possess this gift?" the oracles are dumb.

THE ROOT-CAUSE OF SUCCESS.

If they did not fail for other reasons, all the theories offered up to now would be unsatisfactory on this account: that they only apply to great genius. We see around us every day many degrees of the quality which enables certain men to rise out of the ruck. We want to know, not merely why Shakespeare was

a transcendent poet or why Napoleon conquered and ruled, but why Delane became editor of the "Times," why John Burns forced his way into the Cabinet, why Sir Thomas Lipton sells his tea all over the world; also, why in a gang of laborers one man is made foreman, or why, among a pack of schoolboys, one always takes the lead. Any real explanation of genius must help us to understand not alone its striking manifestations, but its lesser workings as well. In short, we want to know what is the root-cause of success.

I use the word "success" in its broadest sense. I mean by it the doing of whatsoever our hands find to do with all our might. I intend it to cover every kind of activity. I suppose we have all been puzzled at times to understand why some attract attention or amass fortunes while others remain obscure and never earn more than a bare living. We cannot explain this by saying that the successful men are superior either in learning or characters, in wisdom or industry, in morals or in mind. Frequently we know that the "ranker" is better informed and better-hearted than the sergeant, the captain, or the general; a more complete, more contented, more companionable man.

HIGH OR LOW VITALITY.

Cicero was more intellectually nimble than Caesar. Ben Johnson had more

What and Why is the Internal Bath?

By C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practised, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever-present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too

long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been regarded as a menace, and Physicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which make it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means; causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50% Efficient." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 249, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in MacLean's Magazine.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

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learning than Shakespeare. Babeuf's intentions were better than Bonaparte's (he lost his head for them). Sir Harry Vane was a far more logical revolutionary than Oliver Cromwell. What was there in the four great men I have named which brought them to the front? Had they any gift or quality in common, setting them apart from other men? Yes, one, and one only. Not deep insight, nor high moral purpose, nor desire for fame. They did not become Super-men by studying for the position, not by taking thought and laying careful plans. They came to the front without apparent effort, make any effort to get there—because they were more alive than other men.

The cause of greatness, of genius, whether on the small scale or on the great, is, I am sure, abundance of Vitality. Examine the record of any man who has made his own way to eminence in any career. You will not find that his principles were purer, his education more extended, or his conscious aims more lofty than those of his competitors. You will find that there worked within him an untiring energy; that he was forced along by this; almost, it seems sometimes, without any will of his own. Men of abounding vitality cannot be still. There is a demon of activity within them which obliges them to be always doing.

They may be inclined to indolence, as Johnson was. They may be lovers of silence, like Carlyle. They may, with Cincinnatus, prefer ploughing to war and statecraft. But they are not able to follow their bent. They are possessed by an insatiable craving to be at work in whatever their line may be. Those who conquer nations and found empires are not moved by ambition. Ambition only works within a restricted sphere. They are moved by the enormous force of vitality, which struggles within them, as the fire and the lava burn and boil in the heat of the volcano, and must find a way out.

The same is true, in a lesser degree, of men who become very rich. They do not become rich because they set their hearts upon riches. Often they do not either care for or know what to do with their money. They become rich because they have to. Stored up in their natures is a certain amount of energy which has to be employed in some way. It might be worked off in the service of God (for example, Dr. Livingstone), or in the service of Man (Plimsoll, John Howard, Dr. Barnardo), in the spreading of ideas (Rousseau, Herbert Spencer), or the patient tracking down of truth (Darwin, Copernicus, Galileo). If they have no special bent, these men destined to become rich, engage in industry or commerce, and their energy is rewarded by great wealth.

A MATTER OF ENERGY.

We loosely say that success is won by concentration, by perseverance, by taking pains infinitely. But how are some men able to concentrate, to take pains, to persevere more effectively than other men? How, except by their more energetic natures, which means their abundance of vitality, an abundance that must be worked off?

When we look round at the men and women we know, we see that most of them have just enough vitality to exist, to make a living, perhaps to bring up a family; and no more. The greater part of mankind are in that condition. They have not energy for any further effort; therefore they do not wish to make any further effort. The more vitality or energy which a man possesses above that amount (which enables him to exist, to earn a living, and to bring up a family), the more of a "genius" he will be, and the more "success" he will have—unless he turns his energy into a wrong channel and comes to grief. If he does not possess that amount, he will be a failure, and nothing save increasing his vitality can make him anything else.

The Ocean as Land Fertilizer

How the Ocean May be Used to Fertilize the Land
When Earth's Fertility is Exhausted

From Popular Mechanics.

Will the human race find a way to recover from the sea the vast stores of fertilizing energy which are constantly being washed away from the land? The Sargasso Sea contains an inexhaustible store of fertilizer in the form of seaweed, and it is here contended that this might be used to provide a never-decreasing supply of important fertilizing chemicals.

STUDENTS of economics have repeatedly warned that some day the fertility of the earth will be exhausted and the human race perish for lack of food. Attention is being given by constructive thinkers, however, to the problem of finding somewhere an inexhaustible store of fertilizer with which to restore plant food to the soil. The latest and in some respects the most interesting suggestion, put forward by a French scientist in Cos-

mos, is that the Sargasso Sea, that strange marine meadow of interlaced sea plants covering a vast area in mid-Atlantic between the Antilles, the Azores, and Cape Verde, may be made to renew the vitality of the farm lands of all the world.

This snarl of marine vegetation, sometimes called "the pasture ground of the seas," fills a romantic place in history and literature. Columbus sailed for a fortnight over it, thinking at first that it was merely an almost endless marsh. A migratory plant forest with an estimated area of approximately 1,600,000 square miles, it holds the wrecks of hundreds of ancient ships and trees and plants from the Amazon and Mississippi rivers. Similar tracts of floating weeds are found in the Pacific Ocean north of the Hawaiian

Islands. There are others to the south-east of New Zealand and in the South Atlantic, extending from the Falkland Islands, south of Africa and south-west of Australia.

The algae and various other forms of water vegetation which abound in the Sargasso Sea are rich in nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potassium and magnesium sulphate, essential constituents of plant life. Besides this the seaweeds contain sodium, chlorine, iodine, and other materials beneficial to certain crops, and cellulose in quantities estimated to be greater than that obtainable from the combined forests of Scandinavia, Russia, and Canada. All these salts and substances have been washed into the sea from the land, the volume of such waste increasing annually and rapidly.

Seaweed is not an untried fertilizer for farm lands, and even when crudely used has proved of value. Gathered along the coast as it is washed ashore, piled in heaps, allowed to rot, and then plowed into the soil, it is utilized in many lands. The recent development on a commercial scale of the kelp industry, based on the extraction of potash and iodine from sea plants, has aroused further interest in the fertilizing possibilities of the sea and its products. An insight into these possibilities is given by the yield of potassium. In the case of the Pacific Ocean seaweeds, each ton of air-dried kelp gives up a minimum of 500 lb. of pure potash salts and 3 lb. of iodine, besides other by-products.

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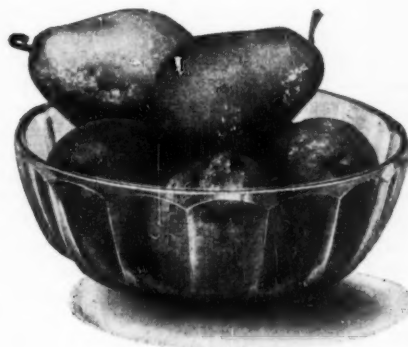
The Most Costly War

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learning than Shakespeare. Babeuf's intentions were better than Bonaparte's (he lost his head for them). Sir Harry Vane was a far more logical revolutionary than Oliver Cromwell. What was there in the four great men I have named which brought them to the front? Had they any gift or quality in common, setting them apart from other men? Yes, one, and one only. Not deep insight, nor high moral purpose, nor desire for fame. They did not become Super-men by studying for the position, not by taking thought and laying careful plans. They came to the front without apparent effort—because they were more alive than other men.

The cause of greatness, of genius, whether on the small scale or on the great, is, I am sure, abundance of Vitality. Examine the record of any man who has made his own way to eminence in any career. You will not find that his principles were purer, his education more extended, or his conscious aims more lofty than those of his competitors. You will find that there worked within him an untiring energy; that he was forced along by this; almost, it seems sometimes, without any will of his own. Men of abounding vitality cannot be still. There is a demon of activity within them which obliges them to be always doing.

They may be inclined to indolence, as Johnson was. They may be lovers of silence, like Carlyle. They may, with Cincinnatus, prefer ploughing to war and statecraft. But they are not able to follow their bent. They are possessed by an insatiable craving to be at work in whatever their line may be. Those who conquer nations and found empires are not moved by ambition. Ambition only works within a restricted sphere. They are moved by the enormous force of vitality, which struggles within them, as the fire and the lava burn and boil in the heat of the volcano, and must find a way out.

The same is true, in a lesser degree, of men who become very rich. They do not become rich because they set their hearts upon riches. Often they do not either care for or know what to do with their money. They become rich because they have to. Stored up in their natures is a certain amount of energy which has to be employed in some way. It might be worked off in the service of God (for example, Dr. Livingstone), or in the service of Man (Plimsoll, John Howard, Dr. Barnardo), in the spreading of ideas (Rousseau, Herbert Spencer), or the patient tracking down of truth (Darwin, Copernicus, Galileo). If they have no special bent, these men destined to become rich, engage in industry or commerce, and their energy is rewarded by great wealth.

A MATTER OF ENERGY.

We loosely say that success is won by concentration, by perseverance, by taking pains infinitely. But how are some men able to concentrate, to take pains, to persevere more effectively than other men? How, except by their more energetic natures, which means their abundance of vitality, an abundance that must be worked off?

When we look round at the men and women we know, we see that most of them have just enough vitality to exist, to make a living, perhaps to bring up a family; and no more. The greater part of mankind are in that condition. They have not energy for any further effort; therefore they do not wish to make any further effort. The more vitality or energy which a man possesses above that amount (which enables him to exist, to earn a living, and to bring up a family), the more of a "genius" he will be, and the more "success" he will have—unless he turns his energy into a wrong channel and comes to grief. If he does not possess that amount, he will be a failure, and nothing save increasing his vitality can make him anything else.

The Ocean as Land Fertilizer

How the Ocean May be Used to Fertilize the Land
When Earth's Fertility is Exhausted

From Popular Mechanics.

Will the human race find a way to recover from the sea the vast stores of fertilizing energy which are constantly being washed away from the land? The Sargasso Sea contains an inexhaustible store of fertilizer in the form of seaweed, and it is here contended that this might be used to provide a never-decreasing supply of important fertilizing chemicals.

STUDENTS of economics have repeatedly warned that some day the fertility of the earth will be exhausted and the human race perish for lack of food. Attention is being given by constructive thinkers, however, to the problem of finding somewhere an inexhaustible store of fertilizer with which to restore plant food to the soil. The latest and in some respects the most interesting suggestion, put forward by a French scientist in Cos-

mos, is that the Sargasso Sea, that strange marine meadow of interlaced sea plants covering a vast area in mid-Atlantic between the Antilles, the Azores, and Cape Verde, may be made to renew the vitality of the farm lands of all the world.

This snarl of marine vegetation, sometimes called "the pasture ground of the seas," fills a romantic place in history and literature. Columbus sailed for a fortnight over it, thinking at first that it was merely an almost endless marsh. A migratory plant forest with an estimated area of approximately 1,600,000 square miles, it holds the wrecks of hundreds of ancient ships and trees and plants from the Amazon and Mississippi rivers. Similar tracts of floating weeds are found in the Pacific Ocean north of the Hawaiian

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Islands. There are others to the south-east of New Zealand and in the South Atlantic, extending from the Falkland Islands, south of Africa and south-west of Australia.

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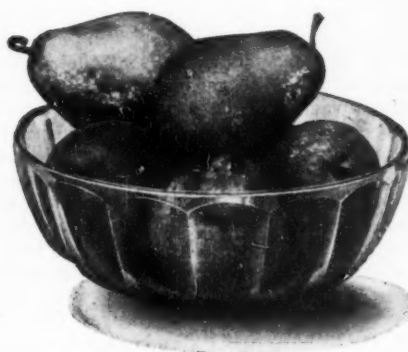
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Who Caused the War?

American Writer Concludes From Evidence that the Onus Rests With the Kaiser

From Harper's Weekly.

IT was over a quarter of a century ago before all the facts were known in regard to the causes of the war of 1870. The exact division between Germany and Austria of the responsibility for the present war may not be known for as long a time. The documents that passed between them must be published, and certain indiscretions must be uttered before we can be sure. Enough is now available, however, to show that Italy was justified when she retired from the Triple Alliance on the ground that this, on the part of Germany, and Austria together, was a war of offense. There is no doubt that the effort for peace was led by Sir Edward Grey with persistence and with skill, up to the moment when Germany declared war on Belgium for maintaining her neutrality; and there is no doubt that his efforts were in every way seconded by France and Italy, and with one reservation by Russia.

The most essential facts in the situation are these:

1. Austria is not a nation. She is a dynasty. The House of Hapsburg rules over peoples who constantly endeavor to separate. The foreign policy of that house is based on the desire to hold its dominions together. Hungary has been troublesome lately. The new Slav province of Bosnia-Herzegovina has required much repression. Serbia has grown strong and dreamed of leading the non-Russian Slavs. The Hapsburg dynasty needed for its own comfort to reduce Serbia. There are always plots and counterplots on both sides. The Austrian Government knew well ahead of the plot to assassinate King Alexander and Queen Draga in 1903. It took a cynical attitude toward the murder until the world's outcry led it to express belated horror. When Serbia completed a tariff union with Bulgaria in 1905 Austria began a tariff war on Serbia. In 1906 in an effort to prove a Servian plot against her, Austria relied on documents that were forged. The murder of the heir presumptive a few weeks ago gave Austria her next chance, and she took it.

2. Russia has made it clear before, and she made it clear this time, that she would not let a Slav state be trampled on. She had to submit the last time Austria moved, because the Japanese war was so recent. She wished to avoid war this time. Indeed, she would have been indefinitely stronger in three years than she is now. The correspondence fully shows that she accepted all the suggestions of Sir Edward Grey for a settlement and offered in Vienna any arrangement that did not mean destruction of the political independence of Serbia by Austria.

The state of mind of the German cannot yet so confidently be described. Sir Edward Grey on July 20th, urged upon the German Ambassador in London the desirability of having the expected Austrian demands as reasonable as possible. On the 23rd Grey was informed by the Austrian Ambassador to Great Britain that he supposed the Austrian ultimatum to Great Britain would contain something in the nature of a time limit. Grey urged that this point be left out of the first demands in order to let Russia cool down, and if necessary, be introduced later. Grey expressed the opinion that if as many as four great powers, Austria, France, Russia, and Germany, were engaged in a war, a complete collapse of European credit and industry would accompany or follow the struggle. Count Mensdorff merely endeavored to throw all the responsibility on Russian mobilization. Grey remarked that at such a time of difficulty it required two to keep the peace. On the same day the British Ambassador in Rome wrote that the Italian Government explained the situation by Austria's need of a "definite success." On July 24th, the British Ambassador to Russia telegraphed Grey: "President of French Republic and President of the Council cannot reach France, on their return from Russia, for four or five days, and it looks as though Austria purposely chose this moment to present their ultimatum." On the same day Sir Edward Grey urged on Germany, that Germany, Italy, France, and England should work together at St. Petersburg and Vienna in favor of moderation. The next day the Austrian Ambassador stated to Grey that the Austrian demands were not an ultimatum, but a demarche, and if not complied with the result would be not military operations but military preparations. Grey at once telegraphed this to St. Petersburg and Paris, hoping to make the situation less acute. The answer in St. Petersburg by the Minister of Foreign Affairs was that a different view came from German quarters. Also that Russia was quite ready to accept the four-power plan. Also that the obligations undertaken by Serbia in 1908, which Austria says were not carried out, were given not to Austria but to the powers. He believed Austria aimed at overthrowing the status quo in the Balkans and establishing her own hegemony there. He did not believe Germany wanted war and he thought she could be stopped by England. The next day the German Secretary of State said to the British Ambassador that "if the relations between Austria and Russia became threatening he was quite ready to fall in with Grey's

suggestion as to the four powers working in favor of moderation at Vienna and St. Petersburg?" It was the very verge of war, as everybody knew. On the same day the British Ambassador telegraphed Sir Edward Grey: "Language of press this morning leaves the impression that the surrender of Serbia is neither expected nor really desired." It is to be remembered that the most prominent newspapers are official and semi-official organs of the Government. On the same day the British representative in Serbia telegraphed to Sir Edward Grey: "I think it highly probable that the Russian Government has already urged the utmost moderation on the Servian Government."

On the same day Sir Edward Grey telegraphed to his minister in St. Petersburg that the sudden, brusque, and peremptory character of the Austrian demarche made it almost inevitable that in a very short time both Russia and Austria would have mobilized against each other. Presumably Vienna and Berlin knew the inevitability of this as well as Grey. The German Ambassador on the 25th read Grey a telegram from his Foreign Office saying that Germany had not known of the stiff Austrian terms beforehand "but that once she had launched that note Austria could not draw back." On the same day Russia urged that Austria's time limit on Serbia be prolonged to give the powers time to examine the promised data. England backed this request. The Italian Ambassador to England on this day went to see Grey, and expressed strong approval of his position. The next day the German Ambassador to Vienna expressed to the British Ambassador to Vienna the belief that Russia would not go in, as the days of Pan Slav agitation were over and a general war would reopen many matters in which Russia was interested, such as Swedish, Polish, Ruthene, Roumanian, and Persian questions. "As for Germany, she knew very well what she was about in backing Austria in this matter." On July 26th, Grey again urged his four-power conference. France and Italy accepted at once. Germany through headquarters at Berlin said it was "not practicable," although, according to the German Ambassador in London, she approved it in principle, and Russia said the arrangement was satisfactory. Grey called the attention of Austria to the fact that the British fleet was to have been dispersed that day, but as the situation had developed it could not be dispersed. At the same time he was beginning covertly to threaten Austria and Germany. He encouraged Russia. To Austria and Germany he emphasized the fact that England might be drawn in.

To Russia and France he emphasized the equally true fact that it would all depend on developments.

The Russian Ambassador at Vienna urged that the Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg be given full power to continue discussion with the Russian Minister, Baron Macchio, the Austrian Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said he would submit this suggestion to the Secretary. The next day the Secretary himself gave Austria's position to the British Ambassador. "His Excellency declared that Austria-Hungary cannot delay warlike proceedings against Serbia, and would have to decline any suggestion of negotiations on basis of Serbia's reply. Prestige of Dual Monarchy was engaged, and nothing could now prevent conflict."

On the same day the German Imperial Chancellor sent word to Grey that he agreed with Austria that Austria's quarrel with Serbia was a purely Austrian concern with which Russia had nothing to do. The next day the Chancellor stated that he had just told Austria he agreed with her position about Serbia's note.

The next day the British Ambassador in Berlin telegraphed Grey that Germany was complaining of France's recalling officers on leave, while Germany was doing the same thing herself but denying it. Partial Russian mobilization was announced this day, as Austria had definitely declined direct conversations with Russia. Russia's Foreign Minister urged revival of Grey's four-power plan. He was asked if she would accept an idea that had been suggested by Italy, that Serbia might be willing to back down still further to the powers than she had to Austria, and he consented to this. He also said he did not care what form the four-power plan took. The British Ambassador in St. Petersburg telegraphed to Grey: "I fear that the German Ambassador will not help to smooth matters over, if he uses to his own Government the same language as he did to me to-day. He accused the Russian Government of endangering the peace of Europe by their mobilization, and said, when I referred to all that had been recently done by Austria, that he could not discuss such matters." On this day came the Austrian Emperor's impassioned appeal to his people.

Meantime Italy was telegraphing Berlin urging it to take part in the effort for peace.

On the 29th, Grey, talking to the German Ambassador, revived his four-power plea. "I urged that the German Government should suggest any method by which the influence of the four powers would be used to prevent war between Austria and Russia. France agreed. Italy agreed. The whole idea of mediation or mediating influence was ready to be put into operation by any method that Germany could suggest if mine was not acceptable. In fact, mediation was ready to come into operation by any method that Germany thought possible if only Germany would press the button in the interests of peace."

Then on the same day came Germany's attempt, fully familiar to the world, to buy British neutrality, promptly refused

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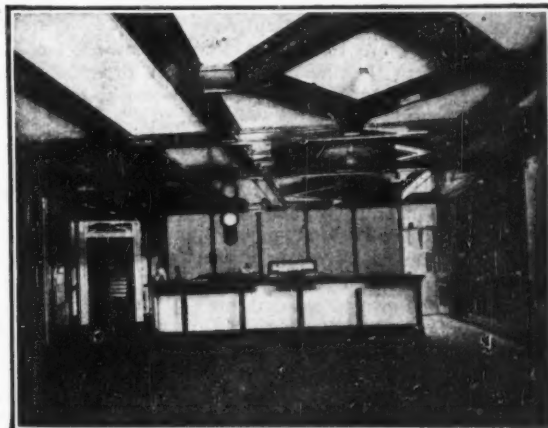
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by Grey. On the 29th the Austrian Ambassador informed Grey the war with Serbia "must proceed." Austria could not continue to be exposed to the necessity of mobilizing again and again, as she had been obliged to do in recent years." On the same day the British, French, and Russian Ambassadors in Vienna spoke to the German Ambassador there, who expressed surprise that Servian affairs should be of such interest to Russia. The British Ambassador on the 30th telegraphed to Grey: "Unfortunately the German Ambassador is himself so identified with extreme anti-Russian and anti-Servian policy prevalent in Vienna that he is unlikely to plead the cause of peace with entire sincerity. Although I am not able to verify it, I have private information that the German Ambassador knew the text of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia before it was despatched and telegraphed it to the German Emperor. I know from the German Ambassador himself that he endorses every line of it."

Russia, on the 30th, offered to stop all military operations, if Austria, recognizing that her conflict with Serbia had assumed an international character, would declare herself ready to eliminate from her ultimatum points which violated the principle of sovereignty of Serbia.

The German Secretary of State stated on the 30th that he had put Grey's proposal before Austria and had received no reply.

The telegrams from Rome during these critical days indicate that Italy had been led to expect a much more conciliatory attitude in Germany. On the 31st Grey again urged his four-power plan, with elaboration, in Germany, even offering to retire from the entente with Russia and France if they did not do their full share, and indicating that if the failure was on Germany's part England would be drawn in.

On the same day the German Chancellor admitted he had heard from Vienna, about Grey's proposal, to the effect that the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs would take the wishes of the Emperor in the matter.

On the 31st Grey asked France and Germany if they would respect Belgium neutrality and he urged Belgium to uphold it herself.

On August 1st, Grey sent to Berlin a most significant telegram, indicating a sudden change in the views of Austria: "The Russian Government has communicated to me the readiness of Austria to discuss with Russia and the readiness of Austria to accept a basis of mediation which is not open to the objections raised in regard to the formula which Russia originally suggested. Things ought not to be hopeless as long as Austria and Russia are ready to converse, and I hope the German Government may be able to make use of the Russian communications referred to above, in order to avoid tension."

No document is more important than this one in the task of deciding whether Austria or Germany most desired the war. It is accompanied by the Russian telegram, which declared the readiness of

Austria to discuss with the great powers the substance of the ultimatum to Serbia.

Another document shows that the Austrian Secretary of State had called in the Russian Ambassador and urged him to explain in St. Petersburg that the door had not been closed on further negotiations.

The German Secretary of State, when confronted with all these proofs that even Austria was ready to make peace, said that Russia had explained that her mobilization did not necessarily mean war, as she could remain mobilized for months. "This was not the case with Germany. She had the speed and Russia had the numbers, and the safety of the German Empire forbade that Germany should allow Russia time to bring up masses of troops from all her wide domains."

So Germany declared war on Russia, and on France, invaded Luxemburg against her protest, and began the bloody assault on Belgium.

These facts, I think, give the critical points as they are known to-day. Probably nobody outside of the German and Austrian Governments knows more, or for a long time will know more. Everybody has here the data for his own guess. Mine is this. The Kiel Canal has just been finished. It about doubles the strength of the German navy. Social troubles in Germany are increasing. Russia's growing strength is a nightmare. Therefore it seems to the German war party to be the psychological moment. It used Austria as a cat's paw, as it has often done before. It encouraged the insulting form of the ultimatum, which fitted in with the Vienna mood. Austrian statesmen at the last moment began to realize what had been done to them as they have realized too late before. So they relented at the end. The German mind had long been made up. Its oligarchy would force the way; it would break any treaties and invade any neutrals; it would crush France, annex Belgium, beat back Russia, and then settle with Great Britain. It possessed a mighty empire of destruction, which might grow less effective, and it would use it now.

Unless to this apparently conclusive proof Germany can pin some very much more effective answer than any she has yet set forth, the moral effect will count in the long run for a great deal. It will not do to talk about "absolute knowledge" that France would have invaded Belgium if Germany had not; or that there was a secret plot between France, England, and Belgium, or that Russia was planning to crush Germany; or any other piece of absolute knowledge, for which no single bit of evidence is brought forward. These first battles are being decided largely by military efficiency and preparedness, although even in the first round the tremendous importance of moral feeling and international ethics was shown by the superb fight put up by Belgium and the delay it caused Germany, by the sudden fusion of British opinion in favor of war when Belgium was invaded, and by the neutrality of Italy. If the war goes to a second round, if it is fought out to exhaustion, those moral considerations will count far more. Every man in France

knows that he is fighting for a Government that desired peace. Every man in England knows that Sir Edward Grey struggled desperately to avoid war. Every man in Belgium knows that an unspeakable outrage was inflicted on his country by a mighty Government, ruthless of the consequences to a smaller power. Men in that mood fight long. On the other hand, when the terrible pinch of poverty is fully felt in Germany and Austria, will the ordinary German and the ordinary Austrian, as the knowledge of the causes of the war slowly filter into his mind, be prepared for as long a death grapple as those countries which can have no possible doubt that war was forced upon them, and that they are fighting for the principles of mediation and neutrality, against a standard of international conduct that the world condemns? Moreover, the citizens of England, France and Belgium know that if they are successful, peace will be established as far as possible on a basis of goodwill to all nations; whereas if Germany wins, the Prussian war party will insist upon terms intended to crush the national life of all the countries now in arms against her.

When I was a small boy I possessed a thirty-six calibre six-shooter. This weapon made a strong impression on my imagination. I had day-dreams of what heroic feats I might perform with it. One day my Newfoundland dog developed a skin disease. He was an old and valued friend, but the gardener said he ought to be shot. I had no reason to suppose the gardener knew anything about it. I was afraid, however, that if I delayed action, the dog might be killed otherwise, and I lose the opportunity to try my revolver. I went upstairs, got my revolver, found the dog asleep and shot him in the head. The bullet glanced, and I shall never forget the look of reproach he gave me as he howled and slunk away. The die was cast and then I had to finish the job. Scarcely has a month passed in all the years since then that I have not remembered this deed with horror. It was not that I was cruel. It was that my mind was affected by the pistol.

FREEZING WATER PIPES FOR REPAIR WORK.

Although the freezing of water pipes is ordinarily avoided, pipe-extension work has been simplified somewhat by intentional freezing. When it is wished to tap a main in order to branch a lead from it, the usual method is to turn off the water. This often deprives temporarily a large number of consumers of water and causes general inconvenience. To overcome this a new system has been employed which consists of freezing the main on both sides of the point at which the tapping is to be made. This forms two ice stoppers in the main, allowing the work to go ahead and at the same time not causing the water supply to be cut off. While the work is in progress the frozen points are maintained at low temperatures. The apparatus used in the process is similar in design and principle to that employed in freezing sand in tunneling.



View of Grounds and Lake, Canadian National Exhibition.

The Canadian National Exhibition

A Retrospection of the World's Greatest Fair—Despite the Handicap of Unsettled Conditions, due to the War, the Exhibition was as Great and Successful as Ever

Had the directors of Toronto's big exhibition been aware sooner of the conditions that have thrown nations of the old world into such disruption they would no doubt have given this year's exhibition a different appellation than "Peace Year," but despite what appeared a mocking misnomer, to Canadians, the blessings of one hundred years of peace which Canada has enjoyed were only more strongly emphasized by contrast with the conditions inflicted upon those countries under the throes of the ravaging system of militarism gone mad.

Canadian optimism and enterprise could not, however, be downed by the gloom of war, and in consequence the Canadian National Exhibition came through with flying colors and the splendid achievement of last year was in every respect maintained this year, except in the attendance.

It is particularly for the benefit of those who were unable to attend that the chief features and some of the useful attractions are described. For those who visited the exhibition there may be some things herewith detailed which escaped their notice as it is impossible in one day or even a week to take in anything but a smattering of the many things of interest, so attractively brought out and made accessible for the enlightenment of the public through the industrial and mechanical exhibits. It is a matter of congratulation that these exhibits are becoming the chief attractions as well as the most educative factor of this great Fair.

In Toronto's exhibition grounds this year there were epitomised the greatest productions of man's

brain, not only in the industries, but in inventions even to the greatest of achievements of man's ingenuity—the aeroplane; in art and in oratory for at no other time has this Fair had such a notable gathering of Canadian men, mighty in a word as in deed. The produce from the soil showed a gratifying and marked advance in quality over last year's showing. The livestock department though less extensive than in previous years maintained, and in some cases surpassed in quality, any previous years' exhibits.

After even a casual glance over the various departments of soil industry and manufacture, the visitor could not feel anything but optimistic for Canada's future. Nor have Canadian manufacturers been slow to recognize their opportunities as was evidenced by the numbers of booths displaying Canadian manufactured products. These were of such a high standard in construction and workmanship that any fears of Canada's ability to meet the displacement of imported goods were quickly dispelled. Readers of MacLean's Magazine will find a double interest in reading over what the camera depicts and the pen portrays about these various industrial and technical exhibits from which so much knowledge and practical benefit can be gleaned.

Furthermore, the reader will be able to get in touch with these firms for further particulars regarding any of the articles exhibited in which he or she may be interested as a purchaser and by writing to the firms here mentioned will be able to buy just as if they paid a visit to the exhibit in person.

Connell-Ott Company

A New development in economical and dainty cookery was demonstrated by the Connell-Ott Company at the Exhibition this year. Under present conditions

ing results and trifling expense. If you cannot secure *Snow Mellow* from your dealer, mail us 25c for package containing enough fillings for five two-layer cakes or



of the cost of living the housekeeper finds the prices of eggs for baking an item on her market bill to be considered seriously; yet if she is to have cakes, frostings or any of the dainty desserts it is impossible to get along without egg-white or egg albumen in some form. The Connell-Ott Company have solved this problem by manufacturing *Snow Mellow*, an egg substitute composed entirely of egg albumen and vegetable compounds, which, made up in cake fillings and icings had the attention of every woman passing the booth. The *Snow Mellow* preparations were so light, fluffy, and delicious, and the company's principle of good taste and cleanliness so well carried out in decorating the booth with lavender and white bunting and Union Jacks, that this was one of the most attractive exhibits shown.

The economy of using *Snow Mellow* is easily seen when we consider that one spoonful of the compound is equal to the whites of six eggs, a fact not at all incredible since eighty-five per cent. of an egg-white is water. One spoonful of the dry powder beaten up with one-third of a cup of luke-warm water will ice and fill a cake. It can be sweetened and flavored as desired, will brown in the oven just like an egg meringue, or if left uncooked will set and remain stiff for days. With each can of *Snow Mellow* the buyer received a book of recipes prepared by a teacher of domestic science, telling how to use it in place of whipped cream, to make candies, boiled icings, russes, creams and fruit whips, pie fillings, and a number of dainty and new desserts, with most pleas-

five family-size desserts. Connell-Ott Company, 401 Kent Building, Toronto.

THE Connell-Ott Company also had an excellent exhibit of Bass-Island Grape Juice on the grounds. The two

types of non-alcoholic wine were shown, namely, the Catawba, which was so crystal clear and sparkling as to command the attention of every visitor, and the Dark Concord juice which is so rich, heavy and nutritious as to be really a food and medicine rather than a light beverage. Visitors were frequently heard to ask the reason for this difference, and the explanation was so direct as to show clearly the purity and tonic qualities of the products.

In the process of making either grape juice, the grapes are first run through a grinder. In making the Dark Concord, the grapes are ground juice and all, then run into a large kettle and heated, which extracts all the meaty substance and color from beneath the skin of the grape. This heated pumace, juice and all is then dumped into the press and squeezed out. In making the Catawba grape juice this heating process is eliminated, consequently when the unheated, ground grapes are pressed there is little color and meaty substance drawn from beneath the skin, and a light clear juice is the result. The process of pasteurizing is exactly the same in each case. It simply rests with the consumer whether he wants a light refreshing beverage or a rich nutritious food.

As a beverage to serve at social functions the Catawba grape juice cannot be too highly recommended. Its attractive appearance, and its high natural acidity make it even more popular for this purpose than the Dark Concord. The reason for the superior quality, the clear color and the delicate flavor is readily understood after seeing the Connell-Ott manufacturing plant. The majority of grape-juices are produced by running the juice from the press into large steam jacketed kettles, which large body of juice must be heated to almost 200 degrees, in order to



get every particle thoroughly sterilized. It must also be stirred continually to prevent scorching so a great deal of the flavor must be carried off with the steam and vapor.

The Connell-Ott Company use an aluminum vacuum pasteurizer which consists of a series of small aluminum pipes passing through a steam drum, so that the juice when it leaves the press passes through the pasteurizing temperature of 172 degrees in a fine stream with scarcely any exposure to the air. These beverages are chemically pure and wholesome with a high degree of natural acidity and capable of being made into a variety of delicious drinks.

The Planet Bicycle

Company

VISITORS to the Exhibition had an excellent opportunity of seeing the perfection that has been arrived at in the manufacture of bicycles. The continued popularity of the bicycle as a means of travel and recreation is largely due to this mechanical perfection. The Planet Bicycle Co. are the pioneers of the bicycle industry in Canada. For nearly twenty-five years this firm has been satisfying the Canadian public with high-grade bicycles so that to-day the Planet wheels have a wide popularity. The integrity of the Planet Bicycle is so well established that numbers of wheel enthusiasts send their orders over the telephone satisfied that they will get perfect satisfaction. Their exhibit displayed various types of bicycles all made in Canada, which were particularly commented upon for their lightness, perfection of finish and workmanship and easy-running qualities. If you are contemplating the purchase of a wheel it will be to your advantage to write or visit the

Planet Bicycle Co.'s showrooms at 69 and 71 Queen street east, Toronto, Canada.

They will be glad to send a catalogue of prices.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

IT was fitting that the exhibit of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited, should have occupied a con-

was not surprising to see so much interest given to the Goodyear exhibit.

To the uninitiated, there appears to



spicuous place in the Transportation Building, as this building was devoted to automobile and accessory exhibits. The right tire equipment has such a great influence on the amount of pleasure and service derived from an automobile, that it

be little difference between one kind of tire and another; but Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires have four exclusive features, which are to be found in no other tire.

The first of these exclusive features, absolutely ends rim-cutting. The Goodyear Company controls the only feasible way of eliminating this trouble. It involves one hundred and twenty-six braided piano wires in the base of each tire. This method is controlled by secrecy.

To save blow-outs, these tires alone get the extra "On-Air" curve which adds to the cost of manufacture tremendously. However, it reduces the risk of blow-outs caused by wrinkled fabric to a minimum.

To combat tread separation, the Goodyear Company paid \$50,000 for the patent rights to a process which is used by them alone. During vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed in the tire at the point where tread separation usually takes place. This process reduces the danger of loose treads by 60 per cent.

The fourth exclusive feature is the All-Weather Tread. This tread is tough, it is double thick, it is as smooth riding as a plain tread. But it grasps wet roads in a resistless way with countless small, sharp-edged grips.

Although no other automobile tire can offer any of these features, the Goodyear tire is not high-priced. In fact it is lower in price than eighteen other Canadian and American-made tires. The Goodyear Company has issued a series of eighteen bulle-



tins which should be in the hands of every motorist. These bulletins describe the reasons tires sometimes go wrong and prescribe a remedy in each case. This series

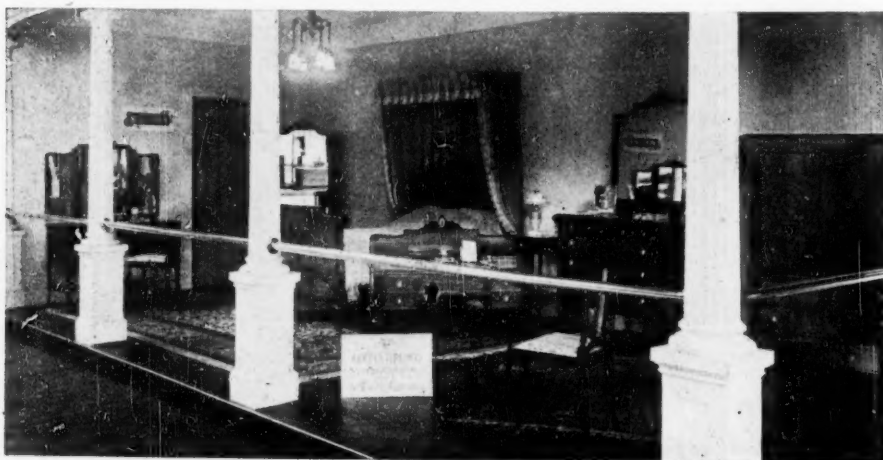
of bulletins is sent free to any automobile owner upon request to the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited, 152 Simcoe street, Toronto.

Furniture Company to offer suggestions respecting the artistic furnishing of a home as well as to manufacture the furniture. They have an advisory bureau which is always ready to assist with practical suggestions in the suitable decorating and furnishing of homes, and on request will send out booklets on the subject of period furniture. Those interested would do well to write the Toronto Furniture Company at their address 163-187 Dufferin street, Toronto.

Toronto Furniture Company

ONE of the educative features of the Canadian National Exhibition was the display of furnished rooms shown

ported from the famous old English potteries. This idea is after the style used by Robert and James Adam in the deco-



by the Toronto Furniture Company, made up in accordance with the best taste of different historic periods. In material, workmanship and artistic beauty, these rooms would have stood the test of the most severe critic of house furnishings.

The dining-room suite was of solid mahogany, after the design of Hepplewhite (1775-1800), one of the group to which Chippendale, Sheraton and the Brothers Adam belonged. A notable Hepplewhite characteristic, namely, the Prince of Wales feathers, has been worked out most effectively in this suite. An innovation in the form of a fern box, added to the set, received a great deal of attention from visitors. Embodying all the distinguishing characteristics of Hepplewhite design, its decided novelty imparted a pleasing individual touch to the display. The tall, quaint, ornamented knife urns and wine cooler heighten the antique effect, while the cutlery cabinet was sufficiently interesting to keep women looking at it all day. The entire suite, historically correct in every detail, was inlaid with satinwood and ebony. Further, it was *solid mahogany*; and be it noted when the Toronto Furniture Company says "*solid mahogany*" it carries out the customer's interpretation of the term, which means that no substitute woods are used in the sides and backs of drawers, and other hidden parts that invite deception.

The bedroom gave a charming example of Louis XVI furniture in Circassian Walnut. The beautiful matching of the wood, the decorative harmony, the artistic completeness in every line were a delight to the connoisseur. Even the draw-pulls were of French Gilt, hand-carved and chased, with medallions of Wedgwood im-

itation of interior compositions now to be found in English manor houses of the eighteenth century. The bed canopy of silk poplin in a silver blue to match the wallpaper and hanging was a marked feature in keeping with the period. The highboy or chiffonier with roomy trays and drawers, the graceful design of the writing desk and dressing table, the broad oval front dresser, and tall vanity glass, gave the display an air of dignity and elegance difficult to describe.

After seeing these rooms, the public will be convinced of the ability of the Toronto

Renfrew Electric Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

Made in Canada Products.

NUMEROUS visitors were attracted to the exhibit of Renfrew Electric Mfg. Co. Housewives were particularly interested in the display of Electric Irons, Toasters, Coffee Percolators, Warmers, etc. The utility of these convinced many a housewife that she could not afford to be without these conveniences.

The Renfrew Products are made in Canada and they compare most favorably with imported goods not only in quality of workmanship and finish, but in general utility and economy.

The Canadian Beauty Electric Irons met with popular favor and many orders for this iron were taken at the exhibit. After seeing its convenience and ironing qualities demonstrated one could not resist purchasing. This iron is built for service and convenience and is made in such a way that the heat is evenly distributed over the whole ironing surface, thus accomplishing the greatest amount of



ironing with the least current. This iron is guaranteed for all time.

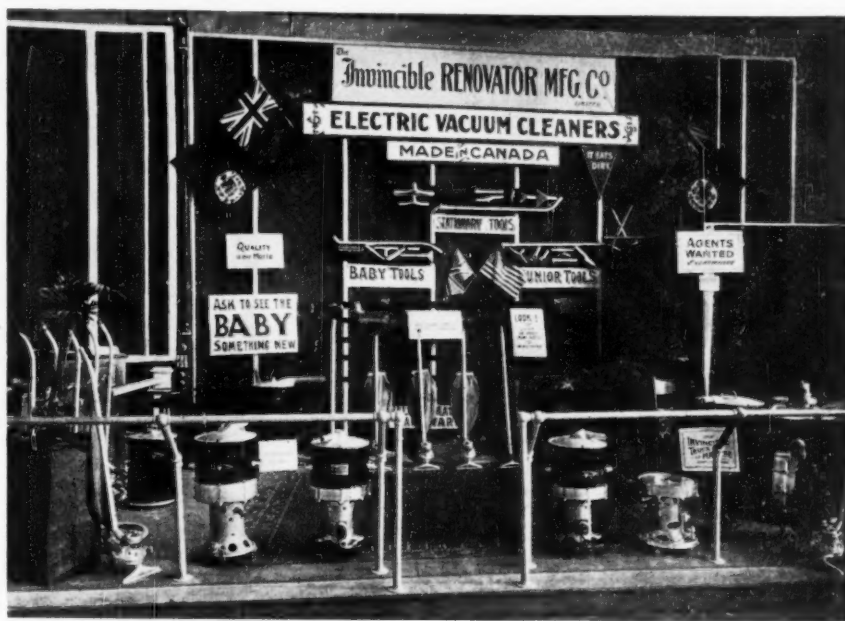
The *Electric Dish Stove* is beautifully finished, very neat and especially designed for use in place of the ordinary cooking stove. Very handy for the sick-room and convenient for a quick lunch. Cooks better than the ordinary stove and is operated at very low cost.

The *Electric Toasters* received a great deal of attention. The toasters displayed

will actually toast two slices each for a family of six in ten or twelve minutes. The beauty and strength of these toasters and the features of convenience such as the top of toaster for keeping the toast or coffee hot, were much commented upon.

Those who were unable to see these electrical devices can get full particulars and prices with detailed illustrations by writing to the Renfrew Electric Manufacturing Co., Limited, Renfrew, Ont.

was one feature that left a very favorable impression. This swivel joint is unique with all "Invincible machines" and is a great convenience. With this swivel the operator can get around the legs of furniture and in and out of corners with the greatest ease. Low furniture is no detriment, the swivel enables to reach under places impossible with the rigid rod. Housewives and janitors were quick to see the advantages of this "Invincible" feature. People unable to visit the Exhibition or who failed to see these "Invincible" machines demonstrated may have a demonstration in their own home without being put to the slightest obligation. Just write the Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co., and ask for their booklets or for demonstration. The address is The Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co., Ltd., 81 Peter street, Toronto.



The Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co.

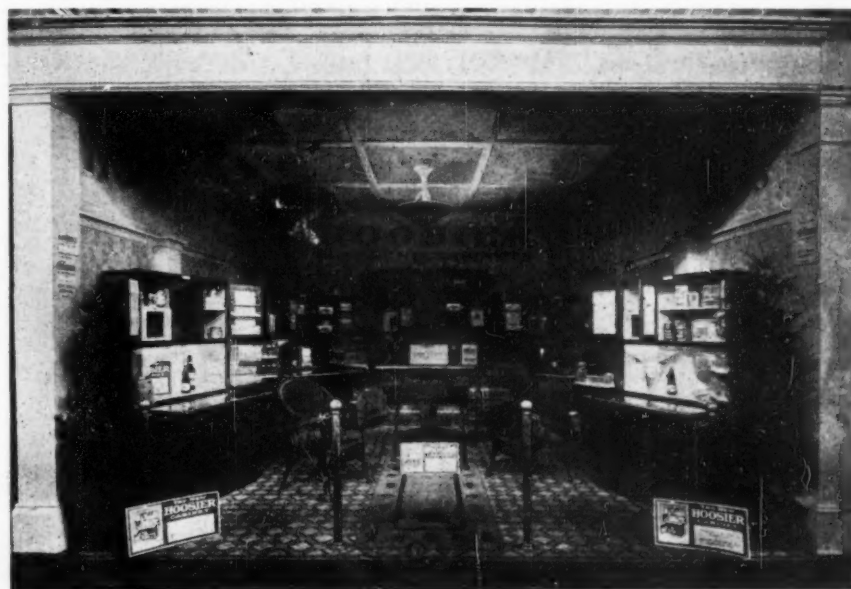
A GREAT deal of interest was centred upon the Electric Vacuum Cleaners displayed at the unique exhibit of the Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co. At the exhibit there were various types of cleaners displayed, some suitable for the modern hotels, the Skyscraper Office Building and the Apartment Mansions. These cleaning machines, based upon the only scientific principle of vacuum cleaning—the centrifugal fan met with a general approval. Visitors were impressed with the simplicity of these cleaners. These machines, of portable and stationary types embodied some special features that make them the foremost cleaner in Canada. Outstanding among these features is the construction of the cleaners, there being only two wearing parts, no valves, bellows or pumps to get out of order. A very noticeable feature of these machines was their comparative noiselessness. That these machines *literally eat dirt* was satisfactorily demonstrated. Dirt on the floor underneath the carpet is actually taken right up, making the carpets and rugs as clean underneath as on the surface. The suction of these "Invincible" machines is so even and steady that they will clean the most delicate fabric without the slightest injury.

Housewives were particularly taken up with the "Baby" Invincible cleaner and the slogan, "Ask to see our Baby" aroused curiosity which was gratified by seeing one of these cleaners demonstrated. The

lightness, simplicity and thoroughness of the "Baby" Invincibles with their moderate cost made many sales. These "Baby" cleaners are the very last word in electric cleaners for the home and embody all the improved ideas in vacuum cleaning leaving out all the disadvantages of the older makes. The swivel joint in the hand rod

The Adams Furniture Company

WHAT modern scientific industry is doing to improve and lighten housework was featured strongly in the Adams Furniture Company's display of Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets at the Canadian National Exhibition. The efficient housekeeper is always planning her kitchen to save steps, among other things she realizes that an appreciable part of her time each day is spent in carrying things to and from the table where the work of preparing a meal is actually done. An inventor realized this, too, and the outcome was the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet, which is more than just a handsome piece of kitchen furniture. It is a food supply pantry, a tool and utensil cupboard, and a sanitary kitchen table, grouped together so that the worker can stand, or better, sit before the table and reach any-



thing she wants for her work without taking a step.

The pantry part is roomy and arranged to store conveniently any number of packages needed in ordinary house-keeping. In addition, the flour, sugar, tea, coffee, spices and other supplies needed every day are kept ready in compartments, labeled and arranged conveniently before the worker. The tools are provided for in the same way. Little things used often have a special place where they can be reached easily. A sliding shelf brings out the back part of the pot and pan cupboard. Metal-lined drawers are at one side for cereals, kitchen linen, and for keeping bread and cake. An ingenious food guide with a dial face suggests balanced, economical menus for every season of the year, and a want list and bill

file helps to keep tab on supplies and grocery bills. This may give some idea of the convenience of a Hoosier cabinet.

A thorough examination, however, proves that these cabinets stand for more than convenience. They are built of solid oak to endure hard wear. To prevent warping all panels, bottoms and slides are of "three-ply" construction. The corners are braced with steel bars. Every Hoosier has passed forty examinations, so in buying one you are saved all risk of a costly experiment in your own home.

During the Fair the Adams Company gave away to really interested women a very interesting book by Mrs. Christine Frederic, associate editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, entitled, "You and Your Kitchen." This we understand may be obtained free by writing the Adams Co. in Toronto.

The Channel-Chemical Company

AN excellent demonstration in up-to-date housekeeping efficiency was given at the Channel-Chemical Company's stand at the exhibition. It was clearly shown that the work of keeping a house clean and shining can be cut down to about half by the use of O-Cedar Polish and an O-Cedar Mop. For the interest of visitors these were used on the floor, on highly polished furniture, and on mirrors, with results that seemed marvelous to those who did not understand the chemical make-up of the polish or who did not already know its value as part of their own housekeeping equipment. When we get at the inwardness of O-Cedar goods, however, there is nothing so remarkable about what they can do.

The polish is a vegetable compound for cleaning and polishing all painted, var-

nished and finished woodwork. Being a purely vegetable compound it mixes freely with water, giving a high, hard, durable finish instead of the hazy, gummy, sticky surface left by mineral polishes. Because it is free from all grease, it is absorbed by the varnish, becoming a real varnish food and preserver. From the standpoint of cleanliness, O-Cedar has a distinct advantage over other polishes in that it absolutely prevents the breeding of germs, a feature which is partly responsible for its wide use in cleaning woodwork and floors in hospitals and public halls.

In order that the polish might be used on woodwork, floors and furniture without the old-fashioned, back-breaking, muscle-aching manipulation, the O-Cedar Polish Mop was invented. With this it is not necessary to get down on your knees

to clean and polish a hardwood floor, or to stand on a chair to dust the moulding or to move heavy furniture to clean under it. It is a long-handled and heavily padded mop. It slides easily between the stair banisters, into the far corners under the bed, beneath the radiator, or over the doors and window frames. Hard rubbing



The O-Cedar Mop

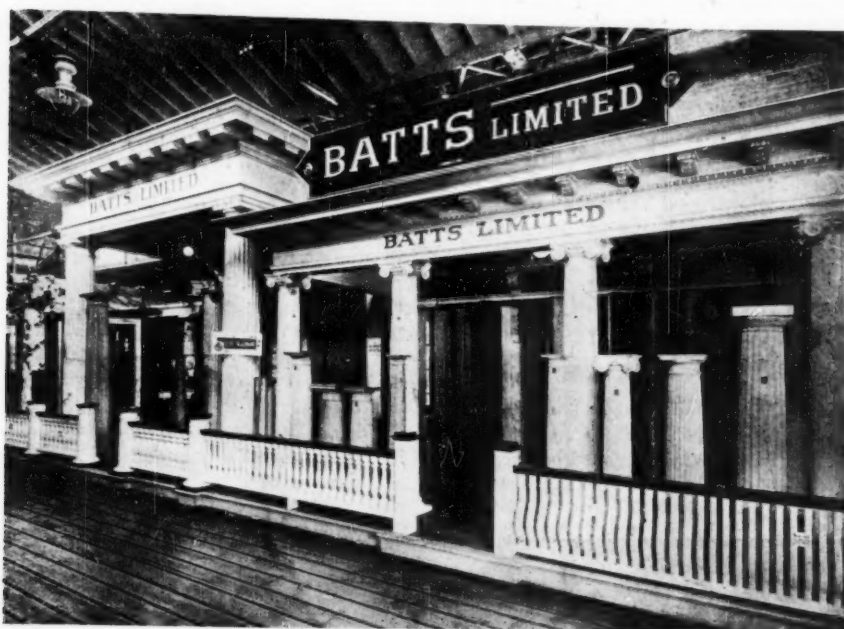
is not necessary. Wherever the mop passes, a good lustre is left and the dust is gathered up and held. This is where O-Cedar cleaning has another marked superiority over the dry dusting. The dust is not just removed from one place to mix with the air and settle somewhere else. It sticks tight to the mop; even after cleaning a floor the same mop will polish a plate-glass mirror without leaving a streak, and the dirt is only removed from the fibre when the mop-head is slipped from the handle and washed out on the washboard.

The demonstrator at this exhibit gave an interesting object lesson in saving unnecessary motions in doing housework. Instead of taking one cloth to dust the woodwork, another to clean the floor, and then going over it all a second time to polish, using a great deal of unnecessary elbow grease, the whole room was dusted, cleaned and polished in one operation with the O-Cedar Mop. It is needless to say that the saving of time as well as energy was a matter worth consideration. Before being used, the mop-head was allowed to stand for a few hours in a box containing a little of the liquid polish. In this way it absorbs enough to do the work without any waste. At the price at which the Channel-Chemical Company are selling these goods, they make one of the most economical labor-savers ever put on the market for housekeepers in the city or on the farm.



Besides its use in the house, *O-Cedar Polish* has no equal for cleaning carriages, and automobile beds, seats and tops, or for removing grease from gears, cylinders

Builders or interested parties can get full particulars and catalogues by writing to Batts Limited, (West) Toronto, Ont., Canada.



and chassis. It is a great deal less expensive and easier to apply than a new coat of varnish and after seeing it used on a mahogany piano case, leaving a surface like a mirror, you have every assurance of certain results. A letter addressed to the Channel-Chemical Company, 369 Sorauren avenue, Toronto, will bring any reader further information concerning *O-Cedar* goods.

Batts Limited

THE exceptional exhibit of Batts Limited, situated at the south-east corner of the Process Building, well exemplifies the spirit of Canadian enterprise, and their display of interior woodwork, artistic wood paneling, verandah columns, pine and hardwood doors was, deservedly, one of the outstanding features of the exhibition.

Batts Limited have had a long experience in catering to the requirements of the building trade throughout the Dominion and the standard they have maintained in the high-grade material and workmanship used for their products is largely responsible for their pronounced success and well established reputation. Their factory is equipped with the most modern machinery and has every facility for turning out a high grade product perfected to the smallest detail.

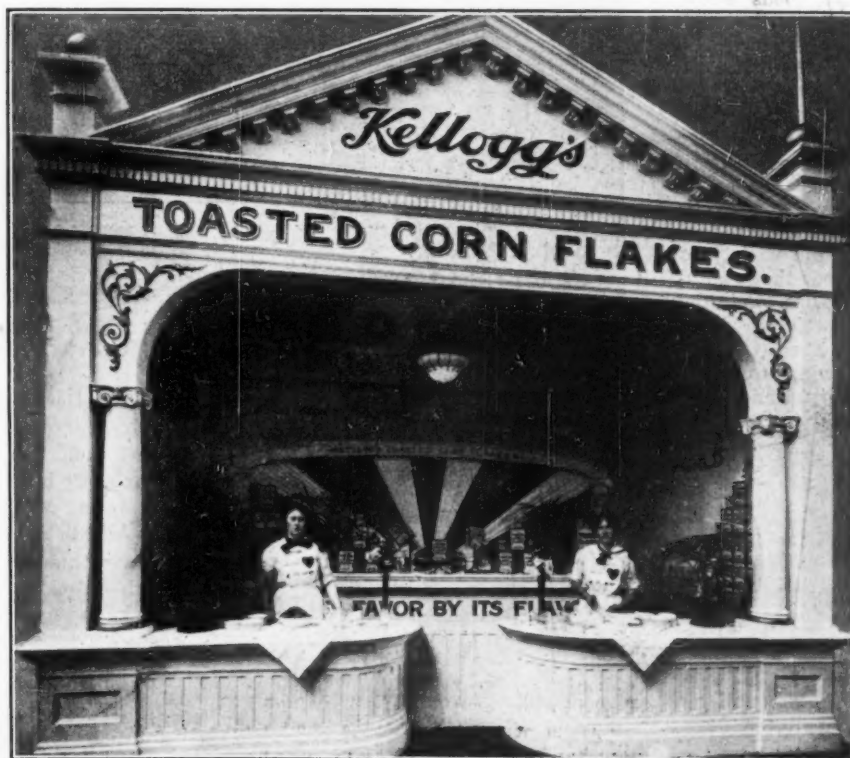
Many Canadian public buildings as well as residences further testify to the skill of this company in making high-grade doors, artistic columns, newels, stairs, and panelling. The making of pergolas is a particular specialty of this company so that many gardens in Canada have been enriched with their artistic creations.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes Co.

A STRIKING exhibit was given at the booth of the Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes Company at the Canadian Na-

tional Exhibition. The booth was decorated with red, white and green bunting with a background wall made of packages of the corn flakes. All around the front were white enameled serving counters where girls dressed in the garb of the "Sweetheart of the Corn" served samples of the cereal to hundreds of visitors every hour. Whether it was due to the picturesque make-up of the display, or just the irresistible qualities of the corn flakes, this was one of the most popular stands at the Fair.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes are no new thing in the homes of Canada or the United States, and their lasting popularity speaks well for the ingenuity of the manufacturers in finding an inviting way to present to the consumer one of the most wholesome and nutritious foods grown. An old American food authority says: "With a diet of corn-bread and pork, the men of this country are capable of enduring the greatest fatigue and performing the greatest amount of work." Modern scientists do not prescribe this straight bill-of-fare now, but they are still agreed about the corn. Dr. Hutchinson says: Ripened corn is not only a highly nutritious cereal from the chemist's point of view, but has the further advantage of being very well digested in the human body. It is also an economical food." Further speaking of corn flakes, the only prepared breakfast food made from ripened corn, he says: "Corn Flakes consist of cooked maize which has been treated with malt-honey, dried, rolled, and baked. It is a most nutritious and digestible breakfast food." The Kellogg's Corn Flakes make one of the staples of the dietary of the Battlecreek Sanatorium.



From the standpoint of the layman, however, it is the delightfully crisp, appetizing, satisfying qualities rather than the food value, that give Toasted Corn Flakes a regular appearance at the breakfast table. To the housekeeper they mean all this and more—a convenient, prepared food, always ready for use without the long cooking required by ordinary cereals; and a safe, wholesome food for children.

The neat attractive display at the Exhibition booth is just the care and cleanliness of the Kellogg's factory showing outside. Perhaps this has had something to do with the marvelous growth in the

sales of this company. A plant of double capacity has had to work to the limit, during the last three years to meet the increasing demand. Something of the spirit of the company was in evidence at the Exhibition in its liberal treatment of the public. It knows the merit of the product, and that the only thing necessary to establish a big market is to let the public test the goods for themselves. It welcomes inspection and thorough examination of the product because it is not only giving honest value, but doing some practical philanthropy in the pure food campaign.

variety of beautiful designs, and a rare stock of handkerchiefs, plain hemstitched, with corner embroiders or made up with the finest of Irish lace, these just begin



to give an idea of the extent of the company's manufactures. The designs in every piece are exquisite and the work perfect in every stitch. In table damasks the variety of the company's patterns run up into the thousands, so the purchaser has no difficulty in getting something individual. The shamrock trademark woven in the corner of every piece is a recognized mark of quality.

So it is no wonder the "Shamrock" linens are known the world over. They have won gold medals at Belfast, London, Paris, St. Louis and in world-wide competitions in other cities. All the manufacturing from spinning the thread to bleaching the woven linen and making the lace and embroiders is done on their own premises in Ireland where the industry has the most skilled and comparatively inexpensive labor. Hence with the experience of one hundred years' standing they can supply this country with a higher class of goods than any other

manufacturer has to offer.

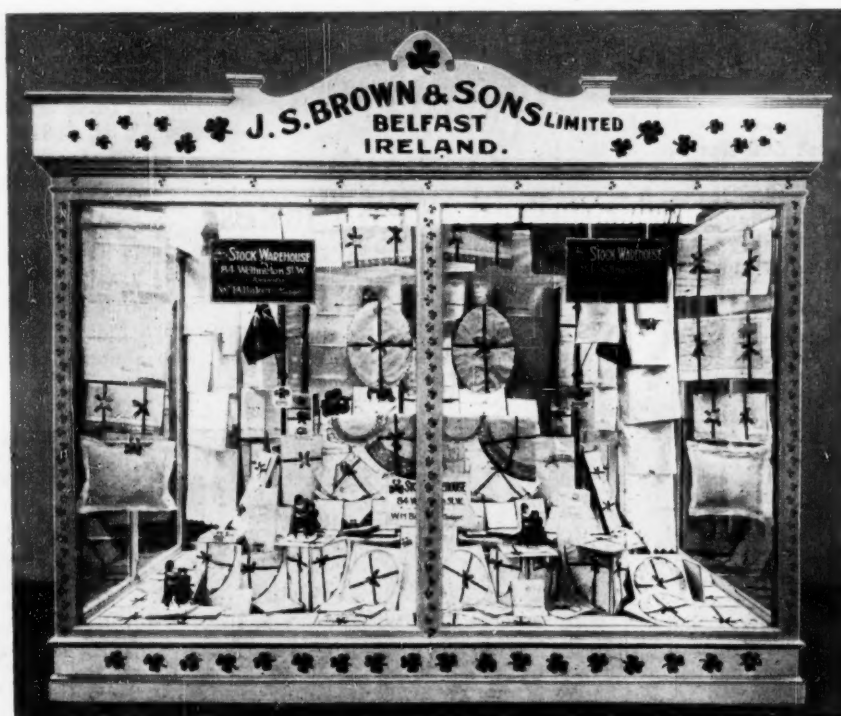
The John S. Brown & Sons, Ltd., do business with the retail trade of Canada from coast to coast. Orders are filled from Belfast or from Toronto stock which comprises a complete range of the entire manufactures. Shipments are being received from Belfast just as regularly as before the war, and the stock is now complete with a full range of goods for the holiday trade. The company issue a catalogue to the trade, giving prices and illustrating patterns. Any dealer can obtain one of these by writing to W. H. Baker, Canadian representative of John S. Brown & Sons, Ltd., 84 Wellington street west, Toronto.

The John S. Brown & Sons Ltd.

It is safe to say that no woman visitor to the Exhibition missed the attractive white showcase sprinkled over with green shamrocks, that held the exhibit of Irish linens made by the John S. Brown & Sons, Ltd., of Belfast. The hand-embroidered pieces, and those trimmed with Irish crochet lace backed with green paper and tied with green ribbon were, in themselves beautiful enough to command the admiration at the first glance, but a close examination of the goods would delight the visitor for hours at a time.

It would be impossible for the company in the limits of an exhibition display to give the public any adequate idea of the variety of goods they manufacture, but the superior quality of linen, the artistic designing and the flawless workmanship was evidenced in every article. The company does not cater to the trade but manufactures only

ered patterns, lace-edges or lace insertions. These fancy linens include everything required in the best furnished homes, tablecloths, and luncheon sets in all sizes, nap-



kins, doilies, centerpieces, five-o'clock tea cloths, bedspreads and dresser covers. The tablecloths with beautiful patterns of hand-embroidery in circular and corner designs, with Irish crochet and Baby Irish lace insertion were decidedly handsome. The bedspreads and dresser covers of sheer and heavy linens in delicate hand-embroidered patterns, some with handkerchief taping, others with Baby Irish insertion and drawn work, were fine enough for a queen's boudoir. Guest towels with embroidered initials and Irish lace or insertion, initialed pillow cases with hemstitched or scalloped edges, daintily embroidered baby towels and carriage pillows, doilies in an endless



the best quality of material in damask, plain linens, huckaback and an exclusive range of fancy linens with hemstitched or scalloped borders, with hand-embroid-

Norton Telephone Company

AN exhibit that was of much interest was that of the Norton Telephone Company of Toronto which was located in

suite letter boxes were shown in many arrangements, styles and finishes. Janitor's switchboards, suite and trade telephones



the Process Building. It included the very latest equipment in intercommunicating telephones of all kinds. A visitor did not have to spend much time to satisfy himself that the exhibit was not only very complete, but that everything shown was of the highest quality and that installations could be designed to suit any special conditions.

The name Norton has been connected with the telephone business in Canada almost as long as the name Bell, for the Norton business was established in 1888, and as a result of these many years of successful business, Norton systems are to be found in all leading centres from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

When installing a telephone system in an expensive modern building it is important to not only select the best equipment that is to be obtained, but to make sure that the work of installation is done by capable and experienced workmen. The Norton Telephone Company with its twenty-five years' experience, with the most up-to-date guaranteed equipment at reasonable cost, with its valuable references from hosts of satisfied customers including the finest bank buildings, largest and most modern apartment houses, leading hotels and hospitals, latest and most up-to-date schools and colleges, enterprising business offices and factories and high-priced residences, the Norton Telephone Company would certainly seem to offer the most reliable equipment; and Vestibule sets, including telephones and

of every type and finish, together with the best possible and safest workmanship.

The exhibit, as we have said, was a very complete one. On one wall of the booth was set up a Norton system specially designed for apartment houses. electrical door-openers were also shown. This particular apparatus attracted more than usual attention because of its special design, its artistic appearance and reasonable cost.

On another wall of the booth was shown a full line of intercommunicating telephones of all kinds—magneto, central energy and the automatic, the latter being specially preferable for larger installations requiring fifteen or more telephones. This exhibit included their very latest designs in this line.

Upon the third wall of the booth were shown hotel switchboards, annunciators of all kinds, loud ringing bells, dry cells, storage batteries and rectifying sets, Phone-Eze telephone brackets and electrical apparatus of all descriptions.

It would seem to be a very reasonable conclusion, taking into consideration the Norton record of twenty-five years' experience and the very up-to-date and complete character of the above lines, that the Norton Telephone Company is the firm with which to do business if you are equipping an apartment house, an office building, a departmental institution, a factory, a residence or any place of business with telephone service.

The Canadian Arrowsmith Mfg. Co.

THE Canadian Arrowsmith Mfg. Co., of Niagara Falls, Ont., manufacturers of foot specialties and particularly of



Arch Supports for the human foot, displayed their products very attractively. A demonstrator was in charge of the booth to enlighten the public with regard to the efficiency of their many foot specialties which are obtainable in all first-class shoe stores.

The First-aid Foot Restur, which was demonstrated, is a patented orthopedic appliance for the foot, constructed of two plates of german silver which bridges the ligaments and tendons that have become stretched and strained by being overburdened by overweight caused often by walking or standing on hard floors, cement pavements, and from other various causes. Weak arches if neglected usually result in flat foot, pain in the heel, heaving, burning, caloused spots on the ball of the foot, under the side of the great toe, cause bunions on the great toe or just back of the small toe. Cramping of the toes, excessive perspiration of the feet are instantly and positively relieved by wearing Arrowsmith First Aid Foot Restur.

Arrowsmith First Aid Foot Restur is so constructed that it will fit any shoe. No larger size shoe being required and may be adjusted by the wearer to conform to any shape or condition of the foot by swinging the upper plate out by use of an ordinary buttonhook and bending the upper plate up or down over the edge of a table or chair until it has the proper elevation to suit the condition of the foot. All first-class shoe dealers are equipped with the Arrowsmith Arch Prop Machine which ensures proper fitting of the Arrowsmith Arch Prop.

They are the pioneer manufacturers of arch supports and have greatly extended their line by adding First Aid to the Feet Foot Resturs, Heel-Cushions, Bunion Shields, Toe Strates, Food Powder, etc. Their display was strictly for advertising purposes in which the public was referred to respective shoe dealers as the Canadian Arrowsmith Mfg. Co. are the only manufacturers of foot specialties who merchandize their goods to shoe dealers only, who are equipped with the fitting facilities thus ensuring proper correction of foot troubles and their permanent relief.

Their souvenir miniature arch support pins, enclosed in a humorous folder, to-

gether with blotters and other advertising matter, were greatly sought after thus giving their demonstrator a splendid

opportunity to show the line to advantage. This literature will be gladly mailed to address.

Nugget Polish Company, Limited

THE Nugget Polish Company's exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition, a photograph of which appears on this page was quite an attraction, and excellent sales were recorded.

It is no idle boast on the part of this company when they state they are the largest manufacturers of shoe polishes in the world. Their products brighten and whiten the boots and shoes of six continents and two hemispheres, and their reputation is world-wide. A world-wide

strives after—that sense of comfort from an easy shoe—that feeling that your shoes will last longer because there are no injurious elements in the polish, are all derived from the purchase of a 10c tin.

When you take a railway journey and get your ticket it is often worth while to pay \$1 extra for the parlor car. It makes all the difference between comfort and discomfort does it not? Similarly when you buy a new pair of shoes it is always worth while to buy a tin of "Nugget" as well, because it will ensure those shoes being kept in good condition all the journey—good in appearance and comfortable and easy in wearing.

Two years ago, owing to the company's unique position as the largest buyers of raw material in the world in their particular line, they were enabled to considerably increase the size of their tin, thus giving the consumer the benefit of a larger quantity for the same price. It has always been the policy of the Nugget Company to give as much as they can for what they get instead of getting as much as they can for what they give.

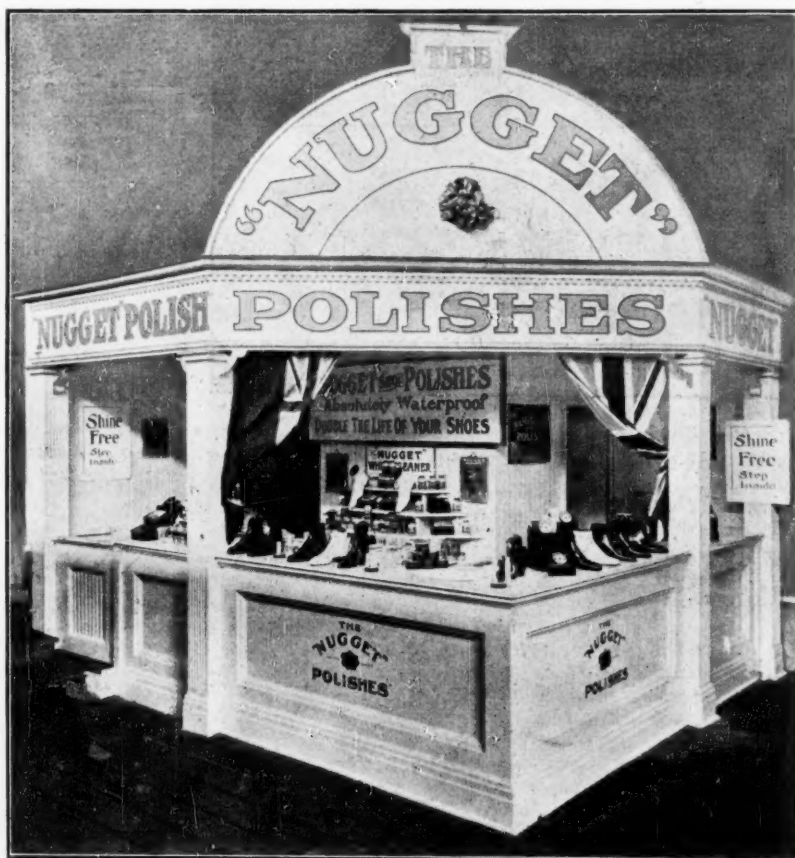
At a time like the present when all eyes in Canada are turned to the Mother Country, it is interesting to know that enough men to form a company of the Territorials have

gone from the factory in London, Eng., on active service.

Meantime the active service that is being rendered by the "Nugget Polishes" to your shoes will be continued if you will when ordering shoe polish be sure to say "Nugget please."

The "Golden" All-Metal Weather Strip Co.

A DEMONSTRATOR was kept busy at the booth of the above company showing interested visitors the unique advant-



reputation is not easily built up. It requires years of arduous and unrelenting toil, of careful management, of brilliant advertising, but it requires most of all a good sound honest article. And this article the Nugget Company possess. For rendering the leather soft, pliable, brilliant and waterproof there are few to compare with it, and none to equal it.

The millions who use "Nugget" every day do so because it gives satisfaction, performs every promise, and emerges triumphantly from every test.

Have you ever thought how much depends on shoe polish—that well groomed appearance that every man or woman



ages of the All-Metal Weather Strip and Window Slide. This weather strip is "The Twentieth Century Substitute for Storm Sash." Primarily a weather strip is used solely to guard against the discomforts of a hard winter, but to-day a metal weather strip not only replaces the old out-of-date storm window, but also as an all-year-round means of keeping out draughts dust, dirt and soot.

The "Golden" Weather Strip gives absolute protection against cold and makes a saving of at least 25 per cent. on fuel consumption. The "Golden" Strip is distinguished from ordinary makes by several special features. As an instance: it is the only interlocking, all-metal strip on the market; the only strip that allows for shrinkage, swelling or warping of the sash without binding or interference. With the Golden Strip the annoyance of rattling windows is eliminated. It is invisible. Indestructible, after first installation no further attention is required. Visitors who saw the utility and effectiveness of these "Golden" Strips will never again tolerate the storm window annoyances. Windows can be opened for ventilation or cleaning at any time. While at the same time they afford all the advantages of the storm window without any single feature of objection. Persons who were unable to see their exhibit should write for interesting booklet to R. K. Woodard, sole Canadian agent, 307 1/2 Clinton street, Toronto.

Wm. Rennie Co., Limited

THE maxim that one's works should prove their words is evidently the keynote of the Wm. Rennie Company, the old well-known firm of Canadian seedsmen. The evidence of their faith in their seeds lay in their splendid exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition.

This firm tests their own seed at several farms through the country as well as on their own at Long Branch, Ont. Their success in developing strains of hardy and prolific Field Roots has been phenomenal. Around the sides of their exhibit were arranged samples of Mangels,

Turnips, Beets, Onions, Carrots, Squash, Pumpkin, Sugar Beets, and Montreal Musk Melon, all of this season's growth. In every case the products were larger than the great bulk of the average products of the field at the end of the growing period several weeks later.

Farmers and feeders were particularly attracted to their Mangels. The Giant Yellow Half Long, the Golden Tankard, the Perfection Mammoth Long Red, the Yellow Leviathan and the Leviathan and Jumbo Sugar Beets, each had their merits and doubtless under their individual conditions would make any arguments as to their relative feeding values.

The Turnips were particularly attractive in that they had obtained so great a size at a time when Field Turnips are supposed to be beginning to size up for the final season's work. Even the Aberdeen Purple Top compared well with the Improved Greystone, the Purple Top Mammoth and the Selected White Globe in size and apparently splendidly constituted flesh.

This has been a good year for Onions where the soil was suitable. Big stories are being told at many centres of the success in raising this vegetable. Rennie's Red, Yellow and White Globe Onions were individually perfect. Special mention must be made of the Montreal Melons, now so justly famous in Canada. Several big beauties grown from Decarie's seed were on exhibition. White Wave Oats, Carrots, Squash, Frame Cucumbers and Sugar Beets were also attractive members of the group.

Above all and decorating the whole display with form and color, were the Giant Crego Asters, dignified Gladioli, faultlessly perfect Dahlias of splendid variation in bloom and development. The developments in the big Asters seems to progress each year. Rennie's have made a special feature of this work and many visitors were attracted to the splendid display.

Another feature of the Rennie firm that is one of the strongest forces at play in their business, is the unfailing courtesy and kindness under all circumstances. No matter what comes or goes, any customer who drops into their offices meets with a pleasant smile and sympathetic hearing to their needs and wishes. This was well exemplified by the young man in charge



of this exhibit. It was his business to assist people and his enthusiasm and genial face made the setting of Asters and Gladioli as attractive to the public as sugar to a honey bee.

The Wm. Rennie Company, Toronto,

would be pleased to send anyone their Catalogue of Dutch Bulbs now and a copy of their Seed Catalogue when issued in January next.

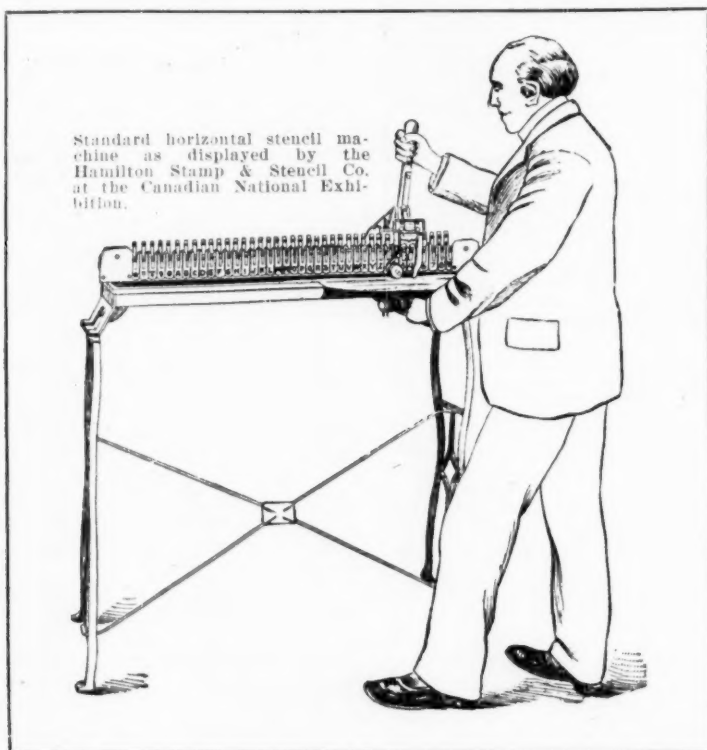
They maintain important branches at Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

The Hamilton Stamp and Stencil Works, Limited

AMONG the many ingenious labor-saving devices at the Exhibition this year, none attracted more favorable attention than the *Standard Horizontal Bradley Stencil Machine*. Merchants and manufacturers who are ever alert for opportunities to increase the efficiency of their shipping department were quick to see the advantages of this machine.

lays makes it a valuable asset in factory, store or warehouse where the shipping of goods is essential.

The *Standard Horizontal* is not the only style *Bradley* but for work where speed is imperative it is most advantageous. The *Bradley* is for cutting stencils from a prepared stencil board which is very durable and will cut in one minute



A demonstrator was kept busy but the simplicity of the machine made his task an easy one. There is nothing complicated about the *Bradley Stencil Machine*. It is solid in construction and sturdy enough to stand more than the average abuse. The rapidity with which a stencil can be cut is amazing. That this machine will revolutionize the old method of marking is apparent even to the casual observer. We learned that most of the largest warehouses and factories in Canada have their shipping departments equipped with the *Bradley* and judging from the number of enquiries at the exhibit the company will be kept busy for sometime to come.

A boy can cut the stencil with a "*Bradley*" just as neat, clean, and business-like as if the stencils were made to order. The clear, legible lettering made by this machine gives added prestige to the house using it and the saving in time and de-

for less than one cent per stencil. The cost of the *Bradley Stencil Machine* is trifling considering its time and labor-saving advantages. It will prove a most valuable asset to any business needing stencil requirements. Stencil paper and inks specially adapted for these machines can also be obtained from this company. This is convenient and saves time. No extra charge is made for cutting the stencil board to size.

Those unable to attend the Exhibition, or who overlooked the *Bradley Stencil Machine* among the countless attractions, if interested, can secure further information and the names of numerous firms already enjoying its benefits. Address your inquiries to the Hamilton Stamp and Stencil Works, Limited, Hamilton, Ont., or to the Superior Mfg. Co., Limited, 9a Church street, Toronto, Ont.

Two Giant Worlds Two Stars Which Together Have Seventy-seven Thousand Times the Light of the Sun

From the Scientific American.

The writer of this article is Dr. Campbell, former president of the Astronomical Department of the Arts and Sciences Institute, Brooklyn. In it he endeavors to enable us to grasp a few facts concerning two stars whose light takes 466 years to reach the earth.

OF all the twenty first-magnitude stars, the inherent glory of Rigel and Canopus is the greatest. Only two are farther than they, while the other sixteen are very much nearer. Antares is 112 light-years distant, its light requiring that number of years to travel to earth; and the next beyond are Rigel and Canopus, 466 light-years distant. Though it takes almost half a millennium to bring us their messages of light, even as perceived from earth Rigel ranks seventh and Canopus second among the entire heavenly host.

Brightest of all as seen from earth, Sirius, 8.7 light-years distant, is the third nearest star of the heavens, the second nearest among those of first magnitude, and the nearest among those of the latter seen from our northern regions. Charmed as mankind has always been with the magnificence of Sirius, what would it be to behold two stars displaying, respectively, 515 and 1,488 times that splendor?

But eleven times as bright as Sirius shines the planet Venus when brightest, next to the moon and sun in effulgence. We have, therefore, only to divide these figures by 11, in order to ascertain that Rigel and Canopus, brought to the proximity of Sirius, would display, respectively 47 and 135 times the marvelous splendor of Venus. Inasmuch as Venus may often be recognized by daylight, it follows that Rigel and Canopus would be plainly visible even in the glare of the sun.

COMPARISON WITH THE MOON.

A step farther. The full moon is 1,727 times as bright as Venus. Consequently, dividing by this number, we ascertain that Rigel and Canopus, brought as near as Sirius, would possess, the former 2.7 per cent. and the latter 7.8 per cent. as much light as that of the full moon. The latter figures mean that even the full moon would outshine Canopus only about 15 times, which is nearly the relation of Sirius to Regulus. Any frequent observer of the full moon knows how its light actually dazzles and partially blinds him. Were the new positions of Rigel and Canopus such as would bring the moon into their vicinity, think of the wonder of an occultation, when the moon would draw near, touch, then extinguish the luminary, and it would spring from behind it an hour later! Think also of the infinitely charming spectacle of a close conjunction, with its star and crescent effect!

Inasmuch as Sirius, despite its comparative nearness, is still so distant that

the largest telescope cannot sensibly magnify its point of light, we feel the need of bringing Rigel and Canopus yet nearer, and setting them beside the expanded disk of our own sun, in order to obtain a true measure of their size. Sirius possesses 48 times the light of the sun. Provided that its general surface brilliancy is the same as that of the sun, we have only to extract the square root of that figure in order to ascertain that its diameter is about 7 times that of the sun. The sun is $1\frac{1}{4}$ million times the volume of the earth, and Sirius is 333 times the sun's volume. Thus we get some conception of the enormous size of Sirius.

But we are speaking of two giant worlds enormously larger yet. Assuming that their general surface brilliancy is the same as that of the sun, and recalling that Rigel has at least 22,000 and Canopus 55,000 times the light of the sun, the square root of those figures gives us Rigel's diameter 150, and Canopus's 235 times that of the sun. Whereas the sun's diameter, as seen in the sky, measures one-half a degree, Canopus's, at the same distance, would measure $117\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of the 180 that reach from horizon to horizon, and its disk would cover 55,225 times the sky area occupied by the sun. Canopus would be nearly eight hours in rising, and,

before being fully risen, would already have begun to set; that is, its disk would reach much farther than from the eastern horizon to the zenith. With such a globe brought so near, all life on the earth would instantly perish, seas would be converted into steam, and the very mountains would melt with fervent heat and flow like molten iron. Besides such facts, our corner of the universe seems diminutive, dull, and insignificant.

These two marvelous orbs have been found among a group of twenty to which they belong. Out of the million-million stars known to exist, any twenty, for aught we know, might yield similar specimens. Nothing proves that such worlds are rare. We have not magnified their greatness by bringing them, in the first instance, into unreasonable proximity, but merely to that of their present greatest rival, Sirius, the primate of the order to which they belong, to reach which point, in a mile-a-minute journey, would require 100 million years; and, in the second case, we have not brought them to the proximity of the moon, or even of the nearer planets, but merely to that of the nearest star, our own sun, which itself could be reached, at the same speed, in not less than 177 years.

Training City Girls to Be Useful Women

A School Which Gives Practical Instruction in Running a Home

From The American Review of Reviews.

Much good-humored satire is frequently leveled at the municipal and other schools of cookery which in some way seem to fail in their purpose of turning the average girl into a good plain cook capable of providing economically for the average working man's household. Here we have a description of a school which appears to have been more successful in achieving this end and in turning out real, practical housewives.

THE Washington Irving High School in New York City, occupies one of the largest public-school buildings in the world. More than 6,000 pupils—all girls—throng its halls and recitation-rooms five days and evenings in every week during the school terms. The objects of the school are:

To vitalize each subject of the school curriculum and make it interesting, to show the relation of the school studies to real life in this workaday world, to hold up service of the common good as the ideal of every girl, to exalt health and happiness as well as industry, to inspire a love of the artistic, to preach the fundamentals of democracy.

A public school is intended, of course, to serve all the people of the community. The population that is served by a school in the heart of New York City has been drawn from every quarter of the civilized

world and represents various stages of economic progress. The overwhelming majority are the families of wage-earners, living in congested districts. With many the conditions of life are hard and the future holds scant hope of material prosperity, measured by American standards. These facts might be ignored by the school management. As a rule, it has seemed to be the custom to ignore them. Perhaps this partly explains the failure of the American public high school to hold large numbers of its pupils beyond the age of thirteen.

IN TRAINING FOR HOUSEHOLD RESPONSIBILITIES.

In this school the girl's prospective condition in life is considered from the moment of her entrance until graduation day. It is assumed that every girl will marry and become the mother of a family, and the school undertakes to give all its pupils such a training in home management as will enable them to take the serious responsibilities of life and acquit themselves as useful members of society. It is deemed important that the coming mothers of the race should know how to dress and undress babies, and this detail, instead of being left to chance, becomes a definite subject in the curriculum, taught with scientific precision. In the same way

WEANING BABY

It is always an anxious time with Mothers when it is advisable to wean the Baby, to know what is best to feed them on.

There is nothing better than

NEAVE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS

It is used in every part of the world, and has been the standard food in England for nearly 90 years.

It is the oldest, the cheapest, and still the best.

"231 Dorien Street,

Montreal, 30 June, 1913.

Dear Sir:—

I received the sample of Neave's Food and can highly recommend it.

My Mother used it for a family of 13 children—my wife is pleased with it. Our Baby is increasing daily in weight and she says all her friends shall know of the food.

Yours truly, C. H. LEWIS."

NEAVE'S FOOD is sold in 1 lb. tins by all druggists

FREE TO MOTHERS. Write for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of a valuable Book—"Hints About Baby"—to the Canadian Agent, Edwin Utley, 14Y Front Street East, Toronto.

Mfrs., J. R. Neave & Co., England.

48

"What Was That Price
You Quoted Jones?"



Clear carbon copies save not only your time but your money. A single illegible figure in a quotation may mean a loss of a hundred or a thousand dollars if it's too low—or the loss of an order if it's too high.

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Peerless Products are attractively packed and sealed, are unaffected by any climate and are unconditionally guaranteed.

Peerless Carbon and Ribbon Mfg. Co., Limited
176-178 Richmond St. W.
Toronto, Canada

You Can Be a Winner

If you have energy and ambition, big opportunities wait you—We have a proposition that will interest ambitious young men.

Write Dept. "S," MacLean's Magazine,
143 University Ave., Toronto.

various other matters that cannot be taught from text-books, but constitute important and useful branches of knowledge in the broad science of everyday living have been admitted to the courses of instruction, until the school work has been differentiated from that conducted by most institutions of its class.

There was much wisdom in the remark of a distinguished visitor to the Chicago World's Fair, concerning a \$500 workman's cottage exhibited there: "Yes, it is a wonderful exhibit of a \$500 home; but it would take a \$5,000 wife to run it." The Washington Irving School maintains a model flat—not a cottage, since the average New York family cannot live in a cottage—and it proceeds to instruct its girl pupils in the care and management of this flat, as well as in the purchasing of food and household supplies, and in all that goes to qualify a New York City girl to become "a \$5,000 wife," fully equipped to preside over a home.

VOCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

Facing the stern realities of life, the school management cannot blink the probability that not only will most of the graduates be required to maintain homes on small incomes, but that very many of them will be, for a time at least, self-supporting units in the community and hence will need to be fitted for earning a livelihood. To this end business and industrial training are given, and many trade-school features have been incorporated. It should be understood, however, that these are introduced, not as substitutes for, but as supplementary to, the usual required subjects of the high-school course.

In the first year of the four years' course, all the girls have an opportunity to study various subjects with a view to deciding where their interest lies and to receiving counsel from their teachers as to suitable lines of work. After the end of the first year the elective system comes into play and most of the girls begin to specialize in their courses. Some choose courses fitting their business and office work; others learn dress-making or book-binding; others still concentrate on studies that prepare for teaching or for an artistic career. More than five-sixths of the Washington Irving girls avail themselves of the vocational training provided by the school. There is, however, a group of about 800 pupils each year who do the general high-school work without reference to any particular calling in after life. It is a theory of the school that just as it is good for all of us in adult life to come into contact with people who work with their hands, whether we ourselves do so or not, so it is good for youth at school to have first-hand knowledge of some of the problems of modern industry. The pupils of the Washington Irving School, whether they specialize in any handicraft or not, cannot fail to leave the school with an enlarged conception of the dignity of every form of honest labor.

JILL'S PLAYTIME.

Because both teachers and pupils take their work seriously, it is not to be inferred that the day's program is an unceasing round of drudgery. On the contrary, there is probably no school in the

city that expends a larger part of its energy in pure fun. For more than ten years dancing has been regularly taught—and practised—and the outdoor sports on the great roof playground of the new building are kept up almost without intermission throughout the school year. Healthful, joy-giving play is as much a part of the school's routine as work at the desk. Talent for dramatic expression finds an outlet in the plays that are frequently produced on the school stage—plays written and acted by the girls themselves, with scenery and costumes of their own designing.

THE SCHOOL AS A SOCIAL CENTRE.

The building that houses these various school activities is one of the most complete of its kind in the world. It is fortunate that the ideals of the school had been largely shaped before the cornerstone was laid, so that when the building was erected it embodied in many of its characteristic features plans that had

been matured in the thought and experience of Principal McAndrew and his corps of teachers. The structure, in fact, houses more than a high school. There are under its roof business offices, a bank, dressmaking and millinery establishments, a book-bindery, a restaurant and kitchen, laundries, well-appointed living apartments, a zoological museum, a plant conservatory, and a dozen other institutions borrowed, as it were, from the varied metropolitan life that surges about the school and its interests.

The Gramercy Neighborhood Association, which has its headquarters in the school building, is organized to meet such social needs as are likely to be neglected in a great city. It has already waged a successful campaign against the evil resorts of the district in which its activities centre and in various ways is promoting the cause of civic betterment. Thus the school is brought into contact with a wholesome community movement.

Old Church Bands

An Account of the Musical Instruments Used in Churches Previous to the Introduction of Organs

From the Antiquary.

The church music here described as well as the imposing figure of the church "clerk" will be within the memory of many of our readers. The article recalls one well-known story of the clerk who on the occasion of an episcopal visit to the church at which he officiated signalized the occasion by exclaiming: "Let us now sing to the praise and glory of God a hymn of my own composing." He then in accordance with custom recited the first verse which was a paraphrase of a well-known psalm and ran as follows:

*Why hop ye so, ye little hills?
Ye little hills! Why hop?
Is it because ye're glad to see
His Grace the Lord Bishop?*

THE introduction of the organ into our churches is an event of comparatively recent date. It has taken place within the last fifty years or so. Before that time our village churches had to rely for their music on whatever could be obtained in that direction locally, the usual custom being for the village musicians to form themselves into the village orchestra—an institution that represented the standing musical force in any particular locality, and supplied the music, not only for the village church, but for all the revels and festivities that took place throughout the whole countryside.

We thus see that, as far as matters musical were concerned, the village church had to cut its coat according to the available cloth; and it is not surprising, therefore, to find that the old church bands were made up at times of extremely strange combinations of instruments, or that they varied within wide limits in different parts of the country, both in regard to the number and kind of instruments employed.

In some churches the "band" consist-

ed of only one instrument, played as a rule by the clerk. The latter was a very important and imposing figure in the church in days of yore. He was often quite a good musician, very proud of his voice, and if he happened to be an instrumentalist, would play in church band of which he assumed the role of leader. One well-known clerk of Royston, played the bass viol, and another, for thirty-six years clerk of Stondon Massey, in Essex, played the flute. Then there was a famous clerk who, to quote his own description of himself,

Shaves neat and plays the bassoon,

while still another could

Draw teeth, sing psalms, the hautboy play.

Your old-time parish clerk was a man of many parts. Among his many accomplishments he occasionally included a proclivity for writing poetry—generally of a doggerel type. One of them has made use of this mode of expression to record the general condition of affairs in vogue at the particular church in which he pursued his calling, and his description of the church band, as summed up in the following lines, is both instructive and amusing:

We'd vifes and a horn and a vlute for the
tune,
And vather, I mind, he played the bas-
soon.
My viddle I brought in a bag of green
baize,
Vor we'd not got no organ in Richard-
son's days.

Be Prepared!

IN time of war prepare for peace!

¶ Keep your trade routes open. Maintain the prestige of your name and the supremacy of your line. Fortify against aggressive competition. Keep your organization on a war footing. Safeguard your connection.

¶ Be alert. Be optimistic. Be impervious to panic. Advertise!

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¶ From many quarters we hear reassuring news about the outlook for the **immediate** future. The prospect is anything but black.

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¶ Rothschild, remember, laid the foundation for his immense fortune when the world was at war with Napoleon.

Occasionally the village church could not muster a band at all, in which case the clerk again came to the rescue and "sette the tune" by means of a pitch-pipe. This was a wooden pipe "with a long movable graduated stopper, blown by the mouth, and adjustable approximately to any note of the scale by pushing the stopper inwards or outwards." This particular pitch-pipe was formerly used, and is now preserved, in Brede Church, near Hastings. The old church instruments were regarded by the villagers with an affection born of long association, and relics of the old church bands are to be found in several churches in different parts of the country. The old clerk's violin is preserved in a glass case at Warnham Church, in Sussex, and the bassoon that was formerly played in the church band at Church Broughton, is similarly honored.

The process of "setting the tune" was attended with some ceremony. When the time for singing the metrical psalm arrived the clerk gave out the number, using the usual formula "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the (hundredth) psalm." Then pulling out his pitch pipe from the dusty cushions of his seat, he would strut pompously down the church, ascend the stairs leading to the gallery, blow his pipe and give the singers their notes which they hung on to on a low tone till the clerk returned to his place in the lowest tier of the 'three-decker,' and started the choir-folk vigorously.

The great variations in the number and kind of instruments met with in the old church bands has already been mentioned. Three was a very common number, the trio being made up of violin, clarinet, and bass viol—which, in rustic parlance, means the 'cello, not the double-bass. Sometimes a flute, or, maybe, a bassoon would be found in place of, or in addition to, the violin; the clarinet and bass viol were nearly always present.

The cost of maintaining the church band was borne partly by the players themselves, who in most cases provided their own instruments and partly by the church. Various items are to be found in old churchwardens' accounts relating to expenses incurred in connection with the church band. Thus:

For hairing the bowe of the
voile 8d.

And again:

Paid for one Haughtboy for
the church 19s.

The bassoon seems to have held an important position in the church band, and the advent of a bassoon-player was looked upon as an occasion to be celebrated in a manner befitting its importance. The following items—

Spent with singers when new
Bazoon came 2s. 3d.
Charges when the Bassoune
came 3s. 6d.

testify to this; while, as the Rev. F. W.

Galpin naively puts it, "a possible carouse is suggested by the entry in the accounts of certain churchwarden 'for beare when the new bassoon came.'"

Times have changed. There are no church bands in existence at the present day. They have gradually died out all over the country, and the village church knows them no more. They lingered on in parts of Dorset long after they had ceased to exist elsewhere, but now even there they are extinct.

THE "MUSICIANERS."

Some of the old "musicianers" who played in the church bands are still living, and I delight to seek out these old men and to listen to them the while they wax eloquent about the days when they fiddled and piped in the gallery of the village church.

From all accounts, the music produced by the old church bands was rather terrible. The instruments were not of the

best, and, as often as not, were out of tune themselves and with one another. Of musical education the village musicianers had little or none, for who was there to teach them? and whence was to come the wherewithal to pay the teacher, supposing one could be found? But the poor quality of the music was no reason for abolishing the church bands. Rather should they have been improved if for no other reason than that they drew the villagers to their church where, sinking their differences and forgetting their squabbles, the carpenter, the schoolmaster, the thatcher, and the weaver vied with one another in the common cause of music.

Would that the church bands could be revived! They have left a blank that is only partly filled by the organ that has ousted them. Besides, the players themselves thought their music was grand, and so did the villagers. What more could be desired?

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe

A Sketch of the Gallant Seamen Who Heads the British Fleet

From T. P.'s Weekly.

The man in supreme command of the Fleet at this critical juncture is Sir John Rushworth Jellicoe, who was born Dec. 5th, 1859. He is the son of Captain J. H. Jellicoe, was educated first at Rottingdean, and joined the Navy in 1872. He served in the Egyptian War (1882), and was Chief of Staff to Sir E. Seymour in the attempted relief of the Peking Legations (1900). He was, too, one of the survivors of the terrible Victoria-Camperdown collision. The author of the following article saw him in the company of the Kaiser, when that monarch must have been formulating his designs of conquest.

A QUARTER of a century has passed since Spithead was the scene of one of those demonstrations of our strength that have characterized these days of iron ships. Nothing of the kind has been seen since Queen Victoria reviewed the wooden walls with which "Charlie Napier" sailed against Russia in the Baltic. It was a glorious day, and from the flagship, H.M.S. Hood—long since shelved in these days of rapid change—one could look along a line of shimmering ships that extended as far as the eye could see. The Solent was crowded with pleasure boats, tugs, and even liners, all gay with bunting, their decks crowded with eager, happy people.

WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

We were waiting for the Kaiser. The first hint that he was in the neighborhood was the appearance of King Edward, then Prince of Wales, coming out of Portsmouth Harbor in his yacht. She was surrounded by smaller yachts, and, as she disappeared round the Isle of Wight she reminded one of a mother duck leading her brood of young. We were not kept

waiting long before a thunderous salute down our avenues of ships heralded the approach of the young monarch, whose retinue represented the cream of what was his entire navy. Strange vessels they seemed to us, and their novelty was enhanced by the jet black smoke that clouded from their numerous funnels.

OLD CONSTRUCTION.

Their hulls were dark as ink, high out of the water, and unrelieved by a line of color; an easy mark for the guns of an enemy. Their number was little more than could be counted on the fingers of one hand. As they passed down our line we noticed the military precision with which the German bluejackets stood at attention, but opinion among us favored the easy grace with which our own men dressed their ships. The most martial figure of all the Germans was the Kaiser himself, standing erect on the bridge.

As I looked through my glasses at his quick, imaginative face, I wondered whether the miles of cannons' roar had roused in him the same thought that passed through the minds of many of us. No doubt they had, and to that salute and Lord Salisbury's flying squadron at the time of the Kruger telegram, the present German navy is the answer.

THE PROTAGONIST.

From the military form of the Emperor I turned to our own officers standing at the salute. One there was who could compare in distinction with the Kaiser. He was a man of tall, slight, upright form and pronounced heroic features; his martial appearance only threw into greater contrast the homely figure of

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a very little man standing among the lieutenants. He was quite a small man with sloping shoulders and a prominent nose inclined to what is vulgarly known as a "beak." Undistinguished though he was by physique there was something alert about this officer suggesting the keen active "senior," typical of what was known as the first lieutenant of Nelson's day, and now, under the title of commander, the most active and versatile, if not the most responsible executive in a man-of-war. The German fleet had passed by and I noticed the quick, decided step with which the small lieutenant descended to the ward room to join his friends. It was then I marked the thin, tightly set mouth, the ample head, and the quick, shrewd, though kindly eyes.

A QUIET MAN.

The new Emperor William was the general topic of conversation. And of all those present this little officer alone hesitated to express an opinion on either the German ships, their personnel or the Emperor. But from the respect with which his words on technical matters were listened to, I gathered that he was no ordinary man. Even in those days John Jellicoe was an officer with a distinguished past and a future to which it was difficult to set any limitation. Seaman-ship was in his blood, for his father was one of the most distinguished commanders that our merchant service has known in modern times. As a sub-lieutenant he had passed out of the Naval College at Portsmouth first in three subjects out of a possible five.

He had already seen active service in the Egyptian war of 1822, and a year later won a prize of £80 at the Naval College. There are officers who are brilliant and brave but unfortunate in the matter of opportunities. It cannot be said that Sir John Jellicoe has much to grumble at in this respect, his life has been crowded with adventure.

A HAPPY ESCAPE.

In 1886 H.M.S. Monarch was stationed off "Gib." Proceeding to sea for target practice she followed her usual custom on such occasions and left all her boats behind with the exception of one which was by no means suited to rough weather. After a time the weather became distinctly dirty and pretty heavy seas were experienced. These stranded a steamer on the sands near the famous Rock, and both the vessel and its crew were in a position of great danger. Volunteers were called by the captain of the Monarch, with the result that young Jellicoe started off in command of the boat, he and the crew having equipped themselves with cork jackets. Before long they were all struggling in the water, while their little vessel was tossed away by the waves, keel upwards. Fortune favors the brave and the whole crew with its commander were eventually washed ashore. For this Mr. Jellicoe received the silver medal of the Board of Trade. Another occasion on which Sir John nearly lost his life was when acting as chief officer in the expedition led by Admiral Seymour to the relief of the Embassies at Peking.

On that march he received a bullet from the Boxers and a C.B. from a grateful country. Previously he had, as a commander of Admiral Tryon's ship, the Victoria, been one of the lucky few who survived that terrible disaster.

If the Kaiser William scarcely knew of the existence of Jellicoe at the review in 1887, he recognized his merits fifteen years later by decorating him with the order of the Red Eagle of the Second Class with "Crossed Swords"—an ominous honor in view of Sir John's latest appointment.

Sir John Jellicoe has occupied positions of great responsibility at the Admiralty, including that of second naval lord, and has had honors showered on him by both King Edward and King George. Last year he was placed in command of the Red Fleet during the naval manœuvres. Those manœuvres came to an abrupt end, the mystery of which has never been revealed. But the fact that Sir John has ever been talked about as the officer who would command our fleet afloat in the event of a European war gives food for reflection.

What's In a Name?

Story of the City of St. Petersburg—Now Petrograd

By Dr. E. J. Dillon in *The Daily Telegraph*.

St. Petersburg is no more. An Imperial decree lately made it known that in future the Russian capital is to be called Petrograd. The German-sounding name of the city had long been a strange anomaly, and with the outbreak of war there was a widespread demand that it should be altered.

WHAT'S in a name? The Russians hold that there is a good deal in it, else they would not have chosen the present moment to reconsider a proposal made many times during the past thirty-five years to change that of their capital on the Neva. The city heretofore known as St. Petersburg is in future to be called Petrograd. This apparent innovation is in reality a return to the old name which Peter the Great's second capital had borne from the beginning. All the old books published in that city during the latter part of Peter's reign and those of his immediate successors bear the word Petrograd on the title pages. Grad and Gorod are two forms of the same word which means city or town. Etymologically it connotes an enclosed space, and belongs to the same root as the English word garden. It occurs in hundreds of Slav geographical names, as, for instance, in Novgorod—"new town"—Ivangorod, Elizabetgrad, Euxinograd. Constantinople itself is often called in Russian the "Emperor's city," Tsaregrad.

During the reigns of the Empresses Catherine, Anna, and Elizabeth the mania for adopting foreign names was rife in Russia, and on many places known in old Russian history German names were bestowed, most of which remain to this day.

After the Treaty of Berlin, when Count Ignatieff, who had been Russia's Ambassador in Constantinople, became at first Minister of the Interior and then president of the Slavonic Society, he, Komaroff, and a number of other Slavophiles inaugurated a movement in favor of altering those German names to their Russian equivalents, or to the original Slav appellations wherever there were any such. Before making the suggestion public Count Ignatieff asked me to draw up a list of those towns and cities, and to

open a press campaign in favor of the movement in the columns of the press organ of the Imperial Russian Academy, the *Peterburgskaya Vedomosti*, on the staff of which I was then a leader writer. I did so. But this attempt to Russify geographical names met with little support and encountered fierce opposition. The comic papers in particular made fun of it, and asked whether we would not include Oranienbaum—a summe residence near St. Petersburg—in our list, and call it Apelinsk, or, say, in English "Orange-insk," and a number of other absurd translations were suggested for the benefit of the Slavophile reformers.

But the campaign was not wholly unsuccessful. The Emperor Alexander III., when he heard of it, is said to have remarked: "There is no need of going to extremes. But the cities which played a part in Russian history and had purely Russian names ought to have those names restored to them. And in this list we should include the university city of Dorpat and the city of Dunaburg. Henceforth they shall be known as Yurevo and Dvinsk." Among Russian Germans there was a great outcry at this "profanation," and most German prints and books—even those published in the Russian Empire—continued to refer to those towns as Dorpat and Dunaburg. But to-day they are known only as Yurevo and Dvinsk.

And now St. Petersburg has been added to the list.

In time, no doubt, Peterhof, Oranienbaum, Yekaterinburg, Orenburg, and a host of other places will also be rechristened, and Count Ignatieff's proposal will be fully carried out.

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Madam Melba's Autobiography

The Story of the Great Singer's Life

From T. P.'s Weekly.

In the following article Mme. Melba tells something of the incidents and vicissitudes of the life of the singer. The early disappointments that shadow the career of every artist are hinted at, although Mme. Melba apparently did not have as protracted a struggle as usually falls to the lot of the newcomer in the worlds of music, art or letters.

AS Helen Porter Mitchell I began, in the strict sense of that word, nearly forty-six years ago, my birthplace being Melbourne, Australia. The fact that I possessed a voice made little or no impression upon the first few years of my life; in fact, my musical energies were turned towards the piano, my dear mother being my teacher. She was a brilliant pianist, and played the harp and organ really well, training my sisters and myself with the greatest care. Her sister, I am told, possessed a lovely singing voice, and my father was a bass singer of no mean ability. But I am the one and only member of my family who has turned this gift of Nature to professional use. All my life I have loved music; so much so, that on one occasion, when we moved for a holiday from our Melbourne home to a fresh abode and I discovered that the house held no piano, I taught myself the concertina rather than live for many months without music.

One of my earliest musical recollections concerns a midnight escapade in which I figured largely. I was a tiny child at the time, and had been sent to bed at the usual reasonable hour. But sleep failed to soothe me, and I lay awake till the house was quiet, then stole downstairs, opened the piano, and began to play Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." To this day I can see the door opening and the amazed faces of my father and mother peering in to discover the identity of this mad midnight musician. Protesting loudly, I was thereupon removed to bed.

During my childhood I was allowed to sing in the local church choir, but am afraid that my affection for the piano-forte was greater than my love for vocal music. At the age of six I made my first public appearance, at the Town Hall, Richmond, a suburb of Melbourne, and sang, to my own accompaniment, "Shells of the Ocean" and "Comin' thro' the Rye," the concert being in aid of the church, which numbered "Nellie Mitchell" among its choristers.

It did not take me long to find out that singing, far from being an effort, was a pleasure to me. You see, I happen to be one of the lucky individuals born with a "natural trill." It is a strange and wonderful benediction, this natural trill, and much of my subsequent success as a singer is due, I know, to a gift for which I can never be sufficiently grateful.

Nearly everyone can trace various turning-points in their lives. For myself, I look upon a certain reception at Govern-



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ment House, Melbourne, as marking a big "day" in my existence. This reception occurred while Lord Normanby was Governor-General, and I appeared really as a pianist, but between my pianoforte solos I sang some simple songs at the piano. Afterwards, Lady Normanby came up to me and said: "Dear child, you play brilliantly, but you sing much better than you play. Cultivate your voice, and you will have a great career." That was the first and only prophecy made concerning my future, until I sang to Marchesi, in Paris, and began my operatic studies from that moment.

I've gone on rather far, I think. I wanted to say that I was always keen to give concerts as a child, and I think, in my heart, I always felt that the queer "shake in my throat" would make me a real singer one day. Anyhow, on one occasion I engaged a hall in Ballarat for my first concert. I was unknown and a child, and so few people took the trouble to come and hear my immature vocal efforts that I returned them their shillings and departed home sad, but not discouraged. Later, at the age of sixteen, I visited Sorrento, and noticed that the local cemetery fence needed repairing, "A concert shall provide the funds," thought I; and in spite of the ardent opposition of my family, I had bills printed announcing a wonderful fence-repairing concert. Having no money to pay for bill-posting, I turned "bill-poster" myself, afterwards plodding solemnly through the programme I had arranged—to an audience of two!

A year later I married, and started soon afterwards to learn singing in earnest. It is a strange thing that my first teacher trained me as a contralto, my second as a mezzo-soprano, and my third as a soprano. Personally, I grew thoroughly muddled, and didn't know what type of voice I possessed. During the year between my seventeenth and eighteenth birthdays I studied in Melbourne, and sang in public a good deal, always as an amateur. Then my father came to England for a trip, and, to my great delight, took me with him, for I had always longed to see the Mother Country. Arrived in London, I was taken to see Sir Arthur Sullivan, who did not think much of my voice, I am afraid, though he was kind enough to promise me a small part in "The Mikado." Alberto Randegger, the famous teacher, was not enthusiastic regarding my chance of success as a singer. So after this double rebuff I felt very nervous when we journeyed to Paris, and I sang to the great Madame Marchesi.

She listened with deep attention, and when I stopped she told me, with tears in her kind eyes, that she could only discover one break in my voice. "Stay with me a year, my child," she said, "and I will mend that break." My work, under her marvelous tuition began the following day, and ten months later, at the Monnaie, Brussels, I made my first appearance on any stage, in one opera, as Gilda, in "Rigoletto"!

October 15th, 1887! Shall I ever forget that date? My nervousness, my anxiety, my overwhelming relief when the curtain fell and I knew that I had justified Marchesi's belief in me, that I had really

made a success. It was a wonderful, terrible night; a mixture of terror and joy, such as I shall never experience again—although my nervousness seems to grow with each fresh performance. That night my husband sat in a box with Madame Marchesi, and during an interval they distinctly heard a woman's voice, in the next box, say: "Melba? Debut? Rubbish and nonsense. Why, I heard her hissed ten years ago in Spain!" My husband got up, went out, and knocked on the door of the next lodge. It was opened. "A lady sitting in this box has just made a remark that is a lie," he said, calmly. "Madame Melba is my wife. She has never been in Spain and ten years ago she was a school-girl in Australia. I don't know who this

lady may be, but I demand an apology," It was given.

That performance marked the beginning of my public career, and I hope I may say, without undue conceit or exaggeration, that I have never since looked back. For twenty-seven years I have served the public all over the world, and been proud to be their servant. My first appearance in London was in May, 1888, at Covent Garden, when I sang the role of Lucia in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." My work is my life. It has taken me round the world; it has brought me innumerable friends, known and unknown; it has given me the greatest happiness I have ever experienced in life.

The Political Transformation

How the War Crisis Brought About Unity in British Political Affairs

From the Fortnightly Review.

Germany did the Empire a great service when, by forcing Britain to declare war, she united the warring political factions, eliminated the crisis over Irish affairs and brought about a steadfast oneness of purpose that would have been deemed impossible two months ago. By striking when he thought Britain was too sorely pressed by internal dissension to fight the Kaiser provided us with the one means of curing our trouble. The dramatic scenes in the Commons when out of chaos came unity are well described in the accompanying article.

WONDERFUL is the transformation which the first serious whisper of foreign war effected at Westminster. Nothing remains the same. The whole scene is turned upside down. The main currents of activity are diverted into other channels. The political questions which seemed of such supreme importance only a few weeks ago are forgotten, or if not forgotten are thrust far out of sight. Furious partisans, who then were ready to fly at each other's throats, now stand shoulder to shoulder. Instead of party venom, we see national unity, a new sense of brotherhood, a common resolve, a common front. Instead of turning arms upon one another in fratricidal strife, the single aim of one and all is how to beat the foreign foe. Terrible as is the life-and-death struggle to which this country is committed, the compensations of new-found national unity are great. Great Britain has been forced into a colossal war, but she has been rescued from far more irreparable disaster. Would the Empire have survived the shock of civil war in Ireland? The strain would have been terrific, not only at home, but overseas. But to-day we are witnessing such a closing of the ranks as no one living can remember, while the Dominions are rushing eagerly and enthusiastically to the Mother Country's assistance. The German Emperor will well deserve a statue, when this war is over, in every capital of the British Empire, for it is he and his

ministers who have wrought this miracle of healing in Great Britain and Ireland.

But how did the miracle in the House of Commons come about? Let us rapidly sketch the steps! In the middle of July the feeling between the parties was at its worst. There was no prospect of agreement. Aware that the production of the Amending Bill in the Commons would let loose the tempest, the Government's sole refuge was repeated postponement.

The conference met for the last time on July 24th. On the previous day Austria-Hungary had presented her ultimatum to Serbia, thus deliberately setting the match to the train which lit the flames of war all over Europe. It may well have seemed in Berlin that the stars in their courses were fighting for Germany, when they heard of the Dublin affray on July 26th. The shots then fired sounded like the certain overture to civil war. If ever a situation looked black for a British Government it was that which confronted Mr. Asquith and his Cabinet on the morning of July 27th, with the Amending Bill down for discussion on the morrow, with the Irish Nationalists, inflamed by the bloodshed in Dublin, requiring to be pacified at once, and with the European war-clouds driving up at such a fearful rate that Sir Edward Grey must have known only too well that Berlin and Vienna had set their minds on war. But thanks mainly to a speech of singular moderation from Mr. Redmond, the Dublin debate passed off fairly quietly, and the Amending Bill was again postponed for two days. By that time war was on everyone's lips. And so, when members assembled on that memorable Thursday, they heard that the Cabinet had just decided to postpone all controversial business, and the Prime Minister, in his most solemn tones, emphasized the extreme desirability of Great Britain being able to present an undivided front in the Councils of Europe. In an instant, and with one accord, the House of Commons responded to the clear call of patriotism. Party controversy

ceased. The miracle was accomplished. The temper of the House was noble and magnanimous, and though there was a last despairing splutter of discontent a day or two later from the leader of the Labor party and the extreme Radical left, when Sir Edward Grey revealed war as immediate and inevitable, even they obviously felt that Germany herself silenced the tongues which else would have shrilled excuses in her behalf. The cry which they raised for unconditional neutrality died away on their lips. Its dishonor was too glaring; its poltroonery too manifest even for those who had written in advance that "the role of Great Britain must absolutely end with pressing mediation upon the combatants."

It is an open secret that the crisis in the British Cabinet itself was exceptionally severe. Only two of its members—Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns—actually resigned. But several other resignations were at one time threatened, and it was freely stated that the Attorney-General and Mr. Harcourt had great searchings of conscience, until the brutal ultimatum of Germany to Belgium effectually quieted them. These and other ministers, it is said, fully approved Sir Edward Grey's assurance to France that no attack would be tolerated by the German Fleet on the defenceless northern and western coasts of France, but in their anxiety to avoid being drawn into war, they clung to the fallacy, so crushingly exposed by Sir Edward Grey, that it would be better policy for Great Britain to reserve her intervention, if intervene she must, till such time as the combatants were exhausted. The fact that this was precisely the counsel gratuitously tendered to Great Britain from the German Embassy is its sufficient condemnation. It is reasonably certain, therefore, that if the Germans had refrained from violating the neutrality of Luxemburg and Belgium, and had given an assurance that they would not use their fleet against the naked coasts of France, the British Government would, at first, have remained neutral. The despatches show how persistently Sir Edward Grey refused to give any unconditional promise of armed support to France and Russia. He kept the hands of the British Government free to the last moment. As late as July 31st he assured the German Ambassador that "if Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace, and France and Russia would be unreasonable if they rejected it, he would support it at Paris and St. Petersburg, and go the length of saying that if France and Russia would not accept it, his Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences." But Germany paid no heed. She blundered along her desperate course. Her ultimatum to Belgium and the "infamous proposal" of the German Chancellor to Sir Edward Goschen—that we should "buy our neutrality" by giving Germany license to strip France of her colonial possessions and Belgium of her independence—converted even the most reluctant British ministers to the view that to remain neutral would cover the British name with dishonor. National unity in



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time of war is cheaply purchased at any price. It is a crowning mercy that Germany gave this unity to Great Britain by her frenzied belief in her own might and by her invincible ignorance of British character.

When Sir Edward Grey made his great speech on the Monday afternoon, a considerable section of the Radical and Labor parties listened to him with pained and puzzled incredulity. They seemed to have made up their minds beforehand not to be convinced, whatever the evidence, that neutrality was impossible. One after another they jumped up and declared that there was still time to remove "German misunderstandings"; that if England went to war she would be fighting for Russia; that this was the outcome of our mad policy of armaments, which they had foreseen all along for the Big Navy which for years past they have striven their hardest to reduce.

But these defections were more than counterbalanced by an epoch-making speech from Mr. Redmond. Sir Edward Grey had startled and delighted the House by referring to Ireland as "the one bright spot" in a most sombre picture. No sooner had Mr. Bonar Law pledged the Opposition to support the Government through thick and thin, than the voice of Mr. Redmond was heard ranging himself upon the same side. It seemed at first too good to be true. But there was no hesitancy or equivocation. The Nationalist leader came forth nobly and set Ireland by the side of England, Scotland and Wales. He told the Government, in a glowing passage, that they might withdraw every regular soldier from Ireland, for the Volunteers of Ireland would gladly and proudly defend their own coasts; and, turning to Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster Unionists, he warmly offered his co-operation with the Volunteers of Ulster to safeguard Ireland from foreign invasion. It is hard to describe the effect which these sentences produced. The surprise was manifest. The various parties were caught unprepared for any such offer. Was it thus that the long years of bitter conflict on the Irish problem were to end? Was it possible? Or was it merely a fantastic dream? The cheers were hearty enough, but the House was too excited to let itself go. Mr. Redmond spoke with great warmth. His appeal to Sir Edward Carson was made with a sweeping gesture full of emotion. He identified Ireland fully, frankly, cordially, with the cause of England and the Empire in their hour of trial, and if ever statesman held out the hand of brotherhood and reconciliation, Mr. Redmond did so then.

The effect in the country was profound. Now, for the first time, England's Difficulty was proclaimed to be Ireland's Opportunity—to stand at her side.

But let us pass from that to the speeches of the great week! During the days which followed the outbreak of war the tone and temper of the House of Commons were most exemplary. It refused the Government nothing. It was sufficient for a minister to say that a bill was thought desirable, and it was passed

through all its stages at once. Hardly an explanation was demanded. There was an impatience of questions. Rough-and-ready compromises were struck on a number of more or less controversial private bills, and these, too, were hurriedly passed into law. If Parliament had borrowed the old Roman emergency resolution, "*Videant Consules*," it could hardly have placed more implicit confidence in, or bestowed more absolute authority upon the Government of the day. The Opposition proved their single-minded patriotism; the ministers showed they deserved the country's confidence. The inclusion of Lord Kitchener, as War Secretary, was a bold and patriotic stroke, and he and Mr. Churchill made two admirable heads of the services in a great emergency.

Sir Edward Grey bore himself magnificently. At the outset he sounded a grave note of warning that failure would result in an "appalling catastrophe." Then followed, a few days later, the speech which none who heard will ever forget. It was the supreme declaration of British policy; it was the decisive announcement that the Government's mind was made up, and that war was certain. A more consummate and masterly speech at a moment big with fate was never heard in the House of Commons. It was the presentation of an overwhelming case for national self-sacrifice in the name of national honor and national interest. There was no rhetoric; the speaker never lost his superb control. The appeal was always to reason and to duty—never to passion. He stooped to no recriminations. The Sir Edward Grey of the White Paper, the patient, untiring, persuasive "Peacemaker of Europe," as the Prime Minister justly called him, was still the same as he spoke in the House of Commons, quietly laying all the facts before the House, and leaving judgment to the individual conscience. He did not appeal in vain. The moral influence of high character and spotless reputation was never more clearly visible. He convinced all who heard him that the path of duty and the path of honor lay where he led. Let those who will compare it with the parallel speech of the German Chancellor in the Reichstag, with its labored excuses for tearing up treaties, its reckless avowal of wrongdoing, and its cynical justification on the ground that "Necessity knows no law."

Only in one passage did Sir Edward appeal to the emotions of his audience. It was that in which he pictured the defenceless northern coasts of France—defenceless because their defenders had placed implicit trust in British honor—bombarded and battered by a German Fleet. He invited those who heard him to ask themselves whether they could endure the thought of such a catastrophe befalling our friends. Let each man, he said, look into his own heart and feelings; but for himself—and the passion with which he brought down his clenched fist declared the tumult of his breast. Sir Edward reviewed the whole story of Anglo-French relationship; he revealed how the mili-

tary and naval conversations had come about at the time of the Algeiras Conference; he showed how scrupulous the Government had been to have a clear understanding that there was no obligation on either side to give anything more than diplomatic support, and that each power was absolutely free to decide whether it would go beyond. He dwelt on this aspect so candidly that the malcontent Liberals plucked up courage to hope that, after all, Great Britain might still keep out of the war. Their faces plainly showed what was passing in their minds. But then came the unanswerable arguments of honor and national interest, and the vivid presentation of Germany's ambition to crush France and establish herself in the Low Countries over against Great Britain, in a position of perpetual menace. Even if Germany had respected the neutrality of Belgium, it was plain that, Sir Edward Grey's view, the duty and interest of Great Britain would still have led her to take her place at once by the side of France.

In that speech Sir Edward Grey spoke for England in the grand old English strain, and proved himself the true successor of the greatest English statesmen of the past. The one steadfast cardinal principle of British foreign policy throughout the ages, ever since England aspired to be a Great Power, has been to prevent the ports of the Low Countries from falling into the hands of the dominant military power on the Continent. In defence of that principle we fought with Spain; we fought with Louis XIV.; we fought with Napoleon; and now we fight with Germany. That is the supreme British interest in the neutrality of Belgium.

PANAMA CANAL REGULATIONS.

Among the regulations governing ships seeking passage through the Panama Canal, recently made public in a circular issued by the canal authorities, the most important are the quarantine regulations and those relating to the measurement of the tonnage of ships and the payment of tolls. All tolls must be paid in cash, or payment must be secured in some form satisfactory to the governor of the Canal Zone. Toll charges will be at the rate of \$1.20 for each 100 cu. ft. of "earning capacity" of the ship, the term earning capacity being used to indicate the amount of space left for passengers and cargo after deducting all the space required for the crew, machinery, and ship's stores of every kind. Each ship must have been carefully measured in accordance with the rules by some officer authorized to perform the work, and must have a "Panama Canal Tonnage Certificate" before being allowed to enter the canal. Special concessions are made to ships that go up into the fresh waters of Gatun Lake for sight-seeing or to get rid of barnacles, but do not go through the canal. The quarantine rules are strict.

The Immediate Cause of the European War

The Underlying Reasons for the Assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand

From Everybody's Magazine.

The immediate cause of the present European war was the assassination of the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary. The causes of the ill-feeling existing between the Servians and the Dual Monarchy, and the course of events leading up to the assassination are here explained.

EVER since the news of the recent tragedy in the House of Hapsburg came from the Balkans, hosts of my friends have come to me with questions:

What was the underlying reason for the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his morganatic wife Sophie, Duchess of Hohenberg? Was it the signal for another uprising, another war in south-eastern Europe? Is there any connection between the things which brought about this tragedy and the renewed disturbances and difficulties in Albania?

First of all, it must be understood that this assassination on the 28th of June had nothing in common with the Balkan question in its larger aspects, nor with the Albanian question, and will not probably have anything to do with the eventual solution of them. This happened in Bosnia, the most southerly province of Austria-Hungary, hemmed in between Dalmatia on the Adriatic side and Servia to the eastward. It is exclusively a Servian question.

The hatching of the plot may be traced back to that day in 1908 when Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was already ripe in 1913, when Austrian shrewd diplomacy in the European concert of nations succeeded in forbidding Servia to extend its boundaries westward to the Adriatic, thus compelling that circumscribed country to trade with the outside world through Austrian ports. The most active and successful factor in this move in Balkan politics was the assassinated Prince Francis Ferdinand, and his success in forbidding Servia access to the sea was probably the initial cause of his terrible death.

The young Prince was killed by a subject of his own Government, not a Servian from Servia, but a Servian from Bosnia, a country taken from the Turks by Austria in 1878 and annexed thirty years later. Even after the Austrian occupation in 1878, the Servians of Bosnia and Herzegovina were anxious to be united with the Servian kingdom. Already in 1900 the Servian papers were laying much stress on the fact that those two countries were once a part of Servia, and were insisting that they would some day again be annexed. The same thought at this



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time was taking deep root among the Servian residents under the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and the fire was steadily fanned by agitators coming over the border from Servia.

THE ASSASSINATION OF 1903.

Here we must recall the assassination of the Servian King Alexander and Queen Draga in their own palace in Belgrade, the capital of Servia, in 1903—one of the most spectacular and bloody tragedies of royalty in recent centuries. This pair belonged to the Obenovich dynasty, who were always on good terms with the Austrian reigning house. The cause of their assassination was really the fact that they were too much pro-Austrian.

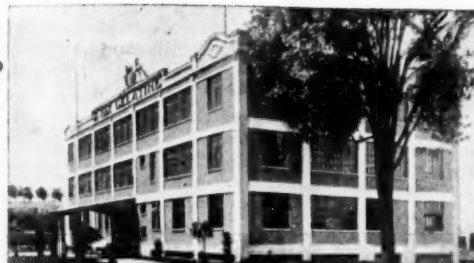
Alexander was succeeded by King Peter, a descendant of the Kara-Georgevich dynasty. From that day we note a constantly increasing agitation in Servia proper and on the part of the Servians in Austria, especially in Bosnia and Herzegovina, where they were so predominant. In 1908, with the annexation of these provinces to Austria finally consummated, all the work of the agitators was lost, and the two countries were brought to the brink of war. Diplomacy thereupon used its pressure on Servia to avert conflict. The Servians could not under the circumstances have relied on Russia, their natural ally, for any help, since the latter country was just healing the wounds of the Russo-Japanese war.

The Servians in Bosnia had been so far inspired by the agitators to their demand that Bosnia and Herzegovina should be a part of Servia, that they were already prognosticating a larger Servia, which, united with Bulgaria, should occupy the entire Balkan peninsula from the Aegean Sea to the Adriatic, with the exception of Greece.

To this Servian dream of wider nationality Crown Prince Francis Ferdinand was the visible stumbling-block. It was his ambition to unite all the Slavic provinces of Austria, the south-easterly region along the Adriatic, and reform Austria-Hungary from a dual into a triad Government—that is, the third part of the monarchy should comprise Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Istria and Krain, as an equal factor with Hungary and Austria under the same crown. Actuated by this dream of his own, the assassinated Crown Prince used all his influence to form the new Kingdom of Albania, in order to close the doors of the Adriatic Sea to the Servians for ever.

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Must the Big Cities Go

It is Predicted that the Tendency Toward Centralization in Cities is Passing

From The Technical World Magazine.

Not so very long ago people lamented the trend of population and industry toward the great centers, and were looking forward to the time when people should be gathered chiefly in huge towns. Now, according to George H. Cushing, who writes on "The Last of the Cities," this tendency has been reversed by a movement born of the desire for efficient industrial operation that has revolutionized so many of our methods and views. It is possible, Mr. Cushing thinks, that the United States has built its last big city, and that the present great centers have already reached their zenith.

"WITHIN the year, I visited Spartanburg, South Carolina. The place is so small that when you leave the public square you are in the country. One might expect it to be so slow that its movement would not be perceptible. However, I spent two days with one business man who but recently had spent \$2,500 to hire an efficiency expert to teach his workmen how to get real speed. They are, to-day, the fastest men in their line in the country. In the cotton-mills, I found everything keyed to an appreciation of the value of time. Everywhere it is the same. Last week, I heard a carpenter from a hamlet in Michigan criticizing a Chicago carpenter because he was slow. Only last night, a farmer from Iowa said, as we sat together on the car:

"Chicago men let too many things distract them. They work too hard for the results they get. Come out to my farm and I'll show you real speed—eight hours a day devoted to a purpose—to getting things done without delay."

"This other thing is true: The small-town workman is healthier and stronger than the city workman. His living conditions are better; his food is purer. He can go, when trained, faster and further than the city man for those reasons.

"The small-town manufacturer, because of his better workmen, the lower cost of real estate upon which his buildings stand, and his less congested railroad yards, can produce faster, and hence undersell the city manufacturer. That is why so many manufacturing companies are outside the big cities. A few big examples tell the story. The Steel Corporation did not select Chicago as the site for its new mills; it built a town at Gary, Indiana, instead. The National Tube Company did not build at Cleveland, but chose Lorain, Ohio. The Western Electric Company did not locate its new factories in Chicago; it built at Hawthorne, Illinois. The great General Electric Company did not go to New York, but to Schenectady. The tendency is general. The movement is away from the cities.

"With even so little evidence, it is easy to predict the death of the big cities. Great congested centres are doomed, if for no other reason than that they are no longer economical. The one thing that is doing

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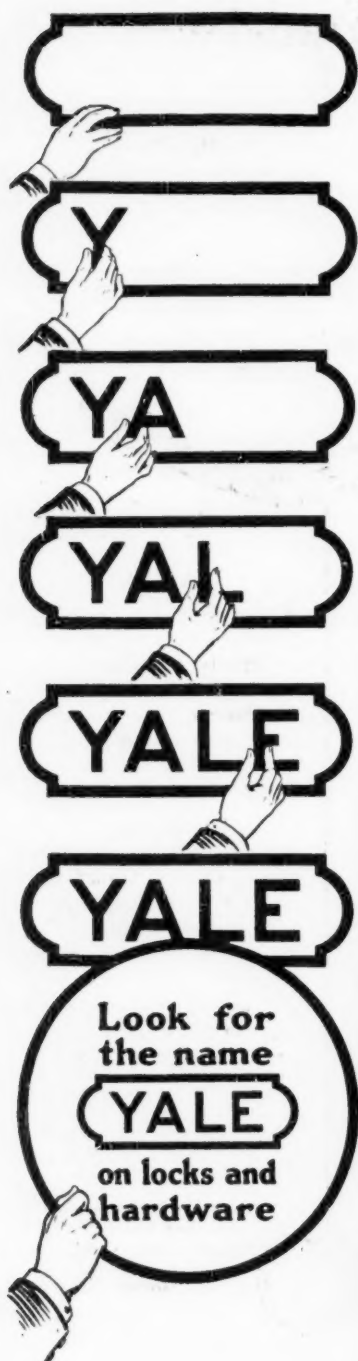


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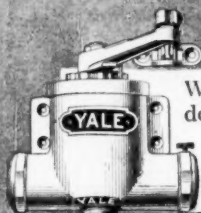


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more than any other influence to bring this about is the appreciation by nearly every small city in the land that 'time is money.'

"The railroad companies must treat all patrons alike. They do so, apparently; for city and country merchant alike gets his switching facilities free. Yet this means that the city man receives something of immense cost and value, while the country man's service is cheap to the roads.

"The ordinary bustling, jostling, and busy railway makes a bee-line through small towns. It only throws off a few switches here and there to grab up the traffic which such places produce. This is a cheap way of getting the small towns' traffic on and off the company rails.

"The same railroad does not really enter, but stops at the edge, of a big city. There it is broken up into nothing but a labyrinth of switches. It resembles nothing so much as a rope frayed first into strands and then into threads. All semblance to a 'through' line is lost. It has lost all apparent order and direction and has become nothing but a tangled network of tracks. Every track is a switch to somewhere. Every switch goes off after business. This is complex and intricate. The service is costly. The real estate is expensive. It is far from a simple or easy way of getting traffic upon the carrier's rails.

"In a small town, few railroad switches are longer than a thousand feet. The Chicago switching district, for one example, is more than thirty miles long and more than fifteen miles wide. It is filled with tracks, cross-overs, and storage yards.

Although the railroad as well as the merchant must, to-day, call for and deliver the freight it is paid for carrying, the switching charges in both the village and the great city are the same—that is, the service is free. At least, no direct charge is made for it. The railroad may not send out a bill for this service, but that does not say it costs nothing. On the contrary, this switching service costs tremendously. Since it costs money and since that money is paid by the carriers, they must get it in some other way. And they do. They 'lump' the cost of switching and charge it into 'general expense.' Then they adjust their rates generally to cover adequately and fully that expense. Seattle, for example, pays its portion of the expense of maintaining Chicago's big passenger station. Paducah, Kentucky, pays its portion of the expense of maintaining the New York terminal station. All the little towns pay their portion of the expense of maintaining the costly real estate, the myriad of tracks, and the countless switching engines in the freight-yards of the big cities. At least, that has been the system up to now. It is the proposed change from this system which threatens the big cities.

"Again in our present system the country produces the wealth and the city absorbs it. The rural districts are coming to realize this and to resent it. The uprising against the system is, even when standing alone, an influence sufficiently potent to begin the disintegration of the cities. The impending change, foresha-

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dowed by a recent proposal made by Louis D. Brandeis before the Interstate Commerce Commission, is practically that in future there shall be two rates—one for the cross-country haul, paid by all alike; the other a switching or terminal rate, proportional to the extent and complexity of the service.

"Under such a system, the small-town man would have practically only the cross-country rate to pay. To the city man, the cross-country rate would be insignificant; the city rate covering the cost of city real estate would be too high to be paid by any one. His higher cost of transportation alone would rob him of anything but the business in the one city where he did business.

"The thing has become an issue. The country is discriminated against in favor of the city, and knows it. That is plain. The country is vastly in the majority. The majority rules—in the end. The Commission may 'stall,' but that does not dispose of the issue. When the majority rules in this matter, the discrimination will end. That will mean that the city's pre-eminence will be gone. As matters now stand, abundant and cheap transportation alone gives the city any edge on the country in the fight for the nations business. To take away that transportation advantage causes the city to fall. It causes the city to lose the chief thing which holds it together—business advantage."

Preserving the Eskimo

What is Needed to Save a
Gentle Race from Extinction

From The Westminster Gazette.

The following article is from the pen of Dr. W. T. Grenfell, who has done such a magnificent work in the country of which he writes. Is a national duty in respect to the simple races of the icy fastnesses being neglected?

FEW Englishmen realize what a large number of our fellow-subjects of King George the Fifth are to be found in the regions of almost perpetual ice and snow. We have simply annexed all the countries belonging for ages to the Eskimo, without so much as saying "by your leave." We have done, moreover, very, very little to discharge our debt for the advantages derived, which, at present, at least, are almost entirely on our side.

Nansen, Peary, and practically all Northern explorers have testified how very little the Eskimo derive from our unsolicited appropriation of them and their country—in fact, plenty of them are still entirely ignorant of the benefits they gain from being British subjects. Dr. Nansen has protested that the only way to save a possible permanent population of these immense and ever increasingly valuable wilds is never to go near them. The Danes, for the same reason, have made Greenland a country in which no white man may land except in distress, or by permission—and no trader on any con-

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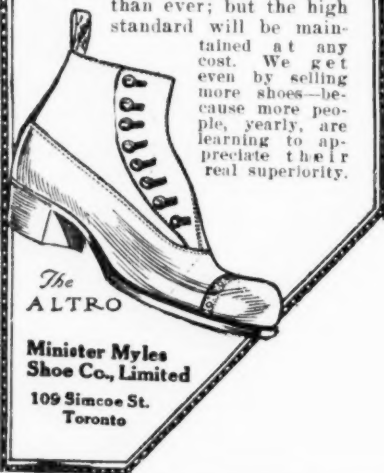
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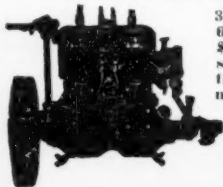
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dition. For years I have been trying to obtain one of the inimitable eiderdown blankets made in that country. They are light and portable as feathers, and as beautiful as Chinese silk, and as warm as any known substance. But in spite of having sent round by way of Copenhagen, I have as yet not been able to acquire one.

This is not the place to discuss the question whether this particular or any other aboriginal race can survive contact with us white men, or whether they have sufficient capacity to adapt themselves to an entirely new environment. The fact remains that white men are not, and I question if they can be, prevented from going among them. So the problem is far from being solved, even if Dr. Nansen's thesis is well grounded. But one thing is certain, and that is, we are not discharging what appears to me to be the primary duty of any civilized country annexing that belonging to another race—to take, first of all, every possible precaution that we do not do them more injury than we can help.

In Baffin's Land trading stations are growing up, and trading enterprises, giving the Eskimo our diseases, and depleting very materially their means of earning a livelihood by the importation of modern weapons. Yet there is not a single medical officer in the country to whom a man can go to find out what the new trouble is, or how to avoid dying from it. We are now in correspondence with the Canadian Government in the hope that their excellent Indian Department may grant the expenses of at least one such medical officer.

In the peninsula of Labrador many hundreds of these charming little Eskimo still maintain an existence, and among them the Moravian Brethren have been working for over a hundred years. Though the district in which they live is north of our northernmost hospital, and though our own work lies among the fishermen and white settlers of the country, still it is my privilege each year on my summer trips, on the hospital steamer *Strathcona*, to see and treat as many of the "Innuits," or "the men," as they call themselves, as have the doubtful good fortune to be ill at the psychological moment when the steamer calls.

In the year 1800 they were still numerous as far south as the Straits of Belle Isle, and some five hundred were spread along the northern side of the Gulf and on both sides of the Straits. By 1900, however, not one remained south of Hamilton Inlet, which is two hundred miles north of the Straits. From there to Nain, which is two hundred miles still further on, only a sorry remnant still remain, interspersed with white settlers and half-breeds, who are gradually displacing them.

Unlike the replacing of the Red Indian, the process has been an entirely peaceful one so far as the Eskimo are concerned. For in spite of the stories of their blood-thirstiness and ferocity, diligently circulated by their visitors as an excuse for destroying them—a practice dating from the time of Eric the Red, when the first Christians visited them—the opinions of

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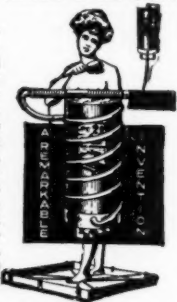
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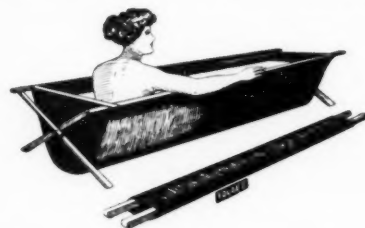
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all northern explorers and men of science who have been personally among them are unanimous in testifying to the fact that they are an unusually gentle, long-suffering, and trustworthy people.

From Nain to Cape Chidly there are about a thousand of these "Innuits," all of whom have been more or less under the influence and kindly industrial treatment of the Moravian missionaries, whose emissaries have been among my warm friends in Labrador during the past twenty-one years. Yet in spite of all their unselfish and truly paternal care, these modern Eskimo are not like the "old race." Increasing communication and contact with fishing and trading vessels have been impossible to prevent; and directly one rounds Cape Chidly one cannot help noticing the finer physique, better hunting qualities, and more independent spirits of the real Eskimo.

From time to time I have met men of every calling who have been among them—explorers, traders, and independent vessels. Many of these are among my closest friends. American and English visitors, such as Professor Daly of Harvard, missionary clergy, and Government officials like Professor Lowe, have all alike testified to the excellent qualities of this marvelous little people, and to the great desirability of preserving them from extermination just as long as we possibly can.

Everyone is aware of the admirable manner in which the American Government has dealt with the problem of the preservation of the Alaskan Eskimo. The introduction of reindeer into that country has proved a boon not only to the native people, but to the many mining camps in the country, and in course of time will be an inestimable benefit to the whole North American continent. As the old ranch lands are more and more being converted into areas for grain raising, the meat supply becomes an increasingly serious problem, and little by little the value of those Northern countries, with barren, moss-covered areas which will support little or no animal life, and are not in any way capable of cultivation for ordinary agricultural purposes, becomes apparent. Reindeer have been found north of the Arctic Circle, not only maintaining life, but fat and healthy as well. They are easily domesticated, their milk is excellent, and bland in flavor, and their skins are most valuable.

Some years ago we imported a herd of reindeer from Lapland, feeling that the future of Labrador must be sought elsewhere than in agricultural wealth, and realizing the immense value these animals are to mankind. We let our native Lapp herders go home, as the funds at our command were not sufficient to justify keeping them indefinitely, and we are hoping in future to be able to employ Eskimos for herders, as the little people are admirably adapted for the life.

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Courts of Hope and Good Will

How Chicago is Lessening Social Evils by Enlightened Courts

From The Contemporary Review.

Ida M. Tarbell deals in strong terms with the work that is being done in the new system of Chicago courts in dealing with cases that involve personal relations—desertion, wife-beating, divorce. The handling of such cases with understanding as well as justice has led to the reunion of many families and to the alleviation of social evils. A portion of Miss Tarbell's article is given below.

SOME ten years ago the moment arrived when the city of Chicago found it impossible any longer to put up with her method of handling petty crime. It had become so bad, it was ludicrous. Summarily she razed the whole structure to the ground, and devised a substitute. The substitute has now been in operation for six years, and it is undoubtedly the simplest and most businesslike court in this or perhaps any country. Ninety per cent. of its criminal cases are now disposed of within twenty-four hours; and the end of each year sees the docket practically clear. It not only does business, it pays its way, and publishes properly audited accounts to prove it. It is also the only court in the United States which furnishes full statistics of its transactions.

At the head of the bench is a chief justice, whose relation to the court is not unlike that of the chairman of the board of directors to a big business. That is, he is there to see that business is done swiftly and properly. His position is one of so large a latitude that if at the start it had fallen into weak hands infinite mischief might have been done. But it did not. The first chief justice, "Harry Olson," as most of Chicago affectionately call him, came to his task with a strong sympathy for efficiency and simplified procedure, a dislike for wasting time in proving what a defendant admits, and a belief that the merits of a case should have a chance. And all of these things he has insisted on in court. At the same time the chief justice knew from experience all about the old system. He had been for ten years previous to his election an assistant state's attorney, handling criminal cases in Chicago. He knew that if the politicians could find a point in the new organization which they could break in, they were going to do it. One of his greatest services so far has been beating them at their own game in all their attacks.

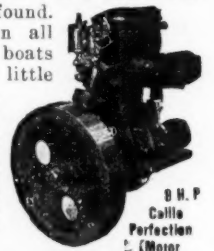
Among the extraordinary powers with which the Municipal Court was endowed at birth was the right to establish at its discretion branches to handle special classes of work. Nothing that it has done in its brief term of life shows better how alert and adventurous its spirit has been, than the exercise of this prerogative some three years ago, when it started what is



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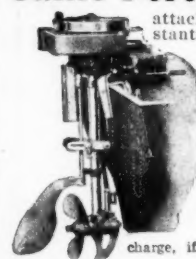
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called officially the Court of Domestic Relations. There is an amazing percentage of fair success in marriage. Personally, I am inclined to believe that it is in this relation that life's most terrible battles are fought and the most stupendous victories gained. Nevertheless, failures are many. They range in degree from patient acceptance of the situation to open ruptures. In this gamut of failures there is a percentage in which the wronged party appeals to the law for help.

It is with these cases particularly those where children are involved, that the Court of Domestic Relations was created to deal. As things then stood in the town, family troubles were mixed helter-skelter in the thirteen different districts' courts where the municipal cases were tried along with petty felonies and misdemeanors. Women, often with children old enough to be affected by the scenes of the court, young girls betrayed and seeking redress, with now and then a self-respecting man with a brawling wife, were sandwiched in with rogues, drunks, and women of the street. The whole situation was intolerable, particularly to the group of women who, under the leadership of Jane Addams, have been trying for some years to put an end to the influences which corrupt Chicago boys and girls. They came to Chief Justice Olson with the request that he establish a new court, devoted entirely to home relationships.

The suggestion was eagerly seized, and a committee of associate judges appointed to work out a plan. They soon had something much broader than that originally proposed. Not only did it segregate the cases, but it suggested a handling of them in an utterly new spirit. Punishment was the key to the old treatment. If a man or woman was found guilty of breaking some one or another of the laws of marriage, the practice had been to deal to him the punishment the law prescribed. The judges of the Municipal Court knew well enough how futile as a rule the punishment was, how almost invariably the one result was to make the breach in the family wider. They now broke utterly with the old formula, and laid down a new aim for the court: "To make itself equally as good an agent to keep husband and wife together and thus give the children the home influence, as it had been an agent in separating them." It was proposed to do this by furnishing the great needs of men and women in trouble—a confessional and a hand of authority.

It was a confessional, then, that the new court first supplied to those who sought its help. And as those who come to it are chiefly women (in its first year the Court of Domestic Relations disposed of 2,796 cases—in only 61 of these was the woman the defendant) the confessor is a woman, a "social secretary" she is called. It is to her that the troubled soul first tells her grief. Again and again there are sides to her story which she could tell to no one but a woman, which no one but a woman could fully understand. It is her own story, told to one whom she instinctively knows can understand and sympathize, which determines the action—whether a warrant shall be issued for the

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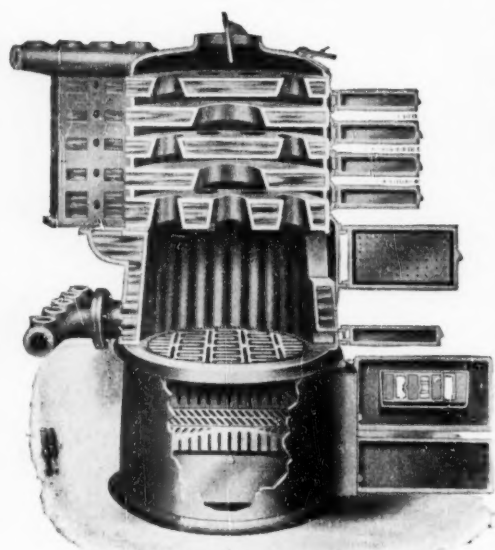
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husband, or whether the woman shall be persuaded "to try again." Again and again a little sensible talk from this sensible social secretary will persuade the woman that she has no trouble compared to that which bringing her husband into court might cause her. Not infrequently it is found, too, that by asking the man to come and talk things over, the matter can be patched up. In the first year Judge Goodnow was able to keep a thousand cases out of court, over one-third as many were tried. Judge William N. Gemmill, who presided over the court in the second year, reports 2,462 cases disposed of without warrants to 3,699 heard and disposed of.

But for every one case that is settled without a warrant, probably three are issued. The confessional has not been enough. The sinner must feel the hand of authority. The amazing fact is the understanding with which that hand works. It is carefully applied, not by hard and fast formulae but by those who believe in the power of men and women to "come back." To discover the cause of their downfall, and remove it if possible; to arouse their deadened sense of family responsibility that the children may have what the court sets out with declaring is their right, a home which is cheerful and decent; to give them work if they have none; to summon to their aid every social force—that, and not punishment, the Court of Domestic Relations believes to be its function. If this programme is to be carried out, an offender must be broken down, made to admit his wrongdoing. The judges become extremely skillful in finding the way to a man's heart, his conscience, or his pride.

DIAMONDS UNINJURED BY INTENSE HEAT.

From tests conducted by a mineralogist at Columbia University it has been shown that diamonds are capable of withstanding heat equal to that of a crematory without losing their brilliance or suffering measurable injury. A stone used in the experiments was placed on a piece of beef, containing bone, and then put into a retort for one hour at a temperature of approximately 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Examination showed that the diamond was apparently uninjured. It was then placed back into the ashes, however, and thrust into the furnace again, this time remaining for two hours at 2,100 degrees, and for another two hours at 1,600 degrees. During this period, or after five hours in the retort, the diamond lost about 18 per cent. of its weight, but when repolished it was as brilliant as before the test. The conclusion reached was that in the first operation the action was not oxidizing, and for that reason the stone did not show deterioration. In the second case, however, after the gases had ceased to be given off by the flesh, the action was oxidizing and the diamond for that reason was slowly consumed.

Best Selling Book of the Month

Something About Amelie Rives' "World's End"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Three books which have been reviewed in this department remain at the head of the list of best selling books in Canada, and "World's End" coming next, is the subject of this month's article. Winston Churchill's book which had dropped to fourth place last month is back in the premier position again with a good lead. It will be observed that the only title appearing in both the Canadian and United States lists is Booth Tarkington's "Penrod."

AMELIE RIVES (Princess Troubetzkoy) is best known as the author of "The Quick and the Dead" and sufficient evidence as to the success of her latest book "World's End," is its presence in the list of the six best selling novels this month. The three which precede this title in the Canadian list have already been subjects of reviews in this department. It will be observed that "The Inside of the Cup," which was again ousted from the leadership last month, is back at the head of the list. If this keeps up we will be having a new Churchill book before the popularity of the last one has waned sufficiently to crowd it out of the six best sellers. The long continued universal demand for this religious novel indicates that interest in religious questions has not died out to nearly so great an extent as some would have the public believe.

To get back to the particular book to be considered this month, "World's End" gets its name from the estate in Virginia where the greater part of the action of the story takes place. The novel can scarcely evade the charge of sentimentalism, yet it has an appealing quality which will endear it to the lovers of romance.

The principal characters of the tale are Phoebe Nelson, a heroine who blooms with all the charm of the South, her cousin Richard Bryce and his uncle Owen Randolph.

Richard is a fascinating young man, an abnormally clever artist with untold faith in himself as such and as a poet as well. But he has a twisted view of life, which, in the influence exerted on the girl with her rich and romantic nature, all but wrecks her prospects of true happiness and would have done so but for quiet strength in body, mind, and emotion of Richard's uncle, Owen Randolph, who, stirred to the depth of his compassion and love for her, employs the force of his big character to reconstruct her life. Through deeply pathetic circumstances, by Owen's assistance, she finally wins to triumphant happiness and the telling is lightened along the way by a charming humor and fine descriptive passages making "World's End" a most realistic place indeed, with warmly pictured characters, including funny and lovable negro servants.

Richard had peculiar views as to religion and marriage. He considered them "inartistic." The universe was to him a vast studio. At twenty-six his enthusi-

asms gave him keener delight than they did to those about him. He did not restrict his attention to painting, for besides that he was, at the time of the opening of the story, engaged in writing a one-act opera in accordance with the Chinese laws of music which he maintained constituted the only real tonic-scale; and was also writing a volume of poems, the latest of his poems being "The Daughter of Ypocras." Expounding this poem, he said: "Ypocras was a lovely girl who had been changed into a dragon and doomed to retain this fearful shape until some lover, knowing her plight, should be bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. The lover comes and, being often mirrored in the beautiful eyes which are all that remain to her of her woman's form, is drawn gradually into doting on the rare sinuosities of her dragon-shape, and the play of the light along her scales of gold and violet. So that when at last his kiss transforms her again to woman, his artist heart breaks at the loss of his exquisite dragon, and he sinks dying at the feet of the sweetly normal maiden who has taken her place."

Richard further explained that he had endeavored in the poem to reveal some of the dark yet radiant magic lurking in the mysterious perversities of femininity, as opposed to the common-place attraction of what he called "the daylight charm of the uncomplex woman."

Such twisted views were characteristic of Richard. For instance, when he came suddenly upon Phoebe in her garden, her pet crow "Jimmy Toots" was perched on her shoulder and as she caught sight of Richard she tried with both hands to tear "Jimmy Toots" from his perch but Richard, seeing "a picture of a young woman in an April garden with a bird of ill-omen on her shoulder," urged her not to take it down.

"You with that crow are like a poem by Baudelaire" and forthwith "Jimmy Toots" became "M. Baudelaire" to Richard. How could one of his intensely artistic nature possibly employ such an inelegant term as "Jimmy Toots."

Richard paints her picture in the garden with "M. Baudelaire," calling the painting "Pandore et le Genie du Coffre."

In the painting he exaggerated a likeness he saw in her to a Botticelli, so that the head seemed a little small for the long nymphaean limbs. "But the translation of Jimmy Crow into a bird of sombre presage was wholly a masterpiece.

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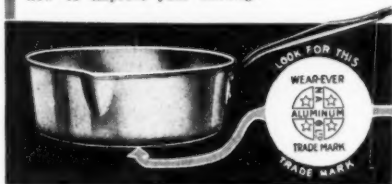
Recipe for Pie Crust. 1½ Cups Flour, ¼ Cup Lard, ¼ Cup Butter, ½ Teaspoon Salt, Cold Water. Add salt to flour and work in lard with finger tips. Moisten to dough with cold water. Toss on board sprinkled lightly with flour, pat and roll out. Fold in butter, pat and roll out. Line a "Wear-Ever" Pie Pan with paste and build up a fluted rim.

Recipe for Meringue. Beat the whites of 2 eggs to a stiff froth with 2 table-spoons powdered sugar. Spread over top and brown in oven.

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When Phoebe was permitted to see the painting her first words were, "Are my . . . am I quite as . . . as long as that?" Her father, while admitting that the treatment was certainly original, considered that his living Phoebe was far prettier than Richard's "Pandore."

The reader can well imagine the effect of an attractive yet wholly self-centred young man in his influence upon the young woman who saw in him the ideal for whom she waited and will realize something of the possibilities which this situation opens to the author in working out the story and it is like getting into God's clear sunshine when the influence of Owen Randolph eventually gains precedence.

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- | | |
|---|----|
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NON-FICTION.

1. Love Story of Parnell.
2. A Traveler at Forty.
3. Prophets, Priests and Kings.

BEST SELLERS IN UNITED STATES.

1. Pollyanna. Porter.
2. The Salamander. Johnson.
3. The Price of Love. Bennett.
4. You Never Know Your Luck. Parker.
5. Penrod. Tarkington.
6. Captivating Mary Carstairs. Harrison.

Amelie Rives in private life is the wife of Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, the Russian painter. She was born in Richmond, Va., and is a southerner to the core and the fine old Virginia estate in which the scenes of her latest novel are laid is easily recognized as her own home, Castle Hill, in Albemarle county. She was only seventeen when she stirred the reading world some years ago with her book "The Quick and the Dead." A great deal of romantic interest hinged about the young author at that time and items and paragraphs about herself and the picturesque old house in Virginia were eagerly read. She is gifted with unusual beauty, wit and cleverness with a wonderful charm of manner and she seems, as someone has aptly said, "like the princess in a fairy tale."

At present the Princess is at her summer home in Italy completing another novel entitled "Shadows of Flame" to be published in the spring.

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among her most intimate belongings because then she is at her ease and so much herself that she can do better and more rapid work than in any other place in the world. Among the many fine family portraits which adorn the walls of her home are two copies of originals which had gone to other members of the Rives family. These copies are considered remarkably fine and are the work of the Princess. Speaking of this she has said, "I should, of course, have been a painter had I not been compelled to write," by which assertion she meant that she could not seriously or exclusively be anything else than a writer. The identity of this author is sometimes confused with Hallie Erminie Rives Wheeler, but they are quite distinct personalities. Mrs. Wheeler is a cousin of the author of "World's End."

Marie Dressler the Inimitable

Continued from Page 43.

the Victoria Theatre, New York, December, 1900.

Two years later, at the New York Theatre, she played in "The Hall of Fame."

It was about time for her to do something to distinguish herself particularly. Everyone, who is anyone, has felt at least one moment of distinguished conduct, during his life. Marie Dressler's turn came in 1905. The incident was the event of her joining Joe Weber's company in the Weber Music Hall. Her repertoire included such plays as "Higgeldy Piggeldy," "The College Widower," "Twiddle Twaddle," "The Squaw Man's Girl of the Golden West."

So great was the hit she made, that the next season, she toured the country with Weber. She was the cleverest comedienne of her type appearing before the public.

It was time for her to try her luck in other lands. London, through the medium of the Palace Theatre, saw her in 1907. And London laughed with her. London shook her sides with laughter. London rocked with merriment. And Marie Dressler loved London. So much so that she stayed there for three seasons, reaping the reward of tact and avoirdupois.

America next saw her in that typical Dressler sort of comedy, "Tillie's Nightmare." Since then, she has made no outstanding success in any role, being content to rest, for a while, on the laurels won already, and incidentally the profits from this elaborately staged comedy.

BRUSSELS TO BECOME A SEAPORT.

The city of Brussels, Belgium, is to become a seaport by the deepening and widening of the Willebroeck Canal, connecting with the Rupel River a short distance from Antwerp, whence there is deep water to the North Sea. This work, as well as the construction of docking facilities for seagoing vessels, is now practically completed, the cost of the whole project being \$12,454,000.

Twisting Trails

Continued from Page 34.

And he started silently back toward the tunnel entrance.

When one hundred feet from the mouth he heard someone coming and flattened himself against the wall. In the raging storm and intense darkness, he could not see the opening. For two minutes he remained, scarcely breathing. Plainly he could hear sounds but they did not come nearer. Suddenly he realized the truth. Someone was working at the mouth of the tunnel.

Slowly he crawled to within fifty feet of the entrance. There he waited for a flash of lightning to reveal who it was and what he was doing. In a moment it came, and he saw Fowler stooping over a box. A match flared in the darkness that followed and he heard a voice:

"I guess that'll tie them up for some time."

Fowler ran from the entrance. The ensuing silence was broken by a sputtering and a sizzling. Standing, up Stover saw a red spark, a red spark that sent out tiny white ones.

For a moment he could not move. Then, with a rush, he started toward the tunnel's mouth.

Suddenly the red spark grew to a red line. He stopped and wheeled.

"Lie down, quick! Lie—"

His shout was drowned in a roar that grew and grew and by a blast of air sweeping into the tunnel that threw him flat on his face and rushed past to where he had left Rea.

CHAPTER X.

REA STRAINE, tired out by the physical and mental exertions of the past twenty-four hours, sat down on the floor of the tunnel when Stover left her. This, and the fact that she was far from the tunnel's mouth, and was leaning against the wall in a small fissure or alcove, saved her from injury.

The mental shock following the blast was greater than the physical. She sat still, trying to determine what had happened. Her first thought was of Stover. She knew there had been an explosion and that he had gone to the mouth of the tunnel. Had he been hurt, killed or—?

He had had time to reach the mouth, to get out, before the explosion came. Had it been part of his plan? Indignation supplanted fear, made her forget her weariness, even the danger of her position. Stover, in his rush through the darkness, had led her purposely to the tunnel and then had abandoned her while he and Fowler closed the tunnel with dynamite.

"This is probably an abandoned tunnel," she thought, "and—"

Her situation suddenly assumed definite form. She was trapped and not only trapped, but would be left to die of starvation. There never would be a trace of her. The storm would wipe out any foot-prints she may have left since landing at the mine. She had come after dark



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and none except Fowler and Stover and George knew she was there.

For the first time since she had left Vermilion, Rea became wholly a young woman. Tears came quickly and freely. Once her hold on herself had slipped, she wept hysterically and it was five minutes before her sobbing ceased. Then she shook her head and rose to her feet.

"The gas!" she whispered, snuffing the air for the odor of the burned explosive. It came to her faintly, but more perceptible was a breath of cold air from behind. She turned the side of her wet cheek and felt it. Cold air was blowing through the tunnel and toward the mouth!

Stumbling in the darkness, she made her way toward the entrance. There was the possibility of a crevice not filled by rock brought down by the blast. When she neared the mouth she walked more slowly. Her foot caught something soft and she fell forward onto Stover's body.

Contrition, not joy that he was there, nor fear that he was dead, was her first emotion. The man she had doubted, the man she had believed to have been instrumental in trapping her in the tunnel, had not only been honest in his efforts to aid her, but he had sacrificed his life as well!

Quickly she reached toward the body, lying on the cold, hard floor of rock. She groped for a wrist and there was a little exclamation of joy when she felt the strong beats of his pulse. A brief examination showed that neither arms nor legs were broken. She could not feel blood on his face or head.

Rea remembered that she had stepped into a small pool of water just before striking the body with her feet. Reaching back, she made a cup of her hands and sprinkled the cold drops on Stover's forehead and face.

In a minute she felt him move slightly. Then, in the stillness of the tunnel, she heard his voice.

"Are you hurt?"

"No," she whispered. "Lie still. You have been stunned. You will feel better soon."

She sprinkled more water on his face and lifted his head to her lap.

"He trapped us," she heard Stover whisper. "Blew in the tunnel mouth so that it filled up. Maybe we can get out when daylight comes."

The stillness following his words was broken by the hollow sound of falling rock. Again it came and again. Then there was silence. The man and the girl waited breathlessly, wondering.

"Fool!" exclaimed Stover suddenly; and he rose quickly to his feet. "I'm a fool. That was Fowler filling up a small hole that remained. We might at least have talked with him and made terms. Now there is no chance."

"It's my fault," said Rea. "I might have known. After the blast I felt a cold draught of air blowing toward the tunnel mouth. I might have known it escaped there. Now it is too late."

To Be Continued.

Canadian Women in the Arts

Continued from Page 25.

the former inherited much of her genius. She began her studies at home, and early attracted the attention of the then Premier and his wife, both of whom are always on the lookout for young musicians. They immediately interested themselves in her, and, through their instrumentality, Eva Gauthier was presented to Lord Strathcona, who, recognizing the possibilities in her voice, offered to bear all the expense of her musical education. What an opportunity!

She studied three years in Paris, and then another opportunity came a-knocking at her door. Madame Albani offered to take her as assistant on one of her concert tours. Under these brilliant auspices, Eva Gauthier toured England, Scotland, the United States and Canada.

Three years of study in Italy followed, then she made her debut in Carmen as Micaela. The musical critics said: "She does not ask, but forces your attention." Shortly after her debut, Miss Gauthier



Margaret Anglin, most justly renowned of Canadian actresses.

conceived the ambitious desire to tour the world. It was certainly a justifiable one. She went to Java, Sumatra, the East Indian Islands, British India, China and Australia. Previous to this, however, she toured Italy, France, Holland, Belgium and Denmark. The Queen of this latter country was so impressed with Madame Gauthier's voice that she conferred a decoration upon her. While in Java, the prima donna had the honor of visiting His Excellency, the Viceroy, and his family.

Many, many times, while on that Eastern tour, Madame was obliged to prolong her stay in order to give a second concert. Her fame spread to such an extent that halls were not large enough to hold the crowds and a second performance had to be arranged.

Miss Juliette Gauthier is a sister of Madame Franz Knoote, and not a whit

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less talented. "She is just bubbling over with music," said a friend, recently. "Fancy, she began her career as a violinist, and was making a splendid reputation for herself, when it was discovered that her voice was too precious a gift to be left untouched, so she gave up the violin and took to singing!"

She was also a protegee of Lord Strathcona, going to Italy to study. Her debut made a great sensation in Florence, when she sang at the opening and dedication of the American Church there. Her engagement to a titled Italian has been recently announced, but the marriage has been postponed, because of Italy's requiring him in his military capacity.

We cannot think of the violin without the name of Mary Kathleen Parlow. Most Canadians have been fortunate enough to have heard her, on one of her several

tours. Born in Calgary, she early moved to California, and, when still only a child, was taken to Russia. Since 1908, when she was but eighteen years old, her success has been assured. She has played before many crowned heads, and is unaffectedly delighted to give pleasure with her music. She is perhaps least like a professional person of any one we could mention. Slight, graceful, responsive in a tremendous degree to appreciation, she is more like a lovable, healthy girl, of ordinary

acquaintance, than a Celebrity with a capital C.

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L. M. Montgomery made an exceptionally fortunate debut into the world of letters. She did not write a guide book or a history of the early pioneers—either of which might run a chance of acceptance—she wrote the hardest thing to sell, a plain story—"Anne of Green Gables." The usual procedure in the matter of publication was reversed; Canada took what belonged to her first, and the world took it afterward.

I have heard many people discuss Mrs. Ewan Macdonald's books. People who would seem to know her,

her daily habits and all the characters about whom she writes. I have heard them describe the originals. Here is what she says on the subject:

"Absolutely NONE of the people in my books are 'real characters.' The only possible exception is that of Peg Bowen in The Story Girl, who was suggested to me by a crazy old woman who roamed about the country in my childhood; and even she was very little like Peg Bowen. All my other characters, minor or major, are purely imaginary."

Mrs. M. Macdonald lived in Cavendish, P.E.I., before her marriage and is still "Lucy Maud" to the proud inhabitants of the little Island. They feel, as a whole, that



Mrs. Nellie McClung.



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they have a provincial, proprietary right—almost a family interest in those of their number who are distinguishing themselves in the world of the arts, so they tenaciously cling to "Lucy Maud" (probably with "our" before it) instead of adopting the formal Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, of Leaksdale, Ont.

The authoress comes of an exceptionally clever family, her three uncles, the Rev. L. G. Macneil, Mr. Chester Macneil, and Professor Macneil going a long way to prove this. She has written since she was a small child, stories in which her cats appeared as heroes and heroines, "and whatever else they lacked, they did not lack imagination." She not only wrote but published, at an early age; verses and stories in the local press, many of which attracted favorable comment outside the Island and gave rise to prophecies about Miss Montgomery which have since, been amply fulfilled. She is a prodigious worker, as the number of her publications show; scarcely a month passes without bringing to light at least one story from her pen.

LITERATURE AND POLITICS

And we have another Best Seller—"Sowing Seeds in Danny." Oh, the laughs and weeps between those two covers!

Mrs. Nellie McClung—er—goodness, where to begin? She went West when six years of age, and, in her own words, "narrowly escaped a princely fortune by not investing in real estate, in the city of Winnipeg. Said princely fortune has successfully escaped up to present date." She taught school for five years and then got married. Between rearing and educating five fine young McClungs, she wrote, and latterly (although that is not just the way to put it) she has "gone in" for politics. Working on a temperance platform, she recently stumped the whole of Manitoba against the Roblin Government, holding several enormous meetings, the novel part of which was, that people paid fifty cents to hear her speak! She says: "I went into politics quite without apologies to any one, neither did I go from choice. There comes a time when one cannot do otherwise without loss of self-respect. . . . and I am there to stay, until we get political recognition. . . . God intended men and women to work together in the best of good fellowship and harmony. . . . we receive sympathy to burn about woman suffrage. That is what we do with most of it! Good words, kind talk. . . . and every once in a while we burn it all up."

Intensely earnest and sincere is her espousal of universal temperance; her meetings were largely arranged by the W.C.T.U. She absolutely refused funds from the Liberal party for her campaign. A writer says of her: "Few of the daughters of Eve have been so endowed by Nature with every gift of mind and body as this idol and darling of the West. Famous as an author, renowned as a public speaker, esteemed as a wife and

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mother, and admired as a beautiful and graceful and gracious woman, all this and much more is Mrs. Nellie McClung—the woman in Canadian politics."

THE PREMIERE JOURNALIST.

Nor does that exhaust the supply. Prominent above all others in a purely journalistic way—although she has written some novels—is Agnes C. Laut. American magazines and weeklies are only too glad to get a scrap signed with her name, and the scrap they send in return fully testifies to their appreciation! Miss Laut was born in Ontario, but like Mrs. McClung, she went West when very young, was educated at the Manitoba University, and went into literature with a bound. She was editorial writer on the Manitoba Free Press, and later was correspondent for several American and English publications. She was also on the staff of the Outing Magazine. Of her travels in the West when roughing was roughing it, she can tell better than I. Her history of the North reads like a fascinating fairy tale, interspersed with icy blasts and blinding blizzards. Then she veered to the far south and did splendid work in New Mexico, or thereabouts. What she does not know about the Picture Rocks is not worth knowing. And what she does not know about Canadian shipping and elevator capacity and immigration and exports! She has a head which holds figures as easily as an ordinary pincushion holds pins.

A very intolerant man went to hear her lecture some months ago; he was dragged there, otherwise he would not have gone to hear a woman speak. That was the kind of man he was. "But," he said, "you should have seen her! A little fair, frail-looking thing, with a delivery any man might envy, and a grip on her audience which was astounding. I saw several of my friends who had gone under protest and who at the beginning of the lecture lolled back in their seats and looked bored. It wasn't long, however, before they were sitting bolt upright and then leaning forward, so as to catch every word. It was a surprise to me, I must say. Her head was stocked with all the information you would want, and figures and statistics tripped off her tongue as smoothly as ABC's."

Mrs. McClung says: "Agnes Laut taught school in Winnipeg about twenty-four years ago. Although she has been away from us a long time, she has never lost our love and admiration."

This is the third of a series of articles on well-known Canadian women. It gives a partial list only, and others of equal prominence will be treated in an article to appear in an early issue. An unfortunate mistake occurred in the last number, a likeness of Mrs. Cotton being referred to as a picture of Mrs. Blake.

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The Trail of Mooween

Continued from Page 41.

tivities, this one-sided battle was carried on till the bear became frantic with rage and pain. Crombit, thoroughly intoxicated, continued to parry and thrust, even after the poor brute had owned itself beaten by seeking the refuge of its kennel. Then suddenly the bear rushed out at him with a terrific roar. Entirely unnerved Crombit turned and fled. The chain snapped like a strand of cotton, and the infuriated beast was free.

The crowd of revelers tried to turn the bear aside, but they, too, were compelled to flee for their lives. Crombit fell on his face ere he had gone twenty paces. Next moment the brute was upon him, but the man lay motionless as he had fallen. The brute sniffed at his inert body, and then, still dragging half the chain, it charged straight on through the glare of the main avenue.

Exactly what happened to the bear no one knew. No one felt disposed to follow him, and snow fell during the night, blotting out his tracks. In a few days Mooween was forgotten by all but the children who had loved him.

Winter was now far spent but an important packet remained to be delivered at Fort Perry, two hundred miles distant. Crombit was chosen to deliver it, and it was thought that he had just time to make the trip before the ice broke up, when he would return by the first steamer.

One bright crisp morning the young Canadian swept out of the settlement with his team of malamutes and the precious load on his sled. The going was heavy after the recent thaw, for the surface was not properly frozen up. "Mush! Hi! Mush on curse you!" The long lash sang out and the dogs whimpered their willingness—all but the yellow dog which was last in the harness. Its eyes too were yellow, like the eyes of a wolf. It was, indeed, more wolf than dog—it was the turbulent yellow pup. He cast a treacherous look at his master, and there was a suspicion of white fangs under his lips. Next moment he received a cut across the ears, which kept him shaking his head for the remainder of the day.

Crombit threw a kiss to Ninetta as he passed below the shanty, and she stood at the doorway till man and dogs vanished behind the headland of cedars. That was the last that was ever seen of the living Crombit or of the yellow dog.

Four days later the remainder of the team returned to Lake Shimmergreen without sled or master. They trailed no harness, which proved that they had gained their liberty during the night after camp was made. Where was Crombit? Where was the yellow dog?

The factor with his Indian pilot went out to investigate the case and to recover the packet. He found the body of Crombit by the dead ashes of a fire at his second camping ground, one side of his face beaten out of all recognition. The log on which he had sat was undisturbed, and on the snow near by was a half-finished letter addressed to Ninetta. It was



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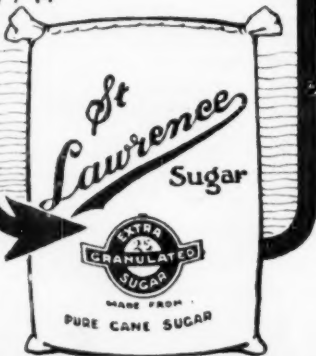
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telling her to take the first boat to Fort Perry where he would await her, when they would go south together for their honeymoon.

Such was the elopement Crombit had planned on the strength of one hundred dollars to be paid him at Fort Perry. The face of the factor was grave as he turned to his pilot.

"See here," said the Indian, "yellow dog circle round camp one, two, three time, then go off into cedar swamp there. It come back soon, big bear following. Bear dragging something between its paws, chain maybe. It jump Crombit from behind, and knock him down once—just once! Then bear and dog back away into swamp—that queer! That heap, blame queer!"

Jacques Druille hid his face and wept when he heard. "C'est l'ours noir!" he muttered softly. "He loved my little girl, and he has saved her. He was always kind to children."

An Irishman Who Started Something

Continued from Page 36.

writing plays, and started producing them. It was a dreary business. To begin with, they had little money. They hired a hall and found themselves after a few weeks up against the stone wall of "No Cash." Yet if the movement was to go on and flourish a deal of advertising was necessary. Lady Gregory in telling of those early days of struggle tells how she and Mr. Yeats went to the newspapers in Dublin and begged the editors to insert their theatre advertising, frankly admitting that it could not be paid for then. Meanwhile the movement seemed to be making little headway. The people scarcely bothered. True there was a band of devotees who had enthusiasm galore, but you can't run a theatre on the enthusiasm of a few and make money on it. To hear Mr. Yeats discuss the real fight that he and his co-workers had to popularize the movement is an experience. All sorts of tricks were resorted to, so that the faith of such as came might be strengthened. Many a night Lady Gregory and her friends would leave the stage door and come into the theatre at the front time after time to induce such as stood idly curious outside, to go in and see what was happening. One would have thought that it would have been an easy thing to recall to Irishmen their heritage in a Celtic twilight—to use the phrase of Mr. Holbrook Jackson. But somehow Irishmen didn't want to remember that their ancestors had delighted in a faery land of imagery.

For years the insular spirit persisted in looking askance at the revival with which Yeats's name became connected. Difference of religion and a clannishness according to whether the "kicker" lived in the north or south seemed inseparable from the production of many of the plays, and when J. M. Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" was given, mob tyranny was rampant. Somehow, though it would

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not be safe to aver that an Irishman is necessarily a particularly religious sort of being, theological differences have always been with him a prime consideration. "Do you know Shaun?" says Pat to Mike. "Know Shaun?"—this with an obvious exclamation mark—"Why he's a Catholic!" responds the Protestant Mike. And so, the Irish players found themselves considerably hampered by the unfortunate habit that the people had of staying day and night within reach of a shillaleigh which they might lay about fellow-countrymen with anything but a fellow-feeling, because they hadn't a fellow-faith.

As a corollary to this fanatical opposition, which sprang from religious differences, there was just as strong an opposition because of political bickering. Obviously since the plays dealt with Ireland they were bound to deal with Home Rule and Unionism. This again caused ructions. But Mr. Yeats had one thing clearly in his mind. He realized what Irishmen have never properly grasped themselves; that while they mightn't care a hoot whether they had a National Parliament they did very much want a National Soul. Too long Irish literature, a distinct and definite thing from English literature, had been relegated to a semi-limbo. It was confined to a few; it ought to be the property of the many. Yeats was determined that art such as the Irish possessed should no longer be the pride of the cultured few. He contended that it could be introduced into everybody's everyday life. Yeats burned with a mission. He was an evangelist whose evangel was a revolution in the Spirit of the commonest and the highest alike. He called out in clarion voice that Ireland was forgetting a glorious past instead of weaving it into a half-hearted present. His slogan might well have been 'Wake up Ireland, wake up to your splendid heritage of treasure in literature; and, waking up, live the better for the discovery of your literary possessions.'

For example—when the Irish players were in an Eastern Canadian city recently they were entertained by the Arts and Letters Club. One of the men in the company volunteered to sing two or three songs. He said that he had no music because it wasn't in print. But what he sung both words and music was a treasure well worth preserving. Yet the only way in which this song was preserved was handing it down verbally from generation to generation. Yeats knew that Ireland had a literature of her own which was individual and comparable to the literature of England. He sought to re-discover it, and he and his colleagues worked to put it in keepable form as drama in prose and poetry. How far his movement has gone is well known. Success, delayed for years came at last and the Abbey Theatre in Dublin and touring companies sent out by the Abbey Theatre Company are the results. Ireland has been awakened—in a literary sense at least—to a pride in its individuality and nationality, and the man behind the gun is William Butler Yeats.

Yet ironically enough Mr. Yeats though the man behind was never the gun itself. His was never the personal achievement

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—at any rate along the lines he pioneered. He has given to Ireland a poetic drama; he has added greatly to the store of English lyric poetry, but he has not succeeded in touching the hearts of the common people. I have seen the audience wildly yelling and gawotting up and down the aisle of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin because Mr. Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" had "got them going"—to use a colloquialism. Synge wrote plays which so affected the people that a police patrol was necessary. Lady Gregory's works were so powerful that they evoked all sorts of demonstration. But Yeats, whose whole energies have been laden with a desire to awaken the heart of the lowest, has only appealed to the intellectually aristocratic. In one or two of his plays "The Common Chord" or "Kathleen ni Hoolihan," he has neared the desired haven, but he never lodged his craft safely therein. "The Land of Heart's Desire," "Shadowy Waters," "On Baile's Strand," and others are poem-plays which have never been equalled since Shakespeare. As a writer of poetic drama, Mr. Yeats has excelled even Stephen Phillips and John Galsworthy and others of the Georgian poets. But in that which he most passionately desired, he has failed. Just as Moses never entered the Promised Land, though he guided the people thither, so Mr. Yeats, whose passion was that his every compatriot might revel in a glorious literature, was never able to accomplish that result directly.

Ireland owes him a tremendous debt. The Irish National Theatre is the outward result of his labors; the striking again of the common chord in the hearts of a thousand thousand was the hidden result of his inspiration and direction. And it is as much worth while to find a soul for a nation as it is to drill soldiers with dummy rifles, or drive the final spike and link up a transcontinental.

Be an Artist in Your Line

Continued from Page 38.

only in the well-beaten paths, thinks the thoughts of others, seeks the praise of others, fears to embark upon any line of action until it has the approval of all the others of its little world.

One reason why so many lives are so weak, ineffective, lacking in originality, in vigor of execution, is because they are half committed to their choice of effort or career. The most pronounced, the most conspicuous thing about a person should be his life aim. If he is so dominated by a mighty purpose that everything else about him will only seem to point to this as iron filings to a magnet, then we know such a life will succeed. But unless a man is so completely dominated by a great life aim, that it is his most conspicuous characteristic and dominates his whole personality, then he is probably only an imitator, an artisan, not an artist.

Men with powerful executive ability, who have left their mark on the world, have always been very positive. There has been nothing wavering or uncertain about them. They were possessed by their ideals, they lived in the service of their ideal. They were artists—artists of life.

Adventures of Madelyn Mack

Continued from Page 22.

with his eyes flashing, when a low exclamation from the policeman, Burke, broke the tension.

In his right hand he was holding out a woman's white kid glove, with its thumb stained with a ragged splotch of still fresh blood.

"Found it down by the wall, sir! It was covered up by the door!"

Lieutenant Perry snatched the glove from the other's hand and held it toward the light. On the wrist was a delicately embroidered monogram in white silk.

Grayson with difficulty smothered a sharp cry. Then his eyes sought Weston's face, grown suddenly cold and hard. Both men had recognized the object on the instant. The glove was the property of Hilda Wentworth!

"H. W." The lieutenant deciphered the letters slowly. "And pray, gentlemen," he said mockingly, nodding toward Weston with a grin of exultation, "what person do these interesting initials fit?"

"I think I can answer that question, sir!"

The words came in a clear, cold tone from the doorway, and Hilda Wentworth, pressing her way past Wilkins' resisting arm, stepped into the room.

"The glove is mine, officer!"

She held out her hand, but the lieutenant, with a low laugh that brought the blood flaming to the girl's face, thrust the glove into his pocket.

His eyes flashed from Weston to Grayson significantly.

"I fancy, gentlemen, I have found the explanation of your cock and bull story!" he said slowly.

Grayson sprang forward with a growl.

"You will take those words back or, or—"

Weston caught his shoulder sternly. "Gently, Bob! You are only making a bad matter worse!"

The lieutenant turned to his man, Burke, ignoring Grayson's threatening attitude. "Clear the room and telephone the coroner! As for you, Miss Wentworth, I am sorry, but—"

"What?" asked the girl steadily. Reversing the situation of a few moments before, she seemed the calmest member of the group.

"I am compelled to ask you not to leave the house until I give you permission!" the officer finished brusquely.

A sudden pallor swept Hilda Wentworth's face and for an instant her eyes closed; but she fought back the weakness resolutely. With a curt nod she stepped to the door.

"I am at your service!" she said simply.

Wilkins offered her his arm, and Weston followed the two without a backward glance. Grayson hesitated, still scowling at the lieutenant's stocky figure. The officer was glaring from the face of the dead man to the polished surface of the piano, with his nerves plainly on a feather edge.



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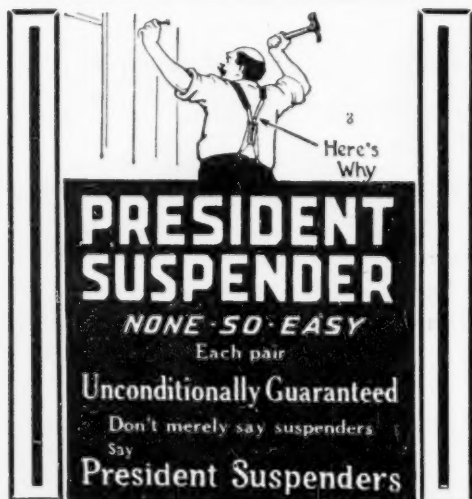
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Grayson shrugged, and had made a step toward the hall when his gaze was arrested almost mechanically by a glitter of green on the red carpet, near the wall at his right. He had taken a second step when a curious impulse—was it the factor of chance?—caused him to turn swiftly. Lieutenant Perry was bending over the body of Homer Hendricks with his face for the moment averted. Grayson's hand felt hurriedly over the carpet and closed about a small greenish object at his feet. Straightening, he walked rapidly through the doorway. In the hall, he glanced at the object in his hand. It was a green jade ball, whose diameter was perhaps that of a quarter. Dropping it into his pocket, the young man ran down the stairs.

III.

"I HAVE earned a vacation, Nora, and I intend to take it."

Madelyn Mack elevated her arms in a luxurious yawn, as she pushed aside the traveling bag at her feet. The eight o'clock train had just brought her back from Denver, and six weeks in the tortuous windings of the Ramsen bullion case. I had received her telegram from Buffalo just in time to meet her at the Grand Central station, and we had driven at once to her Fifth avenue office. As I noted the tired lines under her eyes, and the droop of her shoulders, I could appreciate something of the strain under which she had been laboring. I nodded slowly.

"Yes, you need a vacation," I agreed.

Madelyn impatiently pushed aside a stack of unopened letters. "And I intend to take it!" she repeated almost belligerently. "Business or no business!"

"With a ten-thousand-dollar fee for six weeks' work," I laughed somewhat enviously, "you should worry!"

Madelyn tossed her accumulated correspondence recklessly into a corner of her desk, and drew down its roll top with a bang.

"I feel like dissipating to-night, Nora. Are you up to a cabaret? A place with noise enough to drown out every echo of work!"

At her elbow the telephone shrilled suddenly. Mechanically Madelyn took down the receiver. Almost with the first sentence over the wire, I could see her features contract.

"Yes, Mr. Grayson, this is Miss Mack talking. What is that?" In a moment she clapped her hand over the transmitter, and turned a wry face to me. "Was I foolish enough to talk about a rest, Nora? Homer Hendricks has just been shot—murder or suicide!"

Her next sentence was directed at the telephone. "Never mind what Lieutenant Perry says, Mr. Grayson! I'll be over at once. Yes, I said at once!"

She hung up the receiver, and sprang to her feet.

"Come on, Nora! I'll give you the details on the way!" Her weariness had vanished as though it had never existed.

She slammed the door of the office, leaving her bag where she had tossed it.



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and jabbed the bell for the elevator. Not until we were in her car, that had been waiting at the curb, and speeding up the Avenue, did she speak again.

"You know of Hendricks, the lawyer, of course, and his niece, Hilda Wentworth—"

"You don't mean to say that he has been killed, and the girl is suspected—"

Madelyn shrugged. "The police seem to think so!"

She drew over to her end of the seat, and subsided into an abstracted silence, as we swerved across toward the Drive. I knew that it was hopeless to expect her to volunteer further information, and, indeed, doubted if she possessed it.

When the car whirled up to our destination Madelyn was out on the walk before the last revolution of the wheels had ceased.

We were not more than half way up the steps of the Hendricks' residence when the door flew open, and a young man, who had evidently been stationed in the hall awaiting our arrival, sprang forward to meet us.

Madelyn smiled as she caught his impulsively extended hand.

"Any new developments, Mr. Grayson?"

"None, except that Coroner Smedley is here. He is up-stairs now with the police."

Madelyn led us to the farther end of the veranda.

"Before we go in, it will be just as well if you give me a brief summary of what has happened."

Grayson walked back and forth, his hands clenched at his sides, talking rapidly. Madelyn heard him in silence, the darkness concealing her expression.

"Is that all?" she queried at length. For a moment she stood peering out over the veranda railing. "Miss Wentworth lived with her uncle, I take it?"

"Yes."

"And inherits his property?"

Grayson growled an affirmative.

"Suppose I change my angle, and ask if you are prepared to explain your own whereabouts at the time of the crime?"

"I have done so!"

Madelyn's eyes hardened.

"We won't mince matters, Mr. Grayson. From the police standpoint, Miss Wentworth and yourself, as her probably favored suitor, are the two persons most likely to profit by Mr. Hendricks' death. It may be awkward, perhaps exceedingly awkward, that you were the only two in the house not accounted for at the moment of the shot!"

"I have told you the truth!" Grayson dug his hands into his pockets sullenly.

Madelyn turned abruptly toward the door, and then paused. "Was Mr. Hendricks aware of your sentiments toward his niece?"

Grayson hesitated. "Certainly."

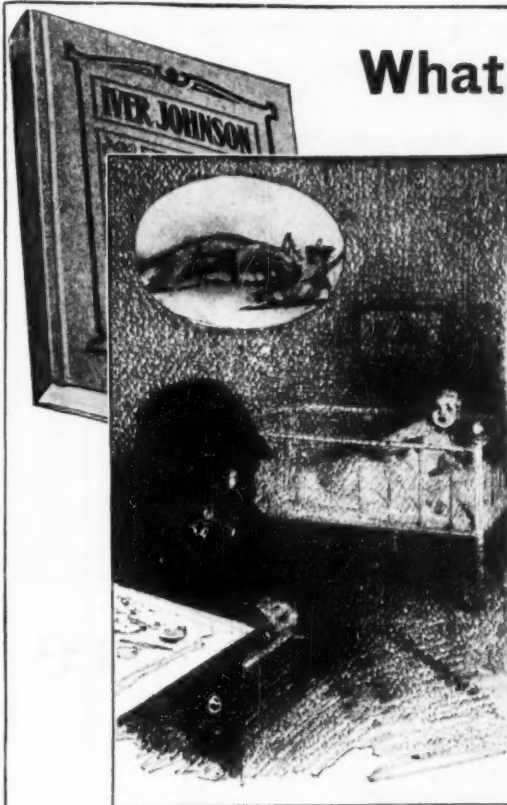
"And was not enthusiastic on the subject?"

"Well, perhaps not, er—enthusiastic." Grayson's stammer was obvious. "To be quite frank, he preferred—"

"Yes?"

"Monty Weston; but, of course—"

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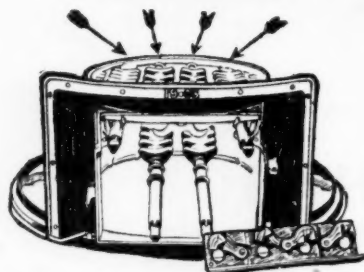
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"I think that is enough," said Madelyn quietly. "Will you kindly lead the way in?"

Grayson's hand, fumbling in his pockets, was suddenly withdrawn.

"By the way, here is something I almost forgot. I picked it up on the floor of Hendricks' room as we were leaving."

He extended the curious green jade ball he had found in the music-room.

Madelyn's eyes narrowed. Then she said casually, "Quite an interesting little ornament," and dropped it into her bag.

The hall of the Hendricks' house was empty. The members of the tragically disrupted theatre party had retreated to the library, and were endeavoring nervously to maintain the semblance of a conversation. The police were still busy up-stairs.

"You had better join your friends," said Madelyn to Grayson. "We will be down presently." And she ran lightly up the broad stairway, as I followed.

The music-room of Homer Hendricks presented a scene of confusion shattering all the precedents of its peaceful history, and almost sufficient, one was tempted to think, to call back its late master to resent the intrusion on his cherished sanctum.

The body of Mr. Hendricks was still stretched on the carpet where it had fallen. It, and the massive piano, were the only objects in the room that had been left unchanged.

Madelyn gave a shrug of disgust as we paused in the doorway and surveyed the scene of ravage.

"Are you expecting to find gold pieces concealed in the furniture, gentlemen?"

Lieutenant Perry whirled sharply. "May I inquire, Miss Mack, since when have you been in charge of this case?"

The officer essayed a wink toward his companions, who had been increased by two plainclothesmen and the coroner since Grayson's telephone call.

Madelyn smiled. "Your powers of humor, lieutenant, are exceeded only by your powers of deduction!"

Her glance wandered over the turn-up room, with its chairs turned upside down, its rugs rolled up from the floor, and even its few objects of bric-a-brac removed from their places, and deposited in a corner. The search for the missing weapon that had done Homer Hendricks to death had been thorough—if nothing else.

Madelyn's eyes rested for a second time on the piano of the dead man. The instrument seemed to exert a peculiar fascination for her. With her glance fixed on the keyboard, which no one had seen fit to close, she bowed to the grinning lieutenant.

"Will I be trespassing if I take a glance around?"

"Oh, help yourself? I reckon we have found about all there is to find!"

"Have you?" said Madelyn lightly.

The police officer righted a chair and sat down heavily on its cushioned seat, watching Madelyn's lithe figure as she walked across to Hendricks' body. As a matter of fact when she dropped to her knees, and held a pocket magnifying lens close to the white, rigid face of the dead

man, she had the unreserved attention of every occupant of the room.

The lieutenant, realizing the fact, shrugged his shoulders. "Miss Sherlock Holmes at work!" he said in a tone loud enough to reach Madelyn's ears.

"I beg your pardon," said Madelyn, without shifting the position of her lens, "have you any information as to when Mr. Hendricks visited this room last, that is, previous to this evening?"

Lieutenant Perry hesitated.

"Why, er—"

"He had not been here for ten days, Miss Mack," spoke up one of his subordinates, and then continuing, before he became aware of the scowl of his superior, "He and his niece were out of town on a visit, and only arrived home to-day."

"Thank you," said Madelyn rising, and leaning carelessly against the piano. "May I trouble you with another question, lieutenant?"

The lieutenant glared silently.

"Did Mr. Hendricks use tobacco?"

"He did not!"

"Thank you!" The suspicion of a smile tinged Madelyn's face.

Lieutenant Perry crossed his left leg carelessly over his knee and thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat. The farther plainclothesman nudged his companion. This attitude of the lieutenant's was a characteristic prelude either to one of his favorite jokes or a verbal fusillade, designed to crush an opponent to the dust.

"If you are quite through with your clue-searching, Miss Mack," he said with mock humbleness, "I would like your expert opinion on a little bit of evidence we have picked up!"

His right hand disengaged itself for a moment and produced the blood-stained glove of Hilda Wentworth. Mr. Perry held it up almost caressingly.

"Would you care to take a squint at this with that high-power lens of yours?"

"Oh, I hardly think so!" said Madelyn indifferently. "That belongs to Miss Wentworth, does it not?"

"Righto!"

"Then, if I might make a suggestion, I would return it to the young lady."

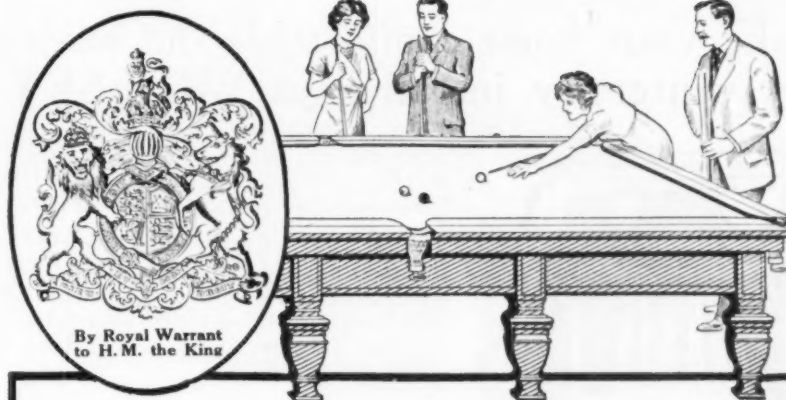
"Oh, you would, would you," exploded the lieutenant. "What do you think of that, men? That is the richest joke I have heard for a month!"

Madelyn sauntered to the door.

"I may have the pleasure of seeing you below, lieutenant," she said as she joined me.

The moment she had disappeared from the view of the men in the music-room her assumption of careless indifference vanished. Her lips closed in a tense line, as she paused at the head of the stairs.

"If those imbeciles had only left that room as it was!" Her hands were clenched as though every nerve was a-quiver. "Nora, I have got to have ten minutes alone in there! I must manage it!" She turned abruptly. "Will you kindly give Lieutenant Perry Miss Wentworth's compliments, and tell him she desires an immediate interview with him and the coroner in the library?"



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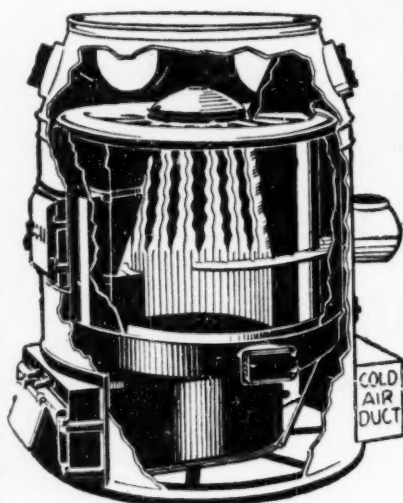
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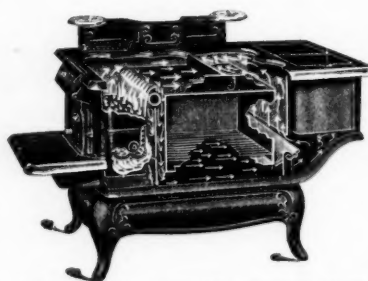
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"But," I stammered, "she doesn't!"

Madelyn glared, and then continued as though I had not interrupted her. "They will probably take two of the policemen down-stairs with them. That will leave only one behind. If you can inveigle him outside, Nora, the obligation won't be forgotten!"

"You speak as though I am a siren!" I snapped.

"Promise him you will publish his picture in *The Bugle* in the morning," said Madelyn impatiently.

She opened the nearest door, and disappeared behind it, as I returned to the music-room in my role of assumed messenger. I managed to repeat Madelyn's instructions without so much as a quiver at Lieutenant Perry's sudden scowl. With a nod to the coroner, he brushed past me at once.

Madelyn's calculation proved uncannily correct. The two plainclothesmen followed Coroner Smedley silently down the stairs in the lieutenant's wake. Only a red-faced roundsman was left twirling his stick disconsolately in the littered room.

"Good evening!" I smiled.

He glanced up with obvious welcome at the prospect of companionship.

I plunged directly to the point. "This is a big case, Mr. Dennis," I began, noting with relief that he was a professional acquaintance of mine. "It ought to mean something to you, eh?"

He grunted non-committally.

"I say, have you a good picture of yourself at home?"

Mr. Dennis looked interested.

"That is, one which would be good enough for publication in *The Bugle*?"

Mr. Dennis looked more interested.

"Because if you have," I continued enticingly, "and will do me a favor, I will see that it is given a good position in tomorrow's story."

"What is the favor?"

"Oh, merely, that you let me talk to you for ten minutes in the hall! A friend of mine wants a chance to look over this room without disturbance."

"You mean Miss Mack?" asked Dennis, suspiciously.

I smiled. "That picture of yours would look mighty nice, with a quarter of a column write-up under it. I expect Mrs. Dennis would be so tickled that she would appreciate a present from me of twenty-five copies of the paper to send to her friends!"

Dennis walked abruptly into the hall. "Come on!" he snapped.

As we reached the end of the corridor, I saw Madelyn step quietly into the room we had vacated.

I wondered curiously if Hilda Wentworth would rise to the occasion sufficiently to hold the attention of the suspicious Mr. Perry, and speculated grimly what would be the result if the lieutenant should return unexpectedly to the upper floor. My fears, however, proved unfounded. Before the ten minutes were over, Madelyn reappeared, beckoned to me pleasantly, and slipped a crumpled bill into Dennis' hand as she passed him.

"I'll look for that picture at the office,

Mr. Dennis," I said cordially. And then I turned anxiously to Madelyn. "Did you find anything?"

"Is it fate, or Providence, or just naturally Devil's luck that traps the transgressor?" returned Madelyn irrelevantly. She was tapping a slender-blue envelope. "Exhibits A and B in the case of Homer Hendricks," she continued. "A small jade ball, and a spoonful of tobacco ashes. They sound commonplace enough, don't they?" And she thoughtfully descended the stairs.

At the door of the library she faced the group inside with a slight bow. The hum of conversation ceased. From an adjoining alcove, Miss Wentworth, nervously facing a battery of questions from Lieutenant Perry and the coroner, noted our arrival with an expression of hastily concealed relief. It was evident that the task of keeping the gentlemen of the law occupied had taxed the girl's nerves to the utmost.

Grayson had taken a position as near the alcove as he could venture, and was glowering at her inquisitors, apparently not caring whether they saw his scowls or not.

"I will be obliged for a few moments' conversation, gentlemen!" said Madelyn pleasantly. "A very few moments, I assure you. I will talk to Mr. Wilkins first, if I may."

John Wilkins rose from his chair, as I found a vacant seat in the library, and joined Madelyn in the hall. In less than two minutes he returned, with his face wearing an expression of almost laughable bewilderment.

"Evidently the famous Miss Mack does not believe in lengthy cross-examinations," commented Miss Morrison as he resumed his chair.

"She asked me just four questions," said Wilkins dubiously, "and only two of them had to do with the affair upstairs. She cut me short when I started the account of our finding the body."

Lieutenant Perry, as though to show his disdain, deepened the rasp in his examination of Miss Wentworth as he saw Weston take Wilkins' place in the hall.

Weston glanced at his watch as he returned. "It took me just one minute more than you to pass through the ordeal, old man," he confided to Wilkins, with something like a grin.

Lieutenant Perry stepped out of the alcove with a gesture of finality.

"Have you a version of the case to give to *The Bugle*, Lieutenant?" I asked, as a ring at the doorbell and the shuffling of feet on the veranda announced the belated arrival of other members of the newspaper fraternity.

The lieutenant darted a sullen glance in the direction of Hilda Wentworth. "You may say for me," he said acidly, "that, whether suicide or murder, a certain near relative of the dead man is holding back the truth, and, and—" his eyes traveled slowly around the room, "the police expect to find measures very shortly to make that person speak!"

A low cry broke from Hilda Wentworth. Darting across the room, she



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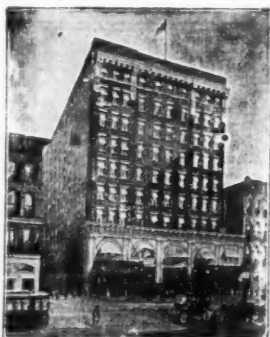
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caught the lieutenant's arm imploringly

"Oh, please, sir, don't, don't—"

"I hardly think you need alarm yourself, Miss Wentworth!"

Madelyn was smiling quietly from the doorway. "I trust, Miss Noraker," she continued, addressing me, "that *The Bugle* will do Miss Wentworth the justice, and myself the favor, of announcing that I am prepared to *prove* that no relative of Mr. Hendricks had any connection with his death, or possesses any knowledge of how it was brought about! And furthermore, for Lieutenant Perry's peace of mind, you may add that it is a case not of suicide—but of murder!"

The lieutenant's face went a sudden, pasty yellow. Madelyn slowly drew on her gloves.

"By the way, Lieutenant, if you and the coroner have time to meet me here at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, I will take pleasure in corroborating my statements!"

She bowed to the other occupants of the room. "I will also include in that invitation Miss Wentworth and the gentlemen who were present at the time of the murder."

She stepped back, and, adroitly skirting the group of newly-arrived newspaper men, ran lightly across the pavement to her car.

At the steps of the motor I caught her. "Madelyn, just one question, *please!* How in the name of Heaven could the murderer shoot, and then escape through a locked door?"

Madelyn drew down her veil wearily. "He didn't shoot!" she said shortly.

IV.

HILDA WENTWORTH, haggard-faced after a feverishly tossing night, was toying with her breakfast grapefruit and tea, which the motherly housekeeper had insisted on bringing to her room, when the bell of the telephone tinkled sharply.

Miss Wentworth took down the receiver wearily; but, at the sound of the voice at the other end of the wire, she brightened instantly.

"Good morning! This is Miss Mack. I am not going to ask if you had a restful night."

"Restful night!" the girl cried hysterically. "Two of those odious policemen have been patrolling the house constantly, and watching my room as though I would steal away with the family spoons if I had a ghost of a chance!"

Miss Mack's exclamation was only partly audible, but the girl smiled wanly.

"I shall be detained perhaps a half an hour longer than I expected this morning, Miss Wentworth. If you will explain this to Lieutenant Perry, and the other gentlemen I will appreciate it."

Miss Mack hung up the receiver abruptly. It was obvious that she was in a hurry. But there was an inflection in her tones that brought a new color to Hilda Wentworth's face, and she was sur-

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prised to find herself return to breakfast with almost a relish.

For a moment, after she had finished the call, Madelyn sat with a pen poised thoughtfully over a pad of writing paper. Then, tossing the pen aside, she turned to the telephone again.

"Hello! Bugle office?" she snapped, as a belated click answered her call. "Oh, is that you, Nora? Can you give me a few moments? Good! I wish you would call at the office of Ambrose Murray, the president of the Third National Bank, and tell him that you were sent by Miss Mack. He may, or may not, have certain information to give you. You will deliver his message to me at the Hendricks' home at a quarter after ten. Wait for me outside? Do you understand—outside?"

As the tall, old-fashioned clock in the library of the late Homer Hendricks rang out the stroke of half past ten, it gazed down on a group of six persons, whose attitudes presented an interesting study in contrasting emotions.

In the corner nearest the door stood Lieutenant Perry and Coroner Smedley. The lieutenant had refused the offer of a chair, and the coroner, who worshipped at the Perry shrine for political reasons, essayed to copy the other's majesty of demeanor, his smile of supreme boredom, and even his very attitude.

Grayson had drawn Hilda Wentworth's chair thoughtfully into the shadow of a huge palm, and was bending over her in an effort to buoy her spirits, which was apparently so successful that Weston, seated with Wilkins on the opposite side of the room, scowled savagely.

"Ten-thirty!" snapped Mr. Perry, ostentatiously consulting the gold repeater, which the members of the detective department had presented to him on the occasion of his silver wedding anniversary. "I will give Miss Mack just five minutes more. I have work to do!"

"The five minutes will not be necessary, Lieutenant," said a quiet voice from the hall, as Madelyn and I paused in the doorway.

"Quite dramatic!" came from Mr. Perry.

Madelyn's eyes swept the room. Her graceful serenity had disappeared in a sudden tenseness. "You will please follow me upstairs," she said, moving back.

"Upstairs?" growled Mr. Perry.

Madelyn turned to the stairway without answer.

Miss Wentworth and Grayson were the first to comply, and the lieutenant, observing that the others were joining them, brought up a sullen rear, with the coroner endeavoring to copy his appearance of contempt.

Madelyn paused at the door of the music-room, and waited silently for us to enter. The shattered door had been temporarily repaired, and placed on a new set of hinges. Madelyn closed it, and stepped to the centre of the room. She stood for a moment, staring abstractedly up at a brightly colored Turner landscape. A silence crept through the apart-



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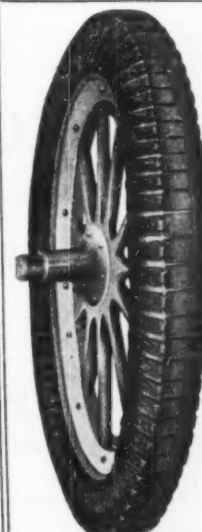
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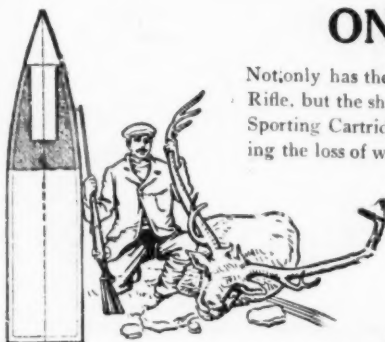
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ment, so pregnant that even Lieutenant Perry squared his shoulders.

"I am going to tell you the story of a tragedy," began Madelyn, with her eyes still fixed on the landscape as though studying its bold coloring.

"In all of my peculiar experience I have never met with a crime so artistically conceived and so diabolically carried out. From a personal standpoint, I may even say that I owe the author my thanks for one of the most interesting problems which it has been my fortune to confront. In these days of bungled crime, it is a relief to cross wits with one who has really raised murder to a fine art!"

Her left hand mechanically, almost unconsciously, dropped a small round object into the palm of her right hand. It was a green jade ball. From somewhere in the room came a sudden low sound like the hiss of a trampled snake.

Madelyn's eyes dropped to the ball almost caressingly. "I am now about to re-enact the drama of Mr. Homer Hendrick's murder. I hardly think it will be necessary to caution silence until I am quite through!"

She stepped to the piano at the other end of the room, twirled the music stool a moment, and, carefully inspecting its height like a musician critical of trifles, took her seat at the keyboard.

Her hands ran lightly over the keys with the touch of the born music-lover. Then, without preamble she broke into the storm scene from "William Tell."

Miss Wentworth was gazing at Grayson with a sort of dumb wonder. The young man pressed her arm gently.

The expression of superior boredom had entirely left Lieutenant Perry's ruddy features.

Madelyn's fingers seemed fairly to race over the keys. The thundering music of Rossini rolled through the apartment. Madelyn was reaching the climax in that superb musical painting of the war of the elements.

Again that low sibilant sound like a serpent's hiss sounded from somewhere in the taut-nerved audience, to be drowned by the sharp, clear-cut report of a revolver!

Madelyn's fingers wavered, her elbow fell with a sharp discord on the keys, and she staggered back from the stool. In the front of the piano, at a point almost directly opposite her left temple, a small hole, perhaps the diameter of a quarter, had opened in the elaborate carving, and from it curled a thin spiral of blue smoke!

With a jagged splotch of powder extending from her temple to her cheek, Madelyn sprang to her feet. From the rear of the room, a man, crouching forward in his chair, darted toward the door. Lieutenant Perry's hand flashed from his pocket with the instinct of the veteran policeman. At the end of his out-flung arm frowned the blue muzzle of a revolver.

"You may arrest Mr. Montague Weston for the murder of Homer Hendricks!" came the quiet voice of Madelyn.

The words, instead of a spur, acted

with much the effect of a sledge-hammer on the agitated figure of Weston. For an instant he gazed wildly about the room like a man confronted with a ghastly specter. The steady coolness of purpose, that had marked his brilliant rise at the bar, had shriveled in the heart-stabbing moments of Madelyn's demonstration. As Lieutenant Perry stretched a hand toward him, he fell in a sobbing heap at the officer's feet.

Madelyn jerked her head significantly from the white, drawn face of Hilda Wentworth to Weston's moaning form. The lieutenant fastened his hand on the man's collar and dragged him to his feet as the coroner flung open the door.

The suddenness of it all had gripped us by a magnet. The creaking of a chair sounded in the tension with a sharpness that was almost painful. The denouement had occurred with the swiftness of a film from a moving picture machine—and was blotted out as swiftly as the lieutenant closed the door behind his cowering prisoner.

Grayson breathed a long, deep sigh.

"How, how in thunder, Miss Mack, did—"

Madelyn had resumed her toying with the green jade ball. With a gesture almost like that of a schoolmistress addressing a dense student, she stepped across to the piano, and inserted the ball in the small, round hole in the heavy carving, through which had floated the blue curl of smoke. It exactly matched six other balls of green jade, set into the panels in a fantastic ornamentation.

"Before this instrument is used again," said Madelyn, as she turned, "I would recommend a thorough overhauling. Just behind the opening which I have filled is the muzzle of a revolver—loaded with a blank cartridge for this morning's purpose, but which has not always been so harmless.

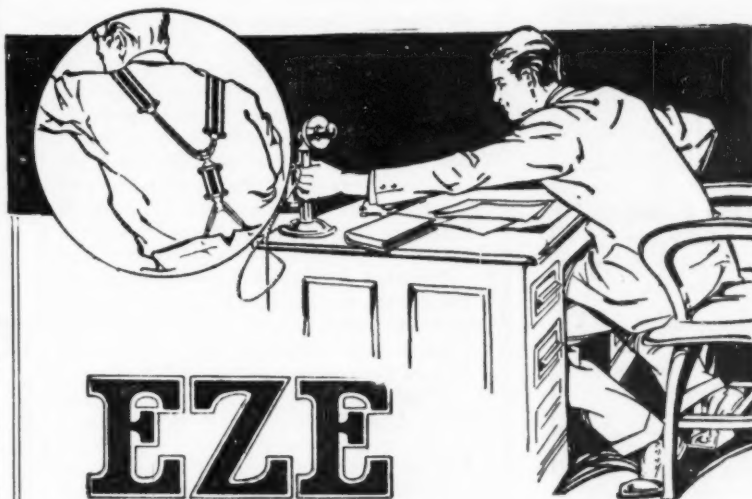
"From its trigger, you will find—as I assured myself last night—a wire spring connecting with one of the treble D flats on the keyboard. When Mr. Hendricks struck it in the overture of 'William Tell,' and again when I repeated his action just now, the pressure of the key released the trigger of the weapon, and it was automatically exploded.

"When Weston attached the apparatus—your ten days' absence from the house, Miss Wentworth, giving him ample time—he used a paper substitute for the jade ball he had removed, and probably took occasion, when he entered the room last night, to cover over the exposed opening in the panels.

"Unfortunately for him, the imp of chance was dogging his trail. He dropped the jade ball—and the same perverse imp directed the hand of Nemesis to it.

"The psychological effect of my repetition of the crime, after the shock of the discovery of his apparatus, would have taxed a far stronger set of nerves than those of Mr. Weston!"

She paused, and then added in a musing afterthought, "Perhaps, you can tell me, Mr. Grayson, what cynical philosopher has said that all women are fickle?"



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"EZE" Suspenders MUST wear for one
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If you are a prospective home-builder, get our catalog "M." It contains much valuable information regarding choice of good brick, as well as some new designs for fireplaces. Write now.

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Toronto Office: 50 Adelaide Street West



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Your dealer can furnish *Certain-teed* Roofing in rolls and shingles—made by the General Roofing Mfg. Co., world's largest roofing manufacturers, East St. Louis, Ill., Marseilles, Ill., York, Pa.

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0278

Mr. Weston happens to be an ardent devotee of My Lady Nicotine. I fancy that he was so completely under her spell that he sought relief from the task of arranging his murder-spring in his favorite pipe. But she of Nicotine, perhaps in horror at his meditated crime, jilted her slave. As he bent over his work his pipe bowl was tilted ever so slightly—and the ashes, which fell with her favor again aided the imp of chance to lead me to his trail!"

Madelyn shrugged her shoulders as though she were quite through, and then, with a sudden suggestion, continued, "The motive? What are the two greatest factors that swayed men to evil?"

"The first, of course, is greed. Weston, himself, will have to supply the details of his betrayal of the trust of Homer Hendricks. It was not until Miss Noraker brought me, just before I entered the house this morning, certain confidential information as to the financial condition of Weston, that I was absolutely certain of this link in my chain of evidence.

"Under an assumed name, he has been engineering certain questionable mining companies, and had even persuaded the man who was his life-long friend to invest a considerable share of his fortune in one of his projects. Faced by the imminence of exposure, and ruin, and unable to conceal longer the truth from Homer Hendricks, Weston's devilish ingenuity suggested the death of the man who had trusted him—and the means of carrying it out."

Madelyn walked slowly to the door, and then turned.

"I have forgotten the second of the two motives that I referred to. Of course, it is the factor of jealousy, or perhaps love. May I mention your name, Miss Wentworth?"

"Goaded by the fear of losing you, he pilfered one of your gloves, and dropped it where a school-boy was bound to see its connection with the crime. I daresay that he would have offered to establish your innocence on your promise to marry him. He could have done it in any one of a dozen ways, of course, without implicating himself.

Madelyn gave a sudden glance toward Wilkins and myself.

"I think that Mr. Grayson wishes to discuss that factor of love somewhat farther with Miss Wentworth!"

As we stepped into the hall after her, she softly closed the door of the music-room.

CASPIAN SEA IS SINKING.

Late investigation by experts in the employ of the Russian Government has demonstrated that the surface level of the Caspian Sea is continually sinking, until now it is beginning to interfere with navigation. The cause of this phenomenon is traced to the diminishing inflow of water from the rivers tributary to the Caspian, especially the Volga, so that the evaporation from the large surface, more than 169,300 square miles, is greater than the influx of river water. A comprehensive study of the matter is being made by scientists.

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The Most Popular Perfume in Daily Use

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Bath and Toilet
always use the genuine
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
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Imitations of this delicious perfume are numberless, but it has never been equalled.
IT REFRESHES AND DELIGHTS
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PREPARED ONLY BY
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PAIN
THE GREAT
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Price 25 cts. per bottle.
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Handy for emergency

This is the original and only genuine

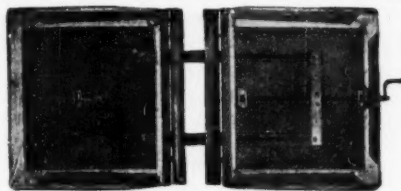
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It has given years and years of satisfaction. Makes pain vanish in a few moments. A reliable, quick remedy.

Beware of Imitations.
Sold on its Merits.

Kalamazoo Point Number Two

The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder is of Simple Construction.



THE mechanism of the "Kalamazoo" Loose Leaf Binder is so simple that one hesitates to call it "mechanism" at all.

It consists of two or four flexible rawhide thongs of great strength and durability which are secured to the side of the cover at one end and passing through the two clamping bars which grip the sheets, are attached to a cross bar at the other.

By the operation of the key this cross bar working on a threaded screw draws the covers together or opens them for the insertion or removal of sheets.

The "KALAMAZOO" Loose Leaf Binder has been made in the United States and in England for many years and is to-day recognized as the best expression of the Loose Leaf idea that has yet been offered.

Write for Booklet "W." It will tell you all about it.

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Limited
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Good Money Paid

For "waste" paper of every description.
Old Ledgers, Books, etc.

We Sell You

Canvas for furniture packing and wrapping and other purposes.

Good Value

Write Us for Particulars. Information Cheerfully given. Send a Postal to Dept. M.

E. PULLAN

490 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Ont.
Phone Adelaide 760-761

The Hope Chest

Continued from Page 27.

the great key that filled the lock, and tried to decipher the letters on the top. And I told her that no doubt it had been the property of some old pirate of the Spanish Main. But she would not have it so, saying that it had belonged to a princess, at least, and so she had her way.

"And the days passed, and the Hope Chest was beginning to be filled with the efforts of her love, and then you came into her life; and love made her conscious of her womanhood.

"Poor old Granny! I remember she thought you were the finest of men—the soul of honor, a fitting mate for our Lily; but I—I was always suspicious. A man, especially a jealous father or brother, knows his own kind better than a woman and I saw beneath the exterior that you were only pandering to your vanity and egoism.

"Why did you do it, Harry? I say why did you break my little girl's heart? Why couldn't you let her be? Ah no, you must bring your handsome face to startle her young heart to delightful flutterings, and when you had made her care so much for you, you went away, and she died, wilted like a flower in a few short months.

"Sometimes I dream of her laughter. I hear it echoing through this old house, and awoken to find myself sitting up in bed and my arms stretched into the hopeless dusk."

His voice broke, and his shoulders heaved with great sobs. Suddenly, however, he raised his face, and the strange crafty look I had noticed before over-spread his features. His lips moved in unintelligible speech. Then he rose with a quickness I had not thought him capable of and, stepping over to the old harpsichord, caught up the sword I have mentioned.

I jumped up, and grasping the heavy chair on which I had been seated, shoved it before my face as he came for me. There was a crash of splintering wood, but his rush had been so fierce that the weapon was knocked from his grasp and went clattering a dozen paces along the attic floor. He gave a low groan and fell with a sickening thud.

For a moment I stood looking at him there, a hundred thoughts flashing through my brain. What if he were dead! What explanation could I give of the affair? Then in a perfect frenzy of excitement I gathered him in my arms.

I don't remember my passage down the narrow stairs, or where I found brandy, but he was lying on a sofa in the dining-room, and I had administered some of the liquid and was standing regarding his bruised, wrinkled face when a door opened, and an old lady stepped into the room.

"Harry!" she cried, then a strange look passed over her face. In fancy I see her now, sweet-faced, grey-haired, trying in vain to still the candle that swayed with her emotion, gazing at me with pitiful, uncomprehending eyes.

Esterbrook Radio Pens

26 styles

Finished in a new way that gives a new smoothness and a new durability.

Triple Silver Plated—won't corrode or tarnish; makes writing easier; insures longer wear.

Put up in handsome leatherette gold-embellished cases—a highly artistic packing which they truly deserve.

Send 10c. for useful metal box containing 12 of our most popular pens, including the famous Falcon 048.

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Brown Bros. Limited
Canadian Agts.
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EW RED MAN



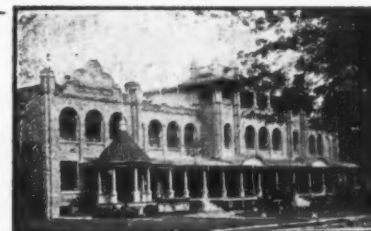
A TRIUMPH OF THE COLLAR MAKERS' ART IN A SPLIT FRONT COLLAR

20c., or 3 for 50c.

The distinctive style which makes the Red Man Collar different from all others is very marked in this collar.

A joy to the fastidious dresser.
FOR SALE BY CANADA'S
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COME to the HOTEL SANITA and enjoy the mineral baths, excellent cuisine and homelike comfort and quietness. Especially desirable for grip men. Send for our descriptive booklet.
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All data indexed in Filing Drawers at your elbow.

There are 10 kinds of drawers for filing Index Cards, Letters, Catalogs, Clippings, etc. Your choice of these files may be arranged as you want them.



No. 555

Solid Oak, Handsomely Finished Golden, Natural or Weathered. Top 28x52. Drawers on Rollers.

Practical Build—Enormous Capacity and Ease of Reference commend this file to you. All Solid Oak, so put together that it is almost wearproof. Roller Bearing Dust Proof drawers have follow blocks and full height sides. As efficient and serviceable as any file at any price. Capacity 20,000 letters. Golden, Natural Weathered finish.

No. 421



Gentlemen:—

That Desk I bought of you last July is a splendid servant.

There are no dust-gathering pigeon holes, no losing of papers, nor interference with air circulation as in most roll-top desks. Its built-for-the-purpose filing drawers are much better than the stick-and-bind old-style storage drawers that were a part of the flat top desk I used previously. My mail and advertising work is sixty per cent. heavier than when I bought the desk and yet it gives me such assistance that I attend to all this with much less effort. Although I am ordering additional filing equipment from you, the system will have its headquarters at this desk.

A SERVANT AT YOUR ELBOW

Weir Swinging Desk Stand

Swings and Locks into position when wanted. Swings out of way when not in use. Strong, Staunch, Solid. Does not vibrate. Oak Top 14x18. Black Enameled Metal parts.

Name of Canadian dealer nearest you sent promptly on receipt of your inquiry.



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Made in Canada by the Knechtel Furniture Co., Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

HELPFUL BOOKLET

"Filing Suggestions" sent with Catalog "S" of Time-Saving Office Devices and two kinds Expansible Bookcases—Free.

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The Canadian Pacific offers to the travelling Public, service and equipment second to none. They build, own and operate their Compartment Library Observation Cars, Standard Sleepers, Dining Cars, Coaches and Motive Power.

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The Canadian Pacific can ticket you around the World, and enable you to travel over two-thirds of the World's journey on their own trains and steamships.

Those contemplating a trip of any nature will receive full particulars and literature from any C.P.R. Ticket Agent, or write

M. G. MURPHY

District Passenger Agent

TORONTO

"You're not Harry," she said. Her eyes caught the old man, "What—what has happened?" In a moment she was by his side.

I found words: "He'll be all right in a few moments," I said gently. "He—he fainted; he—he thought I was Harry," I explained.

The old man struggled to a sitting posture and passed a wrinkled hand over his forehead; but I noted a sane look in his eyes as I stepped into the shadow near the curtains.

"Nancy," said he shakily, "I've had a horrid dream. Harry?—Oh never mind. Have you wound the clock, Nancy?"

I pulled aside the curtains and entered the hallway with light, feverish step, found my hat and stick, and in a moment had entered the rain-lashed night. I almost ran to the huge, wrought-iron gate, found and pulled back the bolt and sped like a criminal along the murky, muddy highway.

On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day

Continued from Page 30.

who had suffered hardships did not mind a little inconvenience. We found Winnipeg City and regions roundabout wild with enthusiastic welcome and what we saw there was a sample of what took place in cities all over Canada when the boys came home. But at the moment we did not, perhaps, realize as somewhat unthinking lads, the darkness in homes that the rebellion had made desolate. All victories and stages in progress are won at great cost to some one and these darkened homes had at least the chastened joy of knowing that they had laid a sacrifice on the altar of their country's onward march. It is in a great sense true that it is the men who have fallen in warfare rather than the men who survive that have won the victory. And to this day all over the Dominion there are graveplots tended by loving hands that are shrines on the way of the pilgrimage of life for many.

"The muffled drums sad roll has beat Our soldiers last tattoo.

No more on Life's parade shall meet That brave and fallen few.

On Fames eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread

And glory guards with honored round The bivouac of the dead.

Rest on embalmed and sainted dead Dear as the blood you gave.

No impious footsteps here shall tread The herbage of your grave;

Nor shall your glory be forgot

While Fame her record keeps

Or Honor points the Sacred Spot

Where valor proudly sleeps."

A starchy fluid which is made from potatoes has been found to decrease the porousness of iron submitted to hydraulic pressure. When the metal is treated with this, it is claimed it becomes water-tight.

A Pioneer of Advertising

Character Sketch of the Late
T. J. Barratt, of Pears Soap,

by T. P. O'Connor

From T. P.'s Weekly.

It is difficult for his friends—of whom I was proud to be one—to realize that Tom Barratt—for so he was known to them—is dead. He was a man of such abounding vitality, of such a dominating and vivid personality that it is hard to think of him lying in the impotent stillness of death. It is not so many months ago that he was given a dinner by his grateful company in celebration of the presentation of his portrait, and then he looked the very picture and embodiment of that green and fresh old age which is one of the phenomena of our time.

There are many successful men who are the creatures and inevitable outcome of conditions, but Tom Barratt was not this class. He created and commanded conditions. When he, a little Cockney boy, with no endowment but his nimble wits and his energetic character, joined the firm of Pears—it was but a small and almost tremulous affair. It had descended for some generations from a race of barbers, regarding it as a kind of little perquisite to the main business of the shop; a side-show in every sense of the term. Its turn-over, even after these generations, was about four thousand pounds a year only. Assuredly it was some felicitous freak of fortune—for his first employment was almost a lucky accident—that brought Barratt into the business for which he was above all suited by natural gifts. He had daring, originality, a genius for gathering the mind and the tastes of the public; and yet, let it be added, natural born artistic taste. He came into business at a time when advertising was still a young and rather suspect art in this country—the United States, in this, as in so many other things, preceded us by a generation or two. It is on record that many of the biggest men in the country looked on this new method of doing business as so hazardous, not to say vulgar, that they shrank from it as from an unclean thing. I believe it is true that when Mr. Bryant, of the famous match firm, proposed to Mr. May, his partner, that they should advertise, that good old Quaker calmly asked to take all his capital out of the company. If I mistake not, the eldest Pears, who controlled the business up to the time when Mr. Barratt took hold, also was content to fold up his tent and leave the future of the business to the young and daring hands into which it had got. Mr. Barratt was essentially a daring man, an original man, and what I may call a thorough business psychologist. He grasped what part advertising

You Cannot Place Your Product on the Market to advantage



if the time that you pay dollars for is dwindled away by the irregularities and unpunctuality of your employees. By this unnoticed leak draining your profits each day, your loss may be counted into hundreds of dollars within a year.

The International Time Recording System

stands on guard without fear or favor, checking your employees' time and watching jealously your profits.—

**PREVENTS IRREGULARITIES
PROTECTS PROFITS**

Let us demonstrate a system that will meet your most exacting requirements.

If desirable we will show the Dey Decimal cost keeping system in conjunction with our Time Recording System.

90% of the Time Recorders used throughout the world are International make. Write for Booklet "I." It will assist you in cutting down production cost.

International Time Recording Co. of Canada
23 Alice Street, Toronto LIMITED

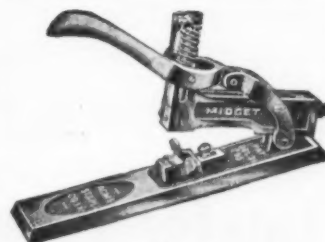
This machine binds sheets of finest paper without tearing

There is no device so simple, safe, and convenient as the Acme Stapling Machines for fastening pay-roll envelopes, backing statements, binding legal documents, filing papers, letters and vouchers.

It drives a broad, flat staple, which will hold the finest paper without tearing, and will puncture the toughest and hardest stock. Always in position for instant use. Does not get out of order. It is automatic and self-feeding.

Handsomely nickeled. Our catalog "A" will show you a model that will just suit your requirements. Request for same puts you under no obligation.

THE ACME STAPLE COMPANY, LIMITED,



(Patented)

Camden, N.J., U.S.A.

Without Obligation

There's a wonderful lot of knowledge about designing and executing ornamental iron and bronze that naturally doesn't belong to the public at large.

But the application of such knowledge is yours for the asking. If you are contemplating anything in these lines we extend to you the services of a very complete, expert organization. Tell us as much about your desires as possible and we will work out a solution skilful in design and harmony. This without obligation in any way. Then if you like and want it we'll execute the work with care and promptness.

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Church Brass Work, Iron Stairs, Balconies,
Fire Escapes, Metal Wickets, Grilles, Mar-
quises, Bronze Tablets, Railings, Stable
Fittings, Iron and Bronze Gates,
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DAYLIGHT



Saves

DOLLARS

During the Fall and Winter months artificial lighting expenses become heavy. This can be avoided. Daylight is free. With LUXFER PRISMS you can flood your office, store or factory with daylight. Why tolerate the expense of

artificial lighting when daylight is better and costs nothing?

The scientific accuracy of these prisms make it possible to shoot daylight into the remotest corners. There are over 50 different forms of LUXFER PRISMS, covering every possible requirement. For basements, gloomy stores, interiors or closely built office buildings.

Now is the time to change from expensive artificial lighting to the money-saving LUXFER DAYLIGHT SYSTEM.

ASK YOUR ARCHITECT—HE KNOWS.

Our Catalog "L" shows you how to conserve your profits. Isn't it worth your while to investigate? Write now.

Luxfer Prism Company, Limited

100 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

was going to play in the new business world which was coming into being with the railroad, the telegraph, the school-board and the other big developments of the Victorian era. Let it be added that side by side with his daring and originality, there was in Mr. Barratt a big bump of caution and calculation. As a buyer, he was quite as great as a seller. The hard common-sense, the strong will, the rapid power of calculation, made him a tough man when one came to sell him anything, especially on the large scale on which he had to buy material. And therefore even when Mr. Barratt seemed to more cautious men to be embarking on some wild enterprise, it was known to his intimates that he had thought out, worked out, figured out, every detail of what his scheme would cost and what it would bring.

Some of the biggest things he did are known to the whole world, which is the best proof of their genius. "Bubbles," "You dirty boy!" "He won't be happy till he gets it!" "Good-morning, have you used Pears' Soap?"—even the splendid tramp picture which was due originally to Harry Furniss, and then for its propagation to Mr. Barratt—are not all these things as familiar to the whole English-speaking world as a quotation from Shakespeare or the Bible? Some of these big things came to Mr. Barratt by inspiration, some after long thought. They all owed their force as an advertising agency's weapon to his extraordinary power of reading the popular mind.

As his business projects were a combination of daring and calculation, so there was the commingling of various elements in his character. He was at once a hardy practical man and a dreamer and an idealist. The idealistic side of him found expression in an intense love of art. He was artistic to his finger-tips. In his house at Hampstead, he had almost a picture gallery. But that was not enough for him. When you entered his chief office in Oxford street, you had something like the sensation of living in the old Roman world of one of Alma Tadema's pictures. The gleaming white marble, the exquisite statuary, the flowing fountain, all seemed to be taken bodily from the life of patrician Rome, and from the designs of that wonderful Dutch artist who reproduced that dead-and-gone world so exquisitely for us. In his own den he was surrounded by fine engravings, and, in short, everything in his surroundings revealed the man to whom an artistic atmosphere was a necessity of his being.

Finally, as a man, Tom Barratt was a warm-hearted and loyal friend. He was never so happy as when he had his friends at his table; and equally good as a listener and a talker, he brought out in conversation all that was interesting and all that was instructive among his guests. Thus it was that he had a vast multitude of friends; and to all of them there will be a sense of irreparable loss in the disappearance from their midst of so vivid, so inspiring and so generous a personality.

The Business Outlook

Advantage of Canada's Position—Demand for Her Chief Products Sends Up Their Price—Opportunities for Extension of Her Foreign Trade

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

EDITOR'S NOTE.—That Canadian business men will have many opportunities to carry trade abroad when so many great commercial nations are at war, is one of Mr. Appleton's contentions, and he believes that Canadian industrial captains will be as active in their fields as her soldiers are in battle for the Empire. Great Britain maintains a credit system, keeps open the ocean paths, which makes possible almost normal trade in so far as Canada is concerned. To take full advantage of these opportunities it is necessary to have confidence and courage. He deprecates hoarding gold and says that it should be kept moving for the good of the country. No greater traitor exists than the citizen who in such times as those of to-day draws in his cash and bottles it up. Circumstances, Mr. Appleton says, indicate normal business as soon as the people of Canada realize that they are in a very advantageous position and quite immune from the physical menace of war

JUST a month ago the war dogs were let loose in Europe and chaos in the financial market and rupture of the credit system of the entire world followed. The credit system suffered more acutely when England became involved. It was then, for a brief time, chaos reigned. As they have so often done in great crises British statesmen and business men rose to the occasion. Statesmen in their dilemmas arising from world events of so cataclysmic a character as those of to-day are driven to seek the aid and advice of business men. Happily for the United Kingdom, and incidentally for the entire world, the British politicians and British business men draw very close together when danger threatens. When war was actually declared by Britain, confidence for a moment was under the influence of chaos. Promptly adopted methods restored order and gave confidence a chance to return. The way was paved for putting business on a footing that enabled it to get back to normal.

Before we can outline how the present war is likely to affect the course of business it will be necessary to enumerate superficially, at any rate, what effects in Canada were traceable to the European war. Germany's cruisers present on the Atlantic as well as the Pacific threatened the safety of ocean transport. Shipping was tied up in our Canadian seaports and in consequence foreign trade did not move, a serious result, the effects of which were instantaneous. Canada was not able to ship out the wealth she produces and with which she pays her debts.

In one respect the war situation has brought home to us a better realization of our fortunate position, geographically speaking. It will be noted, or will have been noted, that during the past few weeks our trade with 90,000,000 of people south of the international boundary has proceeded without interruption. It

will continue to do so irrespective of any possible development within the war zone. But all our trade is not with our immediate neighbors. Our best customer across the sea is the United Kingdom. We shipped to her ports a very large proportion of our exportable surplus of cereals. Interruption did not last very long. At the end of August just a month after England became involved in the war vessels were leaving Canadian ports for British ports very freely. For strategical reasons we are not permitted to know to what extent British vessels have covered those of the enemy. Some of the latter still menace the high seas and in consequence the marine insurance rates are high and add substantially to the cost of transportation.

INTERRUPTION NOT OF LONG DURATION.

It should be nourishing to our confidence that Britain, although involved in war with the greatest military power known to mankind, and next to herself the greatest naval power, was able within a few days to open up the high seas to the commerce of all nations except her enemies. At the same time through her bankers she repaired the credit system on which world commerce had for centuries relied, but which was temporarily shattered by the momentous war decisions of early August. After the lapse of a month we find the seas clear, international commercial relations again on the way to normal, and in so far as Canada is concerned, all obstacles removed that stand in the way of normal business.

Some difficulties have arisen of a minor character. Debts becoming due to the United Kingdom during the past month had to be settled by buying exchange at a very high rate, which added to the cost of goods originally purchased abroad something like three or four per cent. At the close of August it cost any merchants

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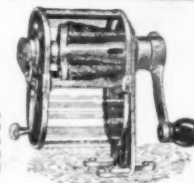
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in Canada who had an account to settle in the United Kingdom over \$5 for every £1. This was an unpleasant fact, but not one that should materially interfere with the normal course of business.

Substantial interruption to Canadian business arose from the inability of our large jobbers to get merchandise from Germany, Austria, Belgium, France, or other countries which were in the war zone. It would be unwise to minimize the importance of this interruption. From Belgium, France, Germany and Italy for the year ending March 31st, 1914, Canada imported goods to the value of \$35,000,000 and those countries obtained merchandise from Canada to the value of approximately \$15,000,000. We may be able to get the goods we ordered from France in the course of a few weeks, but with Germany and Belgium we cannot expect to do our usual trade. Already many manufacturers are fully alive to the opportunity of supplying to Canadians those articles which hitherto have been obtained from Germany, Belgium, and France. To readjust business, however, will take a little time. It would appear, however, to be quite obvious that it is no disadvantage to Canada to provide more of the commodities she consumes than hitherto she has been in the habit of doing.

Disadvantages to which Canada is subject through the war may be summed up as interruption to her business with countries in the war zone amounting in volume to approximately \$50,000,000, and in addition the impairment of her capital supply. Wholesale destruction of wealth will make capital for some time very much dearer. Already Canada finds the high rate of interest a burden and she is in great need of capital. During the past few years, however, much new capital has been placed in Canada. Europe's coffers have been generous to us in that respect, but that continent's calamities will close them tight against us for some time. There is a silver lining even to this cloud. Not being able to get all the capital we ask for we will perhaps make much better use of that which we have procured. Within the past few years capital has been liberally spent in housing our new peoples, in building cities and industries and railroads. Tremendous is the only word that fully describes the extent of railroad building in Canada during the past few years. We may not be able to get money to continue this rate of expenditure on capital account, but it must be remembered that without railways on the prairies we could not gather their wealth in cereals or livestock, nor would it be possible to knit together the land or the people into compact Canadian nationality.

With so much new railroad mileage; so many cities, mere hamlets a decade ago, built up and equipped with modern improvements; and so many farms, not in existence a few years ago, equipped efficiently, we should now consider ourselves in a very fortunate position even though we cannot continue to borrow money as freely as we did. The war has brought,

for practically everything we produce, much higher prices.

We have just completed two transcontinentals and have laid firm foundations for many great industries and have established on the prairies 50,000 or 60,000 farmers. While we have not reached a state of development to which every Canadian aspires we must admit that at this particular stage it is fortunate for us that the world is in such great need of the particular products which the Dominion is fitted to produce. This cannot but have a very favorable effect upon the business outlook.

WHAT CANADA HAS TO SELL.

We cannot believe that business will long remain dull in Canada when what we have to sell abroad is largely agricultural produce. In 1913 our exports amounted to \$474,413,664, and of this amount no less than \$208,642,660 was in the form of agricultural produce. We are at the present moment in the middle of another harvest. It is quite true that in bulk it will not compare favorably with that of 1913 or 1912. However, what is lost in bulk is made up for in price. Assuming that we obtain for our agricultural produce this year prices that will make its value as great as the value of the crop a year ago, there does not appear to us to be any sound reason for very dull business during the closing months of the present year.

HIGH PRICES THAT COUNT.

To get an idea of what Canada has to sell it may be of some advantage to business men to study our exports. We have prepared a small table from the Government returns which shows what they were according to broad groups in the years 1912 and 1913 and for the first six months of the present year.

	What We Sell Abroad.		
	1912	1913	1914*
The Mines	\$54,349,640	\$59,073,167	\$25,536,126
Fisheries	16,350,174	20,237,348	7,310,743
Forest	43,586,853	42,532,673	16,497,723
Animal Products	43,494,758	51,612,569	19,668,960
Agricultural Products	142,305,275	208,642,660	47,282,925
Manufactures	41,798,920	54,010,873	31,786,495
Miscellaneous	35,262	108,777	145,751
Domestic Products	341,980,882	436,218,067	148,231,721
Coin and Bullion	15,128,410	13,894,418	17,786,006
Foreign Products	20,984,698	24,301,179	8,537,784
Grand Total	378,093,060	474,413,664	174,555,601

* For six months.

WHEAT CROP VALUES.

A very large proportion of the agricultural product which we ship and which constitutes so large a proportion of the total exports of the Dominion is wheat and wheat products. Just a year ago October wheat sold at Winnipeg at 89c, and at the present time, that is August 30th, 1914, the price was \$1.11, or 32 per cent. higher.

Compare These Prices.

	Wheat	August, 1914	August, 1913
October	1.11	89	
December	1.11	87	
May	1.17	92	

At the time of writing there is practically the same increase in wheat for delivery next May. Last year the Western crop was approximately 180,000,000

bushels of wheat; at 89c its value is \$160,000,000. Authorities appear to agree that this year's crop of wheat in the West will be approximately 150,000,000 bushels. At prevailing prices it will bring \$165,000,000. Likewise with the coarser grain. The yield this year is very much less than a year ago, but the price is higher. If to the advantage of higher prices we add that of an early harvest permitting the farmer to get his cash early and save interest charges he will be as well off this year as in any previous year. He should therefore be a good purchaser.

OUR LIVESTOCK PRODUCT.

Wheat is admittedly the great product of Canada. It is not the only one, however. We attach great importance to it because of the large proportion of wheat products which we export. If hay could be exported at a profit we would have brought to our minds the fact that the value of the hay crop of Canada is very much greater than the value of the wheat crop. But because of its being so large a factor in our exports abroad wheat is looked upon as our principal product. Very soon we believe it will have a rival in livestock. During August *The Financial Post* estimated that for the first six months of the present year the farmers of Western Canada had received for hogs sold not less than \$10,000,000. They received, of course, very much more for cattle. But this hog industry is a new one. Two years ago the West imported bacon and hogs. Now it is looming up as an important factor on the continent in pork production. Cattle also, it will be noted, is figuring to a large extent, in our exports.

THE BUSINESS REVIVER.

In a foregoing trade table the value of cattle and hogs exported is included under the head of "Animal Product." In the case of cattle the price is very much better to-day than a year ago. Choice steers were marketed in August at \$7.50 a hundred as compared with \$6 a year ago. An advance of 25 per cent. What is more to the point is that the price is liable to remain firm. Here are two sources, cattle and hogs, from which Canadians are drawing cash to a much larger extent than they have hitherto done. They are becoming greater factors in shaping our prosperity. We have suffered some ups and downs because of the specialization of wheat farming in the West. To-day the wheat-grower of the West is becoming also a cattle raiser. Trading with him, therefore, will become as steady as with the farmers of the eastern provinces from Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean.

SOME CHANGES WORTH NOTING.

It may be of advantage to review somewhat the movement in the prices of cattle. We have stated that the cattle exports are becoming a factor in Canadian prosperity. At no time have prices generally in Canada been as high as they are at the present moment. In 1892 cattle in the West were very scarce and reached \$5.50 a hundred, but in 1894 the price dropped as low as \$3.50. In 1909 it rose to 4.1. At these

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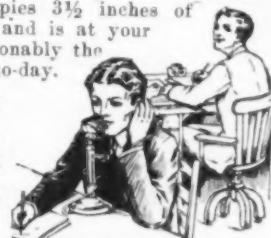


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The leading agricultural journal in Canada, with high-class illustrations, presents in its October number many choice farming articles and stories that will appeal to every lover of the farm and our Canadian Out-of-Doors.

Why Wales' Poultry Paid—By Walter B. Perry.

Tells of a successful poultry venture in the historic old county of Glengarry. Its information and results will be of much service to every producer of eggs and market poultry.

Marples—Ingenious Prairie Farmer—By F. C. Mackenzie.

Describes how an Englishman came to Canada 35 years ago, spent some time in Grimsby, and with \$50 and a family landed in Manitoba and is to-day worth \$60,000 and surrounded with all the comforts of an electric and mechanical paradise on his 2,200-acre farm near Hartney. It is well illustrated.

Apples on Vancouver Island—By W. G. L. Hamilton.

This is a particularly good article on the growing of apples in British Columbia. Varieties are given.

Money-Making Bee Women—By Thos. McGillicuddy.

This is a symposium of what several women have written themselves on the profits and pleasures derived from bee farming in Canada. It is an entertaining story.

A Blueberry Harvest—By W. A. Craick.

Not many people know that one of the chief summer sources of income to Nova Scotia farmers is from blueberries. Mr. Craick has been down there this summer.

Farmers in Peace and War—By Frank M. Chapman.

Following the article of Agriculture in War Times, the writer gives in this article much fresh matter regarding the present war troubles on the farm. Connected with this are the advices given by the leading agricultural ministers of Canada. Some war pictures illustrate the article.

Pen Pictures of the Peace—By W. D. Albright.

This talented ex-farm editor of Ontario, has told in his pleasing style something more about this great agricultural field in Northern Alberta.

Tree Ramparts Against Waste—By W. L. Smith.

This well-known journalist of national reputation gives his own experiences in pine plantings on barren hillsides. It is well illustrated.

Colonial Farm Residences—By Genevieve. A Staff Writer.

This series of farm architectural articles is doing great service in assisting farmers on the prairies and in the East to a better planning and construction of their farm buildings.

The City Man on the Soil—By Harris K. Adams.

This article gives positive evidence of what can be done on a small piece of ground by even an inexperienced city man who was out of work.

Her Chances of Happiness—By Ethel M. Chapman.

This with several other sketches forms absorbing interest to every girl and woman on the farm. The writer knows from experience the facts and fancies of farm life and she has probed the problems with the touch of a master. Her sympathetic and practical work runs through the whole issue.

Land O' Gold—By Justus Miller. Concludes in this issue.

It is a masterful story of absorbing human interest on the farm. Other fiction—the choicest to be secured—also appears in this issue. Many other features, such as the Month's Work, Questions Answered, Girls' Questions, Casserole Cookery, Young Folks' Evenings, etc., appear in this issue.

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prices there was not much encouragement for farmers. In the meantime, that is between 1909 and 1914, the price has doubled. The general shortage of cattle in the world indicates also that the price will remain high and there is an appreciable increase in the number Canada exports at these figures. Tabulated the year's changes in cattle prices are indicated with approximate accuracy by the following:

The Advance in Cattle Prices		
	August, 1914	August, 1913
Choice Steers	7.50	8.00
Best Butcher	7.25	5.75
Common Cows	4.50	3.25

WHAT CANADA PRODUCES.

At the close of 1913 *The Financial Post* estimated the wealth production of Canada for 1913 at \$2,509,295,000. It is opportune at the present moment when business tends to be quiet and when there is an obvious lack of confidence to point to the fact that our production this year will be as great as it was a year ago for all practical purposes. Because of the slight cessation of activity in mining and manufacturing there may be some slight decline as compared with a year ago. For every brief period there was little market for silver and in consequence operations were reduced to a minimum. This was not done in all cases. Interruption of this kind and from the same cause may result in Canada's wealth production this year being slightly less than a year ago. However, the difference will not be material and for that reason the following figures, covering the production of 1913, are given as a gauge:

What Canada Produces in a Year.	
Wheat	\$145,302,500
Oats	125,353,500
Barley	17,739,200
Other Cereals	23,998,230
Hay	137,691,120
Roots	58,441,000
Flax	17,769,600
Total	\$526,295,410
Fisheries	\$ 35,000,000
Mineral	145,000,000
Manufactures	1620,000,000
Forest	183,000,000

\$2,509,295,410

With our wealth production great in value as in any preceding year and with our trade routes open and a manifestly better demand for everything Canada produces we cannot possibly see any prolonged period of depression following the outbreak of war in Canada. It is quite true that our source of capital may be interfered with. That is if we get as much capital as before we would pay a very high price for it and the probability is that our demands will be lighter until such times as capital is lower priced. That will be a few years. Possibly, however, the geographical location of Canada and its immunity from the physical menace of war will make it look attractive to investors. Canada should nurse her credit and be as careful to preserve it as she has been in the past. A good reputation in this respect and our advantageous location may so impress the investors of Europe as to cause them to place their money in Canada. War's ravages will leave in the minds of the investing public of Europe the fear that they will again

return. Meanwhile in Canada the people are celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of peace with their neighbors. We need no forts to protect our boundaries, nor resort to compulsory military service. Our land is free from the physical menace of war. No war lords can thrive in the civilization north or south of our international boundaries. These are blessings under which capital can be profitably employed and therefore should attract to our shores a large share of the available supply of that commodity. Our hopes then of getting new capital are well founded and if our trade is materially less in the present year than last it will be largely due to our lack of adaptability and initiative. In a very short space of time confidence will return to business as already Great Britain, and her sons and daughters, are manifesting the same doggedness as in the past, a doggedness and perseverance that does not know defeat. The same qualities are essential in business.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR BUSINESS.

Commercial experts on the Continent and some eminent men in England and Europe are of the opinion that the present war in Europe provides the United States with an opportunity of becoming the great manufacturing centre of the world. No doubt our neighbors stand to profit very largely and they are fully alive to that fact. There are, however, certain lines which can be supplied from Canada as advantageously, or more so, than from the United States. As yet, when compared with the great industrial countries, Canada does not rank as a large factor in supplying manufactured goods. However, we should bear in mind the fact that our industries are growing. Having at their doors vast natural resources and big supplies of raw material and cheaper motive power than can be obtained elsewhere, there is every reason to hope that the present may be the time from which Canada's greater industrial expansion will date. There will never again occur such an opportunity. Germany, France, Austria, Belgium, Russia and to a limited extent Great Britain, are all handicapped by the war. Their activities in the markets of the world are now reduced to a minimum. When will we find a period in which the vigor of strong competitors is so handicapped as at the present moment?

WHAT IS THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

With great competitors disarmed and placed in great need of our chief products; with a credit system that has withstood the strain of a world-catastrophe without resort to a moratorium as in so many countries of the world; and being immune from the physical menace of war there does not appear to be any reason why business should not proceed normally. There is, however, depression which has its chief cause in lack of confidence. It is psychological. Some factories had to close for other reasons than lack of confidence or lack of courage. Our implement manufacturers who supply the needs of Russian and German farmers would have been very unwise not to close their doors

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when the markets were closed to them and when they saw little chance of getting back the money already due to them for implements supplied to farmers now carrying rifles. It will take time to put these plants to work by either adapting them to new purposes or finding new markets. Behind them is the shrewdness equal to both. But give them time.

Outside of these factories and our steel plants to a partial extent, what others have cause to be idle? What are the commodities that we manufacture that are not at present being consumed and must be sooner or later in demand? The time of dullness will be when the great nations cease war and turn again to the arts of peace—when the great cost will have to be met. Prices will then decline. But with the continuance of war the greater will be the demands on Canada and business will be good or bad in exact propor-

tion to our energy and faith. If business men pull in their cash, cut out their activity, and "throw up their hands," so to speak there will be dullness. On the other hand courage and enterprise, not so much with a view to accumulating gold, but in keeping it moving, will maintain business in Canada at normal. Early in August, Mr. Lloyd George, who has proved himself to be a stalwart when danger hove in sight, stated in the House of Commons:

"In this tremendous struggle finance is going to play a great part. It will be one of the most formidable weapons in this exhausting war, and any one who, from selfish motives, caution or cowardice, goes out of his way to attempt to withdraw sums of gold and appropriate them to his own use is assisting the enemies of his native land, and assisting them more effectively than if he were to take up arms."

The Tortoise

Continued from Page 16.

collar around his neck and he would have passed for a blood brother of the British bull dog. And his motto, as might be expected, was: "What we have, we'll hold."

No one had ever sold anything to Silas Hennesly. He had sometimes bought certain commodities from certain parties; and that is a distinction with a difference. To interest old Silas in the financing of a new enterprise, one that had a certain element of doubt attached to it, was just as easy ordinarily as to teach the Maxixe to a one-legged drayman. But on the present occasion I approached him with a certain degree of confidence, remembering how the Star, at the dictate of interests behind it, had several times in the past hammered old Silas unmercifully.

"We're in a bad position in this town with only one newspaper," I began. "When that one paper is prejudiced, like the Star, it becomes a menace to business."

"My opinion about the Star is well known," said Silas.

"We need an opposition paper," I urged.

"We do. Badly," replied Silas. "But, son, I'm willing," and he almost smiled, "to let someone else have the undoubted credit that would go with the financing of the scheme."

It was always his way to beat the other fellow to the point. His heavy bilious eyes seemed to see right into you the moment you began to talk. And convincing Hennesly, once he had your drift, was like arguing with a devil-fish. His habit was to shoot an argumentative tentacle at you, that would itself right around you and choked you off. Your only chance was to get him in a vital spot before he had an opportunity to incapacitate you. Accordingly I jumped into the breach without further sparring.

"If you had the interests that are cutting down the earnings of Union Electric snugly cased in a coffin and the last nail

could be driven in by advancing \$2,500 would you see that the lid was made secure?"

That interested him. His eyes blinked as dully as ever, but he let me go on.

"The men behind the Star have an advantage in every deal they start; the advantage of influencing public opinion in the hundred and one ways that a newspaper possesses. They control the council, they swing conventions, they hush up matters that would expose their own methods and they ruthlessly show up their opponents when opportunity arises. If you owned the Star what would you do to Harvey, J. K. Wilson and Barlow?"

Hennesly let me go on. I had set him thinking how his old business enemies, Jim Harvey and "Fifty-percent" Wilson, had used their newspaper to not only beat him but to hold him up to public ridicule as well. The thoughts I had aroused would leave his mind in plastic mood for the suggestion I had to make.

I continued to enlarge upon my scheme. To start a daily paper in opposition to the Star would require an initial capital of \$20,000. If he would come in for \$2,500, I could get six other citizens—I intended to take an equal amount myself—to come in on the same basis. A good location was available the need was keenly felt by all classes in the community; it was an opportunity that should spell big profits.

"I'll think it over," said Hennesly, when I left him. And that was almost as good as a promise.

The Times Publishing Co. was launched a month afterward, with Silas Hennesly president, myself secretary, and every cent of stock paid up in eight equal shares. A month later the Times made its first appearance. I got the first sheet off the press, capturing it after a struggle with Jimmie Wallace who had rushed out of a glass cage, marked "managing editor," to get the precious copy him-

self. For Jimmie, of course, was managing editor of the new paper; also city editor, telegraph editor, sporting editor, financial editor, society editor and art editor. Some of the titles were more or less ornamental as the Times would devote its columns very largely at first to local news and the telegraph service would consist of a few special wires sent through to us by a correspondent on a Toronto newspaper, engaged at a fixed remuneration of \$10 a month. Jimmie's duties, therefore, simmered down pretty much to covering the local news, in which occupation he was to be assisted by a gangling cub reporter, just out of school. The editorial page was to be handled by an old newspaper man who had once held some important position or other on a London paper, and who had settled down in Martinville on a small competence. Poor management had considerably reduced this competence, however, and he was glad of the opportunity to take over the dual part of editorial writer and proof reader on the new born Times.

Jed Jarvis was in charge of the composing room and had a page to himself in the Saturday edition. We gave him the title "mechanical superintendent and Saturday editor," and that more than satisfied old Jed.

The plant consisted of three linotype machines, a hoe press and a small press for job work (all bought on time), a fairly good supply of type and printing accessories, a typewriter for Jimmie, a set of office books and a safe.

We carried a fairly good showing of advertising matter in the first issue, including a half page from myself. Jimmie had seen to it that the first issue was a credit editorially. He had half a dozen "scoops" featured up on the front page in panels, under double column headings and so on—items of local news that the Star had missed.

Time will not permit of any extended account of the ups and downs of the Times. It had plenty of them; mostly downs. We got over three thousand subscribers in no time, but collections on at least half of the number were very slow. The advertising slowly dwindled to a minimum, due to caution on the part of the merchants who did not want to spend money on a medium in the experimental stage. In five months from the date of the first issue we reached a position where we had to either secure more capital or go out of business unless business picked up. Business did pick up, however. Advertising started to come back slowly, circulation increased rapidly and in the course of a year we reached the point where the paper was carrying just enough revenue to make both ends meet. Men who have had experience in the publishing business tell me that this was a record seldom equalled.

Our success was largely due to the energy of Jimmie Wallace. He turned out a brisk paper, full of live local news, presented in snappy style. With all repression removed, he developed beyond the work he had done for the Star and he scooped that paper right along. It was due to his almost uncanny faculty



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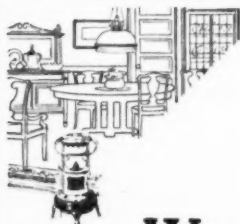
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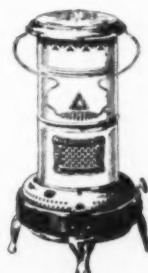
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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
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for picking up readable news that the circulation of the Times started to climb up and that ultimately our advertising patronage increased.

We kept up an active campaign against the civic authorities, pillorying them at every opportunity and turning the strong white light of publicity on every move that they made. But, by prearrangement with me, Jimmie kept his heavy artillery under cover.

But I am getting in advance of my story. During June I found an opportunity to invest my current profits—they were getting better all the time—in a new venture. The country around Martinville was noted for its fruit products but there was no apple evaporator in the district so that the products of the orchards were shipped to neighboring towns. An apple and turnip buyer saw the opportunity to work up a good business by establishing an evaporator and talked me into the venture with him. The business paid us almost from the start, and inside of three years we had a string of evaporators throughout the country. The first foundations of what has developed into a fairly substantial fortune in my case were laid in the apple business.

But once again am I getting ahead of myself. I continued to see Alice Holworth regularly; and so did Charlie. The latter had taken on a shade more pompous manner than before and had changed his signature to C. Forrest Cutshaw. His practice was growing fast and he was justifying the confidence of the public by winning his cases right along. Perhaps this accounted for the fact that the race between us continued. He did not have sufficient time to really press his suit and I did not feel that the time was ripe to come to the point myself.

That was how matters stood on August when Hartley Herman, the member for our riding at Ottawa, died very suddenly. The Government opened the riding at once, setting the day for the election during the first week of November. Charlie started in to canvass the riding from Roach's Crossing to Parkinville, and did it so thoroughly that his party almost unanimously nominated him to succeed the late member. His election followed and in due course C. Forrest Cutshaw, M.P., departed for Ottawa, one of the youngest men ever to attain that exalted post.

About the time that my rival took his plunge into the political field, I started to work out a plan that I had been figuring on ever since the previous civic election. I did almost as much canvassing as Charlie did, but my work was entirely beneath the surface. I did not let my activity show. It is surprising how many men there are in a small city who can be depended upon to keep a secret. All the men I approached were of this class, and no one was taken into the confidence of those working with me until we were convinced that he could be relied upon to the fullest extent.

And in that way a new civic reform association was quietly built up, without our opposition getting any wind of the matter at all. I am convinced that they

thought the reform movement had received its quietus at the last election and were not giving us a thought. Thus we perfected our plans under cover.

Nominations were held one week prior to election and the candidates we had selected were quietly nominated along with a number of others who could be counted upon to drop out. I was among those nominated for alderman. Charlie had given notice of his intention not to run for a second term as mayor, so Halbery was entered by the other side in his place, and we nominated Alfred Hutchings, one of the shareholders of the Times and a solid reliable business man. It had been customary for the well-intentioned citizens of Martinville to nominate a number of reputable men for office but, with the exception of the previous year, few had ever stood for election. Little attention was paid to our movements therefore.

The candidates had until 9 o'clock the succeeding evening to qualify. At eight o'clock John Connel and Larry Barlow walked over to the city hall and looked over the papers that had been filed. None had qualified but the "machine" candidates who had filed their papers early. The pair stood around and chatted for a quarter of an hour and then Larry turned to go.

"It's all over but the voting," he said. "We have a walkover this year. You'd better come along with me to Darwin's. I'm driving."

They went out together and drove off. At exactly twenty minutes to nine, there was a sudden hum of voices and a clatter of many feet on the stairs leading up to the city clerk's office. That official stared over the tops of his spectacles with amazement as a steady stream of reform adherents flooded into the room. By five minutes to nine every reform candidate had duly qualified; and the big fight was on.

Larry Barlow and John Connel drove back to town about 10.30, and were surprised to find quite a lively crowd still in the streets. Newsboys were calling out Times extras, bill-posters were busily pasting up huge bills on all the boards around town.

"What's all the fuss about?" asked Connel, as they drew up at a livery stable near the city hall. "Somebody assassinated? War broken out?"

"The church crowd have put one over on you," said the livery keeper. "They've put a good ticket in the field this time."

"The hell you say!" exploded Connel, who was always moved to profanity by bad news. "Why Barlow and I were at the city hall until nearly closing time and not one of the Band of Hope crowd had as much as showed his face all day."

"That's all right," said the liveryman. "They were too busy to get around before. They just piled in at the last minute and announced their intentions. They've kind of caught you napping."

"We'll beat them again," said Larry. "Don't you worry about us, Sims. How about your rigs for election day?"

"Sold," announced Sims. "I hear the church crowd have bought up everything that runs on wheels. They engaged all

the halls and have the bills printed for their meetings already. Some bang-up speakers have been secured. They've bought up all the bill-boards. And their committees have been out working all evening. The town's divided up and each canvasser has his own district to cover. Jim Harvey was in half an hour ago and he seemed as happy as a little dickie bird over the way things were going. I wouldn't want to be bitten by him in the state of mind he was in."

"Suffering cats!" growled Connel, "we're left at the post this time, Barlow."

"Who engineered this deal, anyway?" demanded Larry. "It's not the way of the moralists to run things so quietly. Somebody must have planned it out for them."

"The Times extra gives Harry Haven as the president of the new association," announced Sims.

"Haven!" roared Larry. "Connel peel off your coat! We won't have a second's rest until after this election is over. Do you get me? We've got to beat this gang to a pulp!"

This conversation reported back to us in due course, spurred our forces on to renewed action. Our organization was beautifully complete and the work proceeded without a hitch. We canvassed the town from top to bottom. Every evening saw a meeting somewhere and we made sure that the speakers gave their audiences something to keep their interest up. The bill-boards blazed with "clean-up" literature.

But the big feature of the campaign was the work done by the Times. Immediately after the declaration of war, Jimmy Wallace unlimbered his heavy guns and brought them into action. Every night during the rest of the week, he shelled the enemy with corruption charges. Civic contracts were analyzed and facts about them exposed. The financial administration for the past few years was raked fore and aft. The charges made were not mere generalities. Wallace had facts, and in some cases affidavits, to back him up.

To say that the broadsides of the Times created a sensation would be expressing it mildly. The Star attempted a defence but its efforts simmered down to mere violent fulminations. The Times had "the goods" on the "machine," and no amount of invective could clear away that fact. There was some talk of legal proceedings against the leaders of the administration on the strength of the Times charges, but no definite steps were taken; we did not encourage the idea, being content with the prospect of a thorough housecleaning.

Election day came and it was apparent from the first that the tide had turned. Barlow kept his cohorts working with frenzied energy. But public opinion had been aroused at last, and the good citizens of Martinville flocked to the polls in sufficient numbers to sweep the old crowd clean out; and a sufficient number stayed around after the polls closed to make sure that there was no switching of ballots or juggling with the ballot-boxes. There was not a time when any of the ballot-boxes

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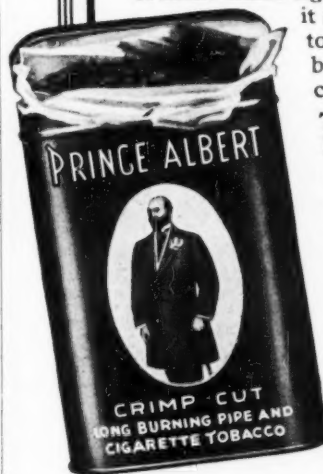
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were out of the sight of our scrutineers. We took no chances on the fruits of our hard work being stolen from us.

As the time for the returns to come in drew near I confess that I grew nervous. Barlow and the other leaders had worked feverishly and they would stop at nothing, I knew. In addition Charlie Cutshaw had been induced to come out in favor of Halbery and the moral effect of this would perhaps be sufficient to turn a large number of votes. There was a strong feeling against Charlie as a result of his action. I could hardly understand why he had entered the civic fight at all, unless very strong pressure had been brought to bear on him.

But my fears were soon dissipated. The first returns showed heavy majorities for our candidates. My own election was assured early and as one sub-division after another came in it was apparent that we had made a clean sweep. Halbery was snowed under and every one of the old aldermen went by the boards.

Final figures showed that we had elected our entire slate.

About eight o'clock that night I again met Charlie Cutshaw. As on a previous occasion we were going in the same direction.

"Well, you beat us," said Charlie, grudgingly.

"Yes, we won," I replied. "And I want to tell you this, Charlie. Unless I am very much mistaken, you will find it difficult to secure your own election next time. You should have stayed out of this."

"How could I help it?" exclaimed Charlie. I could see that he was chafing at the part he had played. "But look here, Haven, don't run away with the foolish idea that my hold on the people of this riding has been weakened. I'll win in a walk next time."

"I hope so," I said, in all earnestness.

"Where are you off to?" he asked, after a pause.

"Upper town. Coming along?"

"No—I—I think I'll go home to-night."

The Manicure Girl

Continued from Page 10.

and trying to figure out what had hit him.

"Maybe they wasn't the grateful ones, young Hardy and his girl. They made me come to the wedding, and Mother was quite chocolate creams. She recognized me as the poor, embarrassed girl at Churley's, but not as the manicure girl of the Belveigh, and she seemed quite anxious about my family.

"Williams?" she repeated, as she shook my hand. "Williams? Are you by any chance connected with the Williamses of Narragansett?"

"No; the Williamses of Park Row," I said, and the dear old soul was perfectly satisfied. She didn't know New York nor the names on the lamp-posts down Bowery way, and Park Row sounded real aristocratic to her, I guess."

The Advent of the Citizens' Hotel

Continued from Page 13.

make overtures to the citizens' committee with a view to having the latter take over their businesses. If a challenge was implied, it was promptly taken up. A regulation joint stock company, known as Bowmanville Limited, was formed and a board of directors elected. The two hotels were taken over, something like three thousand dollars was spent in thorough renovation and refurnishing and they were reopened as temperance houses, one being called Hotel Bowman and the other, the Balmoral.

DIVIDEND WAS PAID.

The subsequent history of the Bowmanville experiment embraces two changes, a little over a year ago one of the local industries approached the hotel company with an offer for the purchase of the Balmoral building, its purpose being to convert the property into a club house for its employees. The sale was ratified at a meeting of the shareholders of Bowman Limited, and the premises were duly transferred, thus leaving only Hotel Bowman in the hands of the company. The other development was the leasing of the latter house. The original plan was to operate both hotels directly through the board of directors and two managers. This was found rather burdensome as so much detail work had to be undertaken by the directors, who had as well their own interests to look after. So, it was agreed to lease the Hotel Bowman and the place is now being run on this basis. Last year a dividend of six per cent. was paid to the shareholders which makes a substantial return for a public-service enterprise of the kind.

THE NEWMARKET PROJECT.

The town of Newmarket had a somewhat similar problem confronting it, when local option was carried by its citizens, as had to be met by the merchants of Bowmanville. There was the same fear prevalent that the hotel-keepers would close up their houses and deprive the town of the benefit of places of public entertainment. To prevent any such contingency occurring, fifteen prominent business men got together and signed an agreement to the effect that, if local option went into force, they would pledge themselves to see that the town would suffer no set-back through the possible loss of suitable hotel accommodation.

When the vote was taken a year or so ago, Newmarket declared itself in favor of the abolition of the bar and forthwith the hotelmen announced that on the enforcement of the act they would cease to do business. The fifteen merchants had therefore to make good their pledge. They proceeded to interview the hotel proprietors with a view to buying out one or two of them but such large prices were demanded that at first it was thought

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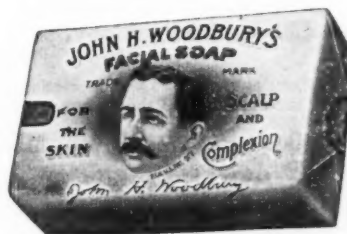
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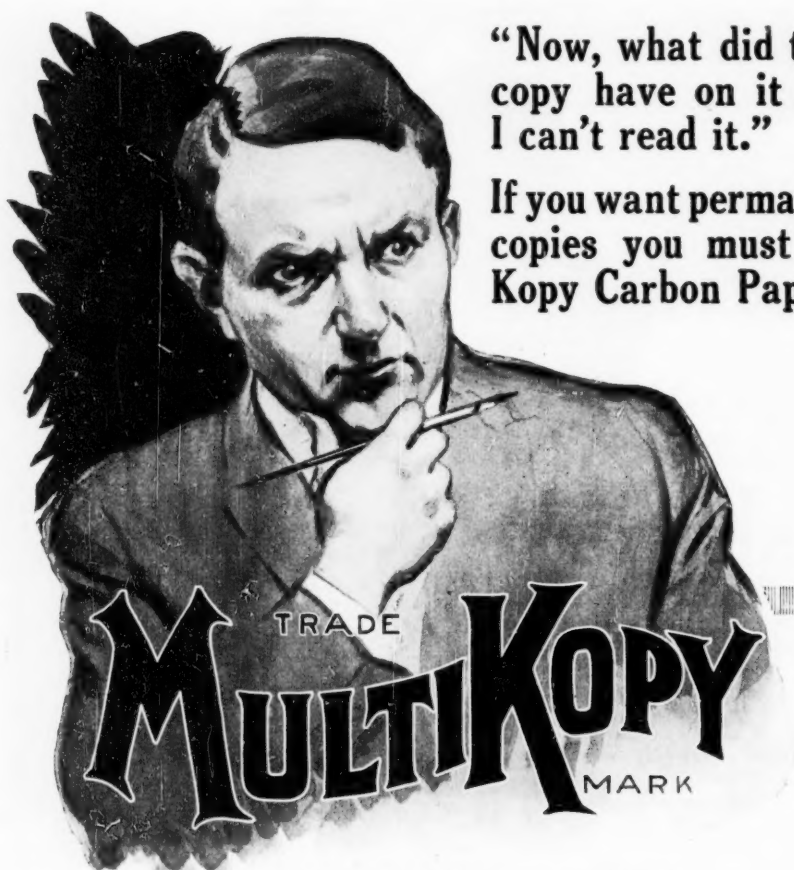
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better to consider the advisability of acquiring land and erecting a new building. The latter scheme proved impracticable for several reasons. A suitable site was not available for one thing and for another there would be a serious delay in building, which might prove injurious. Accordingly the committee having the matter in hand decided to put up the additional amount of money required to buy out one of the existing hotels.

A joint stock company was formed, the old Forsyth Hotel was purchased and the business continued, minus the bar, without interruption. The other two hotels in town closed their premises, leaving an open field to the new citizens' venture. Plans were at once made for improving the building and adding to its capacity. Part of the structure was torn down and replaced by a modern wing, an additional storey was run up on the main portion, the yard was enlarged, a new brick barn and garage were erected and eighty feet of new driving-shed built. Besides which the interior fittings and furniture were renewed and the whole place brought right up to date. The name also was changed to The King George, under which it now flourishes.

From the financial standpoint, the Newmarket experiment has proved highly successful. Altogether an investment of \$14,000 was made, \$8,000 of which went into the purchase of the old hotel and the balance into its improvement. A dividend of six per cent. on all the paid-up stock has so far been paid, the receipts being sufficient not only to cover this change but also to make possible all needed repairs.

TO ENCOURAGE TOURIST TRADE.

There is at least one good example of a citizens' hotel in the Maritime Provinces. This is the Grand Hotel at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. As the motive behind its promotion was a little different from that in the four cases mentioned, some reference might well be made to it. In Yarmouth it was not so much the absence of licenses that led to the building of the Hotel as it was the desire on the part of the business men of the town to promote and encourage tourist business. Yarmouth was and had been for years a Scott Act town and it was by no means due to the sudden cutting off of the liquor business that the agitation for a first-class hotel was started. The port lay on the main tourist route between Boston and the Annapolis Valley and thousands of Americans passed through it annually for Nova Scotia summer resorts. To hold a portion of this influx was one of the main objects kept in view by those who projected the hotel.

There was also a desire to have a good local hotel for other reasons. The other hotels in the town were small and inefficient, quite inadequate to meet necessities and not in keeping with the size and importance of the place. Even without the tourist business, which as a matter of fact never developed to the extent anticipated, there was need for something better in hotel facilities.

About fifteen or twenty years ago a citizens' company was formed to build a hotel and most of the merchants in the town took shares. The building was erected and opened and has ever since been doing business. It is, for the size of the place, one of the finest hotels in the country. Unfortunately its financial history has not been altogether satisfactory. A good deal of money was lost in its early days. Latterly, however, thanks to careful management there has been improvement and during the past few years it has been possible to declare a small dividend to shareholders. The hotel, of course, has no bar and is therefore to be classed as a temperance hotel.

A PERSONAL ENTERPRISE.

In the village of Millbrook, Ontario, local option went into effect about six years ago since when the hotels deteriorated considerably. Here, unlike the other towns mentioned, it remained for an individual and not a company of citizens to cope with the problem. One of Millbrook's foremost merchants, John C. Kells, realizing what the place was losing by not having a first-class hotel, determined to do what he could personally to improve the situation. Early this year he acquired an unused furniture warehouse and proceeded to turn it into a hotel. Furnishing it well and arranging it conveniently, he succeeded in converting the warehouse into a most comfortable place of entertainment that is well spoken of by all who have patronized it. He himself turned over the management to a capable married couple.

Though owned by an individual, the Waverley Inn, as it is called, is regarded by Millbrook people as more of a municipal undertaking than a private venture, for the motive that impelled Mr. Kells to attempt it was not that of personal gain so much as a desire to serve his home town. Accordingly, when it was opened last April, the people assembled in large numbers to participate in the ceremony and expressed their appreciation of the public service that had been rendered by their fellow-townsmen in no uncertain way. Since it was started, the Waverley Inn is reported to have made a satisfactory return on the investment.

There are doubtless other examples of citizens' enterprise, both collective and individual, in the matter of the provision of hotel accommodation, to be found in Canada, but the foregoing will give a fairly good idea of some of the more outstanding experiments that have so far been attempted. That it is possible for citizens to combine effectively for this purpose is obvious and that hotels such as those established in Renfrew, Ingersoll, Bowmanville, etc., can be operated profitably is demonstrable. The remedy for inferior hotel accommodation would therefore appear to rest in the hands of the citizens themselves and where such backward conditions exist it might be well worth the while of the people to follow the example of one or other of the towns mentioned.



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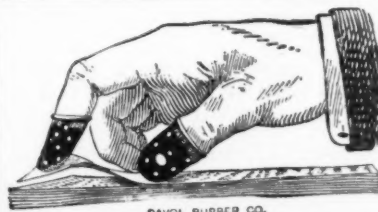
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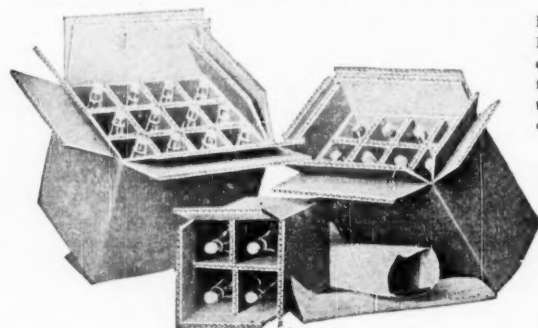


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If Canada Were Invaded

Continued from Page 7.

very markedly more thorough; training has been leveled up in some respects and, under the supervision of the general staff the education of all ranks, and especially of the higher ranks, has been improved. Let Sir John French's 'considerable period' be represented by 'a'; the militia should now be able to undertake active operations in time. I honestly think that as great an advance has been made during the past three years as it would be reasonable to expect, seeing that the stimulus of danger has been entirely wanting. But there is no scope for any resting on the oars. Let there be none; and if the recommendations I have made are in the main carried out, another four or five years should put Canada quite at her ease as to raids, great or small."

A summary of the recommendations to which Sir Ian Hamilton alludes are as follows:

Increase in the instructional staff of the active militia.

Localization of instruction in divisional areas by means of provisional schools.

Increase in the remuneration of officer instructors.

Direct engagement from outside sources of some of the sergeant instructors.

Increase in the peace establishment of the active militia.

Amalgamation of weak units.

Sixteen days' paid training for rural troops as well as for city corps.

Training of rural troops at other times than during camp period.

Assimilation of permanent force units, if concentrated, to the regular model.

Interchange of permanent force and regular units.

Scientific treatment of horse registration in peace.

Institution of a national reserve.

Preparation of classified muster-rolls of men liable and fit for service.

Organization on paper of the reserve militia.

The recommendations, in essence, can be classed as changes in organization and improved methods of training and organization.

A STRONG ORGANIZATION.

In event of the Canadian militia taking the field at home to repel threatened invasion its first eastern organization would probably be made upon the lines laid down by Field Marshal Sir John French. That organization would comprise one cavalry division of four brigades, five army divisions, and two field forces and garrisons.

This first force, or an organization approximating its arrangement and strength, could be placed in the field for home defence almost immediately upon the completion of mobilization. With the war organization complete machinery will exist for absorbing 160,000 troops. There are, however, no reserve cadres, nor is

there any machinery for replacing the ugly gaps war makes in the ranks. It is not to be doubted, notwithstanding, that any call for volunteers would meet with a tremendous response, and practically the whole male population, between the ages of 18 and 60 years, would be instantly available for service.

The command and staff of the Canadian forces are, to some extent, modeled on the lines of the Imperial army. The Militia Council, of which the Minister of Militia is the head, is a body which, in times of peace, is charged with the functions of a commander-in-chief. In time of war a commander-in-chief is specially selected and appointed by the Government. The officer thus appointed takes supreme control of the entire Canadian army and upon him rests the direction of the entire campaign.

To the commander-in-chief would be deputed the responsibility for resisting any threatened invasion, and upon his efficient disposal of the troops and strategic ability would largely depend the length and scope of the enemy's incursion.

While the ready army undertook the first check thousands of recruits would be rounding into shape and coming to the assistance of their comrades. The horse-men from the prairie provinces would be exceedingly effective in service. Of them Sir Ian Hamilton was eulogistic. "The Western cavalry," said he in his report, "are fine. The physique of the men is just right. They ride daringly and well. They are keen as mustard, and their horses, the bronchoes of the prairie, show blood and stamina." These corps would be an extremely formidable force, augmenting with their dash the steady cavalry of the Eastern provinces. The artillery, too, could be depended upon to give a good account of themselves. "Certainly most of the militia artillery I have seen surprised me by the standards they had attained," declared Sir Ian. "The men are able to ride and bring their guns into action with considerable dash. I have seen them move fast, keeping their intervals, for quite a distance along a narrow, bad winding track through the forest."

But the backbone of Canada's defence would probably be her rural troops and volunteers. "Their hearts are in the right place," was the British Inspector-General of the Overseas Forces' comment, "and it is necessary to add in fairness that their physical fitness also, as well as the habits of their daily life, would go far in practice to bridge over the want of elementary military training which seems at first sight to separate them, to their disadvantage, from their comrades in the city corps. These latter suffer from the prevailing Canadian habit of preferring any other mode of locomotion to making an appeal to their legs, whose chief function seems very often to consist in standing at a street corner waiting for a car. The rank and file of the rural corps can, from the first day, cover a lot of ground. Again the rural men are quite at home in bivouac. They settle down right away and know how to accommodate themselves to heat and cold, wet and dry, wind or

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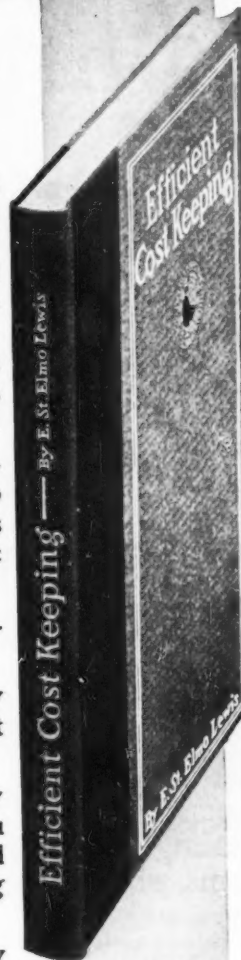
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It would be against such a force, inspired by the spirit of defence of home and loved ones, that any invading enemy must throw itself did it succeed in reducing the coast defences and fortifications with the heavy guns of its fleet. The first objective of the invaders would doubtless be Ottawa, the capital. And what problems of distance, and geography and climate failed to produce would be vigorously and determinedly supplied by the yeoman soldiery at every step. The sturdy militia troops of the Dominion, their knowledge of the country, and their ability to take care of themselves and their own, would make conquest well nigh impossible to anything but a colossal and indomitable invading army, such as it would take months of time to transport.

Here Canada's climate would come impassably to her defence. No force of invaders could live and feed themselves under the necessities of out-of-doors advance in her zero months of snow and ice. The problem of clothing and supplies would be gigantic; the problem of keeping alive the all-absorbing one. Meantime English Canada, Scottish Canada, Irish Canada, French Canada, Iceland Canada, Scandinavian Canada, and all the other cosmopolitan units in this great new-world melting pot of nations, every one intensely loyal to the land of its adoption and the flag that flies over it, would be arrayed, should to shoulder, against the impudent intruder.

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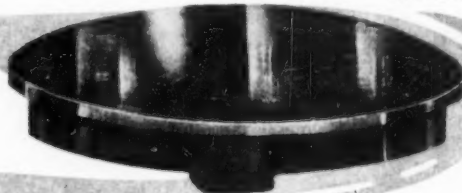
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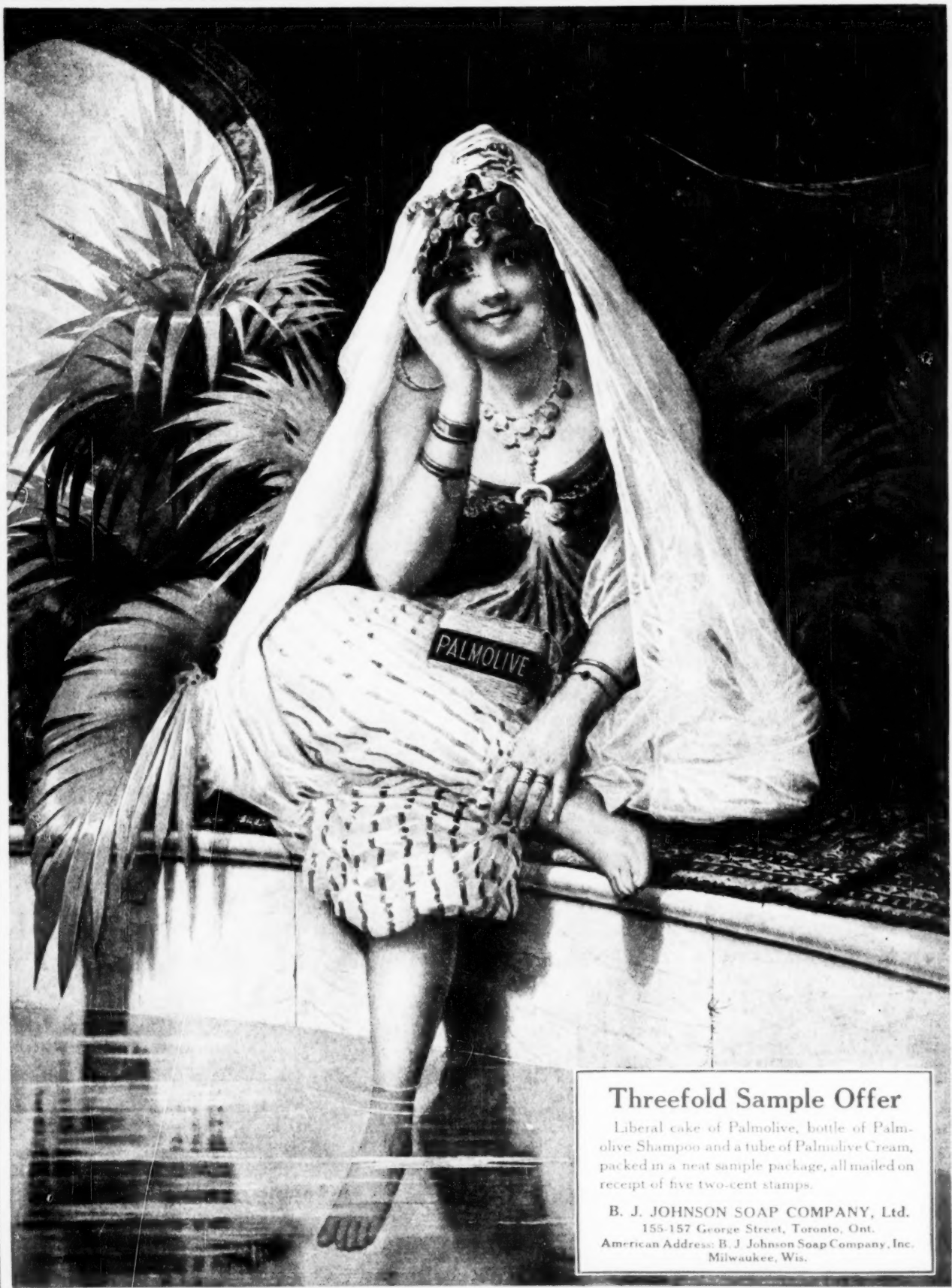
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